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Collier's

July 26, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

ACTRESS LILA LEEDS:

NARCOTICS RUINED ME

•

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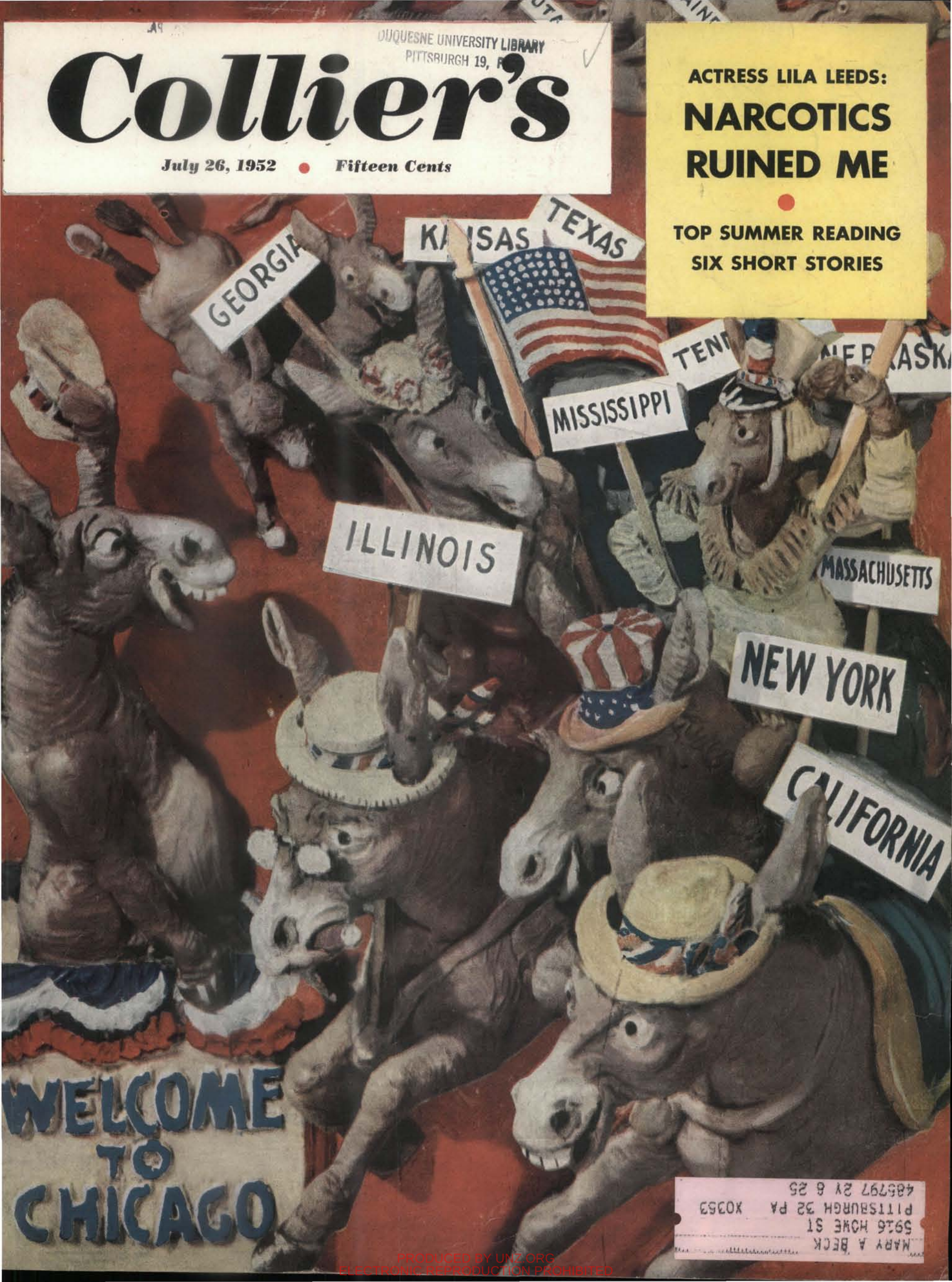
SIX SHORT STORIES



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First Car To Combine Such Luxury With Record Mileage!

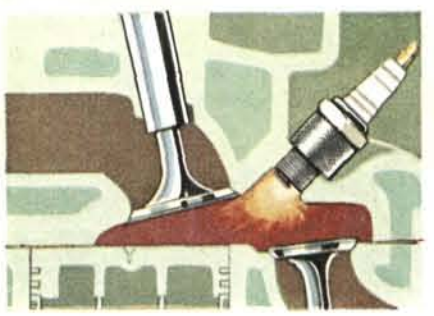
A blend of aero and auto engineering has created in the *Aero* Willys a *new kind* of car! Its ride is so cloud-soft and luxurious, you feel airborne. When you press the accelerator, it almost seems to sprout wings. Yet this amazing car gives mileage up to 35 miles per gallon in overdrive*! Before you buy any car in any class, drive an *Aero* Willys. WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, Toledo, Ohio.

TAKE AN "AIRBORNE" RIDE AT ANY WILLYS DEALER'S

Equipment, specifications and trim subject to change without notice. *Optional equipment, and white sidewall tires, extra. Economy axle ratio available.

Entire Drive System, from engine to rear axle, floats on rubber, effectively suppressing vibrations and noise.

61-Inch-Wide Seating, both front and rear, provides luxurious spaciousness for six full-grown passengers.



F-Head Hurricane 6 Engine with 7.6 compression tops all other American sixes in efficiency of power output.

Willys builds for defense —military Jeeps, aircraft parts, many other products.

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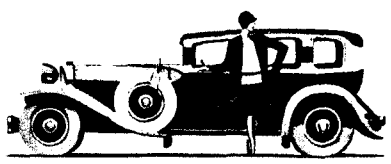
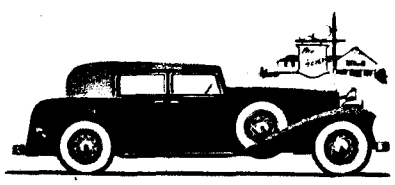
1924 CHRYSLER—the first Chrysler—was a sensation when it was introduced. Its new, high compression (for those days) engine produced 70 horsepower and guaranteed a top speed of 75 miles an hour.

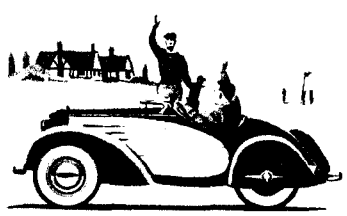
TODAY AS YESTERDAY, CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE



1929 RUXTON was advertised as America's first front-wheel-drive car. Barely five feet high, it was distinctive when the "long, low silhouette" was more a phrase than a fact.



1931 MARMON modestly announced that its cars were priced "under $5,000." The big 16-cylinder, aluminum engine developed 200 horsepower. It was really something to drive.



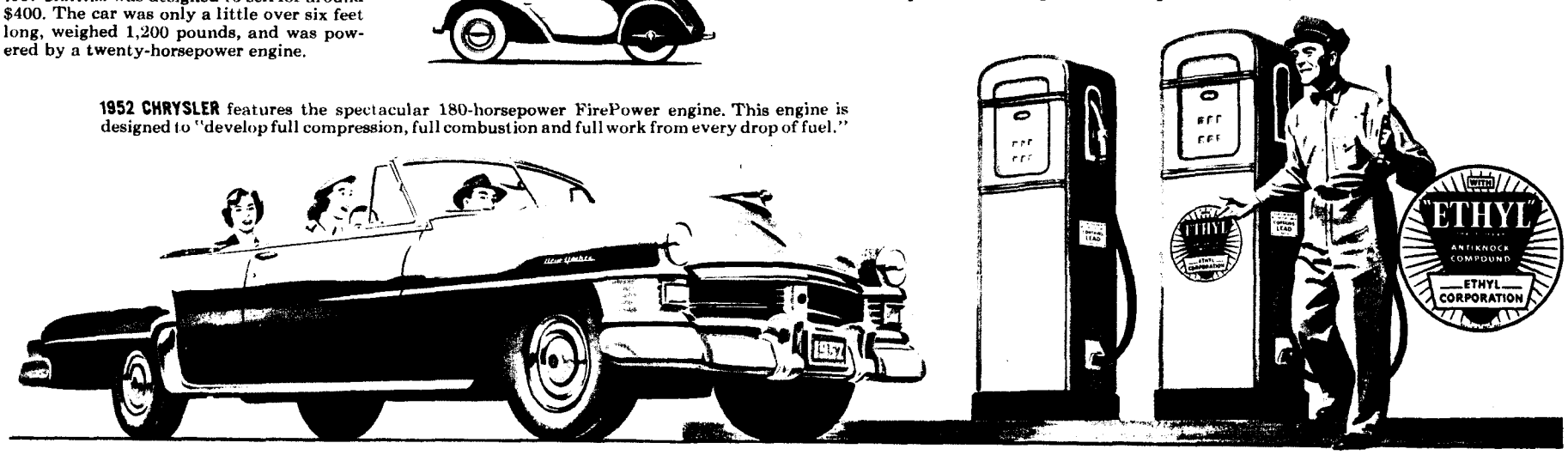
1937 BANTAM was designed to sell for around $400. The car was only a little over six feet long, weighed 1,200 pounds, and was powered by a twenty-horsepower engine.

Over two thousand makes of cars have been built in the U. S. in the past sixty years. Only twenty are left. These are the ones that answered motorists' demands for greater reliability, comfort and *performance*. Car buyers always seem to want a more powerful car than the one they are trading in.

Today, you can get the power you want from modern high compression engines and "Ethyl" gasoline. "Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It helps modern engines develop their top power and economy. That's why millions of motorists stop at the pump with the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem. They've proved to themselves there is a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

ETHYL
CORPORATION
New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

1952 CHRYSLER features the spectacular 180-horsepower FirePower engine. This engine is designed to "develop full compression, full combustion and full work from every drop of fuel."



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Picture OF THE MONTH

The white glare of the spotlight on Washington, D.C., was never more intense than now. And the sense of something vital and momentous in the air has been captured by "Washington Story", an M-G-M picture that has tremendous timeliness in its title and plot.

In "Washington Story", Van Johnson is Joseph Gresham (known as "No Comment" Joe). He is a representative with a lily-white record who has acquired a hearty distaste for the press.

To Washington comes a woman newspaper columnist, pertly and prettily portrayed by Patricia Neal, who is tipped off that there might well be some shenanigans in Rep. Van's private life. Being equipped with a nose for scandal and favored with more than her share of personal charm, she decides she might get sufficiently close to the Congressman to dig up a story. She gets close, all right; in a close-up that is very nice indeed for all concerned.

"Washington Story" provides an unprecedented glimpse of Washington, from its hectic cocktail parties to its smoke-filled rooms, from its private places to its gleaming rotunda. The picture's action centers in and around the exciting city and much of it was filmed, by special permission, in the Capitol building itself. The picture has that authentic, on-the-spot look.

Adding to your enjoyment are Louis Calhern as a seasoned statesman who is partial to Johnson's ideas, good cigars and pretty girls. Phil Ober as a muckraker columnist with a few virtues and fewer scruples, and Sidney Blackmer as a mysterious man with a bulging dispatch case, also give fine performances.

"Washington Story" is the joint effort of executive producer Dore Schary and writer-director Robert Pirosh who collaborated on the unforgettable "Battleground" and the equally memorable "Go For Broke". This latest dramatization is no less exciting than its predecessors for it portrays its characters with completely believable naturalness and humor.

You will see an absorbing motion picture entertainment in "Washington Story" and there will be an extra satisfaction in knowing more about the human side of Washington and of having participated in great events.

P.S. "Ivanhoe" is coming! Sir Walter Scott's famed story in Color by Technicolor!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "WASHINGTON STORY" starring VAN JOHNSON, PATRICIA NEAL, LOUIS CALHERN with Sidney Blackmer. Written and directed by Robert Pirosh. Produced by Dore Schary.

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July 26, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

As the Democratic convention appears on the nation's agenda, sculptor-in-clay Jack Lambert depicts the Windy City arrival of snake-dancing donkeys, galloping toward the International Amphitheater recently vacated by the G.O.P. For eight cartoon views of a convention's lighter side, just turn to page 40.

Week's Mail

Problems of Widowhood

EDITOR: It is difficult to find time during these busy spring afternoons for both golf and a letter to the editor of a weekly magazine. During the entire period of my Collier's readership (most of my adult life), I have never before been sufficiently impressed with an article or story to break into the routine of my secretary's day. However, your June 7th issue and the article Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow, by Donald Rogers, provided me with sufficient food for thought to earn your magazine this accolade.

Keep up this type of material. Its down-to-earth realism is sufficiently thought-provoking to make a complacent guy like myself think twice. After passing the article around the office, the reaction of the other fellows here would confirm your magazine's right to all the praise we can give it.

HARDEN E. GOLDSTEIN, New York, N.Y.

. . . It certainly was an eye-opening experience to read Mr. Rogers' article. In these days of mounting taxes and ever-increasing expenses, it is more important than ever not only to provide for the immediate present, but to give a thought for the future as well. I felt that Mr. Rogers approached an unpleasant subject with wonderful tact and taste and turned what could have been a bugaboo into really interesting reading.

MRS. ROSAMOND F. E. WITHERS, New York, N.Y.

. . . The subject is of real importance, and, by both its content and manner of presentation, the article has accomplished a fine public service.

In a time when many are prone to disparage lawyers it was gratifying to see that Mr. Rogers and your magazine indicated the usefulness of our services in this particular respect.

JOHN E. BERRY, Albany, N.Y.

. . . Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow really hits home with a practical punch. More American men should be made aware of the dangers of "shielding" their wives from business matters that in the long run often are very important to the woman after death strikes her husband. More time and money have been lost because of the lack of forethought on the part of doting spouses who never think to draw up a will, leaving it to "sometime in the future."

Thank you for bringing this serious situation to the attention of the many will-less John Does.

MRS. ENID PLAVIN, New York, N.Y.

. . . The article is full of excellent and common-sense suggestions concerning estate planning and the handling of the problems which follow the death of a family breadwinner. The author expresses views throughout the article which are undoubtedly sound, and lays appropriate stress upon the parts which the lawyer and the financial adviser can play in helping to work out the difficult situation which often follows the death of the husband and father. Many lawyers have had to deal with the difficulties

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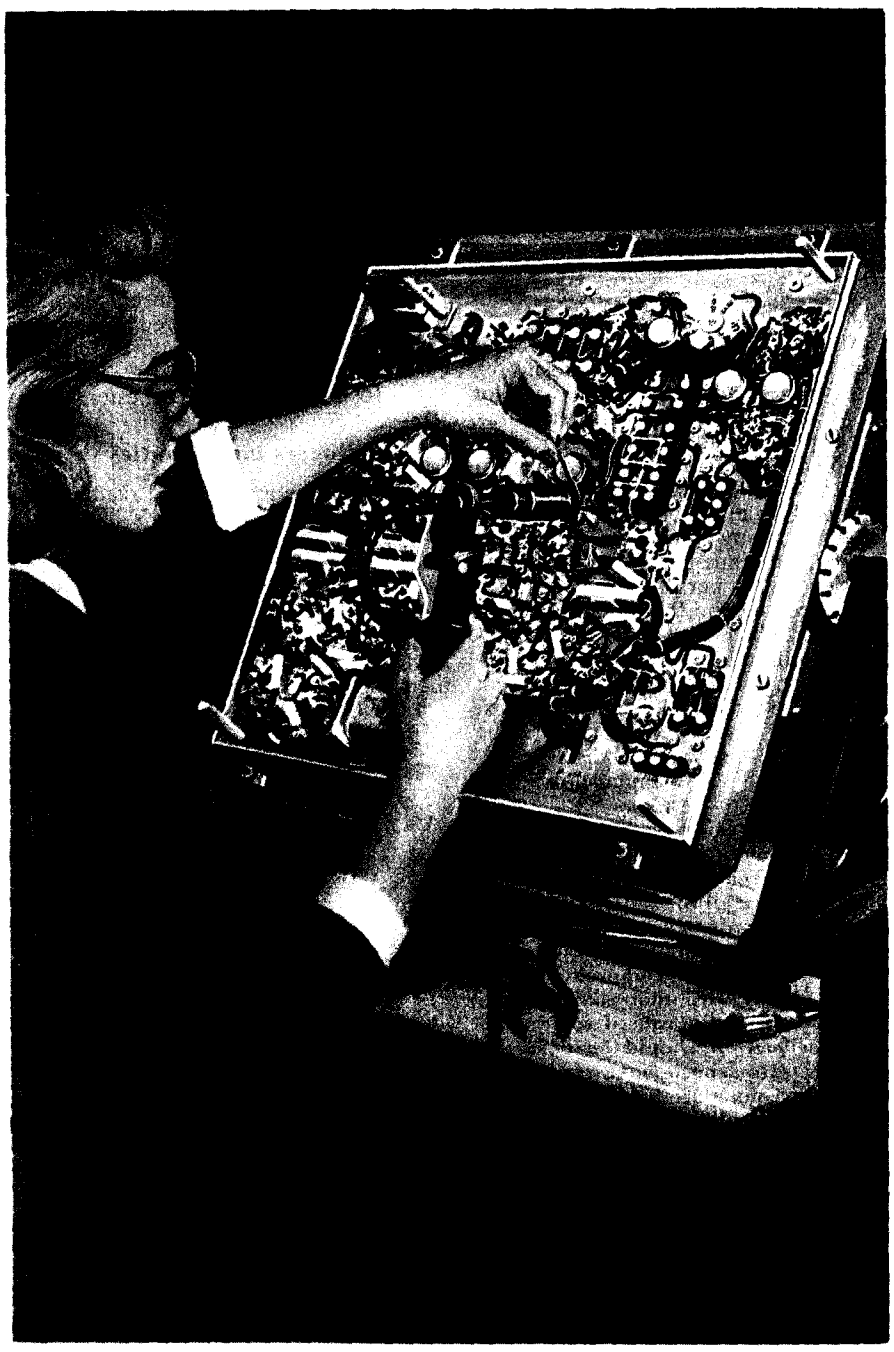
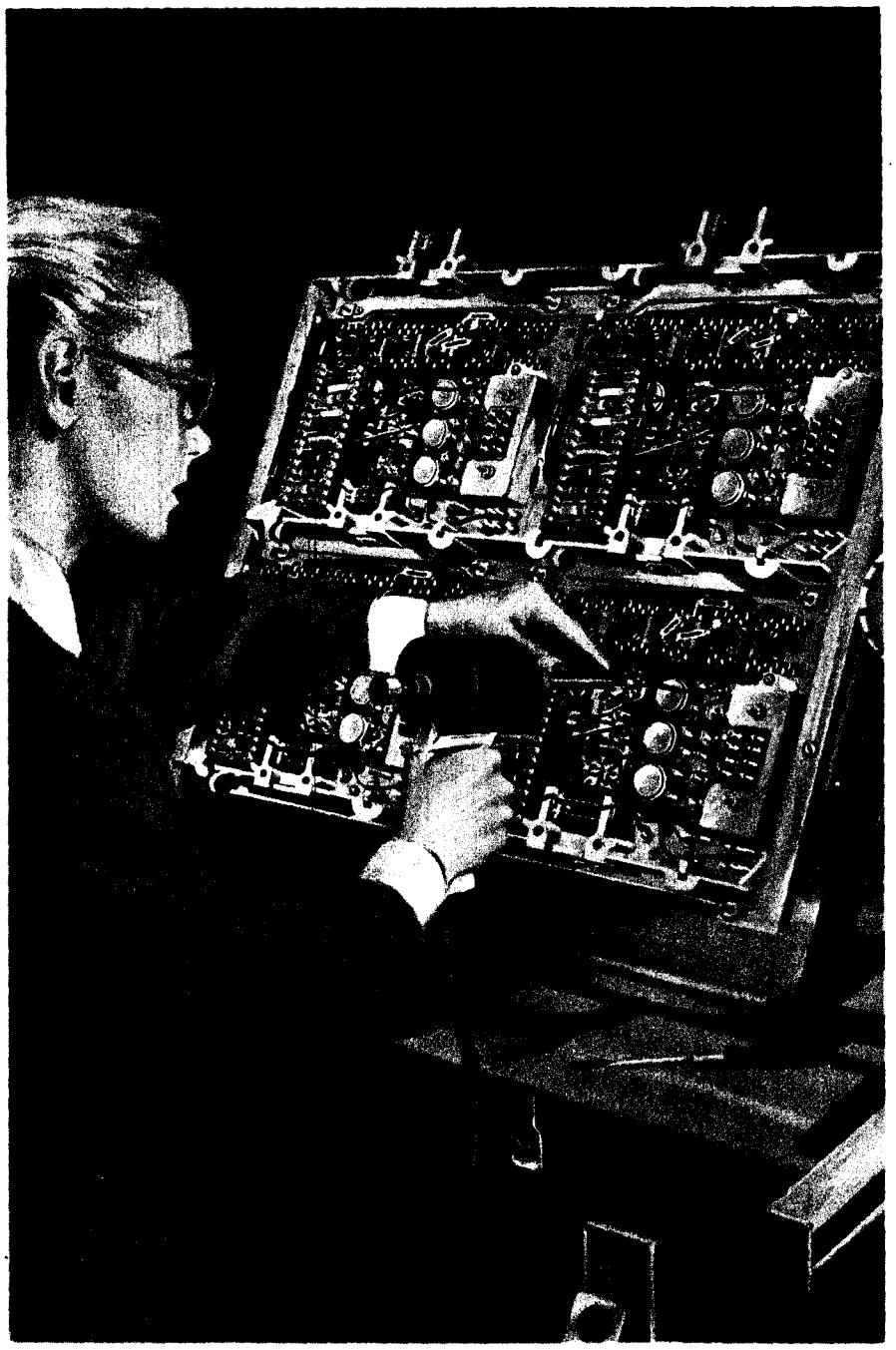
Look-alikes?





...yes, but one directs guns, the other directs telephone calls

Each of these units of electronic equipment is important to national defense in its own way. Together they symbolize the double-barrelled defense job being done by Western Electric — the manufacturing unit of the Bell Telephone System for the past seventy years.

With the help of thousands of sub-contractors, large and small, we're turning out special military communications and electronic equipment for the Armed Forces. For example: a radar fire control system for anti-aircraft guns, a part of which is seen in the left-hand picture.

Naturally, we're also busy on our regular job of making telephone equipment — such as the dial switching unit at the right — to help keep the Bell telephone network going and growing in the nation's service.

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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which arise when there is no will or a will not carefully considered and drawn in the light of the family's circumstances.

Mr. Rogers' article cannot fail to be of value in making your readers aware of the varied aspects of these problems and the methods of meeting them.

CLOYD LAPORTE, New York, N.Y.

. . . Who takes over the wife's household duties while she concerns herself with her husband's financial and business affairs?

Why not publish an article entitled How to Teach Your Husband to Be a Widower? They could learn the following fascinating subjects: ironing, cooking, cleaning, sewing, child care (including diaper changing)—to mention just a few.

MRS. S. ROSKE, Berea, Ohio

. . . Mr. Rogers says that "when it comes to joint ownership of a safe-deposit box, the survivor gets no break at all . . . Not until a representative of the state tax office is present can the box be opened." This might be a true statement in regard to other states, but it does not hold true in Pennsylvania. In our case, and in all probability many other banks, the contract shall continue in the survivor to the exclusion of the personal representative of the deceased and the undersigned for themselves, their executors and administrators. In other words, no tax collector or anyone else has to be present when a widow opens a safe-deposit box, and she may remove anything that she so desires.

HOWARD W. DYSON, JR.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Rogers writes:

It is extremely difficult in preparing a piece like Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow to cover all of the laws in all 48 states, which apply to safe-deposit boxes, trust laws, wills and joint accounts. While I tried to be as comprehensive as possible, I am sure that some of my statements may have caused some anxiety to readers. It should be borne in mind that safe-deposit boxes are sealed and joint accounts are held up upon the death of one of the joint owners *only* in some of those states which have income taxes or inheritance taxes. The matter can usually be cleared up in a short time—sometimes within hours—as soon as a representative of the state tax office receives an official accounting of the amount of money in a joint account or the contents of a safe-deposit box. His only interest is in determining how much of it is taxable.

Big Business

EDITOR: I've been following the articles (Big Business for a Big Country) written by David E. Lilienthal concerning the "Bigness" of these United States of America now and the potential growth that is ours in years to come, provided we keep the "faith" in our expanding economy.

David E. Lilienthal is 100 per cent correct! There is no limit to the greatness, the bigness that may be ours—as a nation—so long as the motive for our development and our growth is for the "more abundant life" for all peoples. First for our brothers and sisters here, then for our cousins which includes all peoples everywhere who are willing to share our dreams and to work and cooperate with us, after they have awaked from their nightmares of wars and have discarded their wild dreams of enslaving others.

J. LOUIS COBB, High Point, N.C.

. . . In the installment of Mr. Lilienthal's articles on Big Business which appeared in the June 7th issue of Collier's, the author intimates, although he does not make the direct assertion, that TVA was a pioneer, perhaps *the* pioneer, in the use of aluminum for high-tension transmission lines.

Aluminum was used for transmission lines in the first decade of this century, long before TVA came into being. I quote from pp. 285-86 of The Metallurgy of Aluminium *(sic)* and Aluminium Alloys, by Robert J. Anderson, 1925, Henry Carey Baird & Company, New York:

"The first aluminium transmission line conductor was the one erected in 1898-'99 from Anoqualmie Falls to Seattle, Wash., a distance of 32 miles, and this line is still in operation . . . Many thousand tons of aluminium are in use on high-tension transmission lines, and this application is destined to increase greatly. There are now installed some 85,000 miles of steel-covered aluminium cable, and 40,000 miles of aluminium cable."

JOSEPH LILLICH, Rochester, N.Y.

Rogers and Beauties

EDITOR: I have just finished reading the June 7, 1952, issue of Collier's. As usual, it was very good. But this is what I am writing about. Who is that beautiful blonde on the cover, along with Will Rogers, Jr., and the brunette and redhead? The other two gals are very beautiful, but for my money the blonde has them beat hands down.

CPL. BERNARD J. IMWALLE, JR.,
Ft. Sam Houston, Tex.

The line-up is blonde Beverly Thomas, brunette Charlotte Hunter, and redhaired Faye Antaky.

Bureaucracy and Liberty

EDITOR: I fully agree with your editorial Another Kind of Inflation (Collier's, June 7th) that bureaucratic control and influence, now rampant in this country and which has been building up for the past 20 years, can easily make future elections merely idle gestures of public approval of the continuing administration.

Once the bureaucratic control of government reaches more than half of the electorate of the country, then our liberty is gone. When the economic life of a people rests in the hands of the government, there is only one way the people can vote. Liberty and free enterprise are gone. Will the people turn back and endure the economic hardship that will be the price of restoring a free America at the coming election? It may be their last chance. I like the words of Woodrow Wilson: "Liberty never comes from government."

CHARLES H. SHAFER, Hillsboro, N.D.

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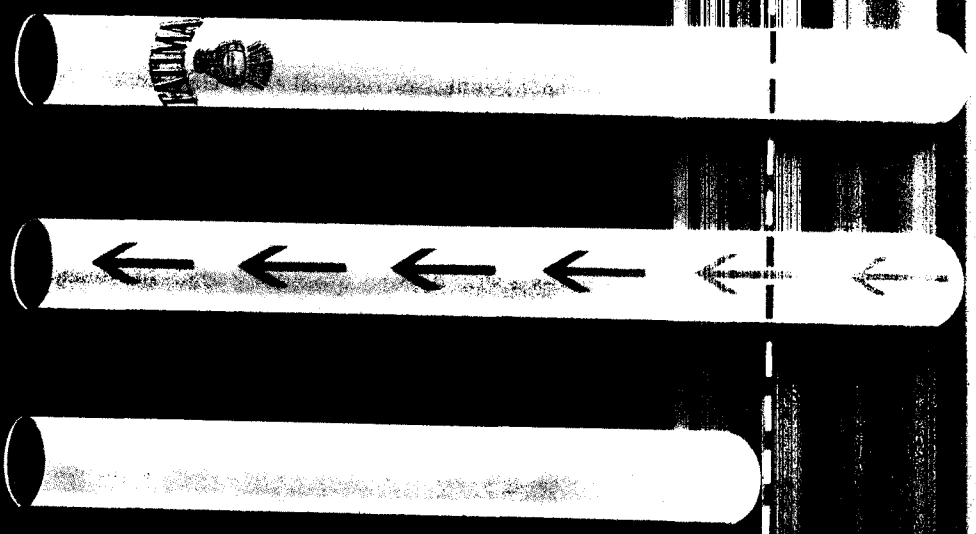
COMPA TIMA

with any oth[er] I[n] arette



FA[TIMA] [fil]ters the smoke 85
m[ore] [fo]r your protection.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Foaming with indignation is this lady from Burlington, Vermont. Her senator, the Honorable Ralph E. Flanders, has let go with a point-with-pride oration in which he proclaimed that girls gunning for husbands couldn't conceivably do better than to beat the Vermont bushes. Properly, as well as indignantly, the young lady called upon this department of Collier's for sympathy. "Where are these men?" she demands. "Suppose the senator's right about there being 7,000 more unmarried men in Vermont than women. Seventy-five per cent of them are nine-tenths Adam's apple. The rest are every bit as cagey as a zoo."

★ ★ ★

While doddering to work this morning we were stopped by a sign in a Fifty-first Street (New York)

pipe-shop's window. It advertised chlorophyll tobacco. Another dastardly plot to make us free American men smell better.

★ ★ ★

Plaintive cry from an Ohio citizen trying to keep informed on what's going on in the world and at the same time find mental surcease. He kept book on news broadcasts for one week. Eight out of every ten items, he laments, had to do with sudden death "in various unpleasant forms, singly and in numbers." He has quit pursuing peace of mind. "If," says he, "the rest of the human race insists on driving me nuts, I'd be silly to resist."

★ ★ ★

The latest threat to what's left of peace in the world comes from a gentleman in Los Angeles. In the interests of personal tranquillity, he doesn't want his name mentioned yet. He's inventing something new—a camera that will lie.

★ ★ ★

And Mr. Harry Apfel, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has just learned from experience that, by the time a man doesn't care how many golf balls he loses, he can't hit them that far.

★ ★ ★

Just got a tip that a couple of Army colonels are thinking of collaborating on a book. Title: Koje Confidential. Hear, too, that they're doing the preliminary work in one of the very few remaining unoccupied K-9 doghouses that have been left over from World War II.

★ ★ ★

In the annual report to the shareholders of an unnamed Michigan industrial establishment, there's a statement which Mr. Sumner Howard, of Flint, thinks worthy of wider publicity. "Shareholders," reads the report, "are paid two dollars per share, as contrasted to three dollars and six cents per share to the United States and foreign governments in income taxes. Thus, you can see that the tax collector is the largest shareholder in our industry."

★ ★ ★

And after giving the situation a thorough going over, Mr. A. Chenowith, of Chicago, strode to the nearest desk, wrote a note and hastened it to us via air mail. Help yourself to Mr. Chenowith: "Half the politicians say that 50 per cent of the people are confused. Most of the people believe all the politicians are confused. Everybody I talk to says everybody else is confused. In confused words of one syllable, I long for a man like the great Daniel Webster. As I recall it, he's the man who cried: 'Liberty and confusion, now and forever, one and inseparable.' Or am I confused?"

★ ★ ★

And our friend Pete Walch says in the Weyauwega, Wisconsin, Chronicle, that there are a couple of kids in his town "who are getting doggone sick and tired of staying home two or three nights every week while the old folks use the car."

★ ★ ★

The day before, this communiqué says, his secretary called up to say she wouldn't be in. Getting a poodle hairdo. Next day she called up again. Wouldn't be in. "What's it this time?" demanded this bureaucrat boss in Washington. "Getting distemper shots," she replied.

★ ★ ★

Just wired happy-going to a fellow in Wheeling, West Virginia, who was about to set forth atouring. Told us he and the family intend to visit all our national parks. There are 28 of them. Betweentimes he plans a glance or two at our country's 85 national monuments and 10 national cemeteries. Sort of a dust-raising schedule, he admits, but that's why he's taking three weeks off this summer instead of his customary two.

★ ★ ★

It took us quite a while but, as usual, we've found out what all those convention-bound VIPs carried in their brief cases. TV make-up kits.

★ ★ ★

Being an old fogy we've always believed that the world was reasonably round. Of course there still are those who maintain it's flat. But Mr. Jere Tarbosche in Beatrice, Nebraska, says, "My old man insists it's crooked."

★ ★ ★

Things in general are worse than we thought. For example, here's a customer named Switcherly informing us that in Oklahoma "all us calamity howlers are at least three months behind on our quota of calamity howling."

★ ★ ★

And this Laramie, Wyoming, mother could hardly wait until her husband got home to tell him that on that very day, their baby's second birthday, the child had uttered at least 10 well-articulated words. But Dad wasn't overwhelmed. "Well, well," said he. "Well, well. Takes them two years to learn to talk and the rest of their lives to learn to keep their mouths shut. Well, well."

★ ★ ★

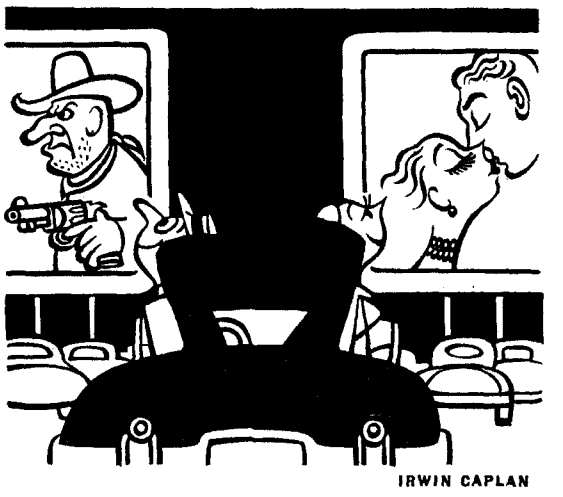
First glance gave us quite a start. But there it was in the Portland, Oregon, Journal, written by the ever-accurate Jim Irvine. Detroit was to be abolished. Thinking this a bit drastic and wondering what the automobile industry was going to do, we read on. Found, to what we may loosely call our relief, that Mr. Irvine was referring to Detroit, Oregon, which will soon be a small spot on the bed of an 8½-mile reservoir lake, part of a gigantic dam, controlling the flood-waters of the North Santiam and Willamette Rivers.

★ ★ ★

There were Red riots in Paris. Blood was indelibly staining the hillsides of Korea. Free men and Communists were snarling at one another across a strip of what was once Berlin. In China, men and women were being shot for crying that they were hungry. The Malayan jungle was ablaze. Murder stalked the Near East. And Isabel France lifted up her eyes in the cool, green peace of her beloved Arkansas hills to write for the Arkansas Gazette her psalmlike weekly record of what goes on about her in Yaller Bird Holler near Sassafras Pond. Listen: "Aunt Phileny had cooked a nation of vittles for the Sunday gathering . . . At 1:15 the preacher still was rambling. Uncle Finner had gone sound to sleep and slid down on the old bench. Everybody was praying silently for a baby to start crying or for a red 'wasper' to sting the preacher. Suddenly Aunt Phileny said big and loud as you please: 'Congregation's vittles is cold. He has lost his text, and it will be a nine-days' wonderment if Finner doesn't wake with sciatica asleeping in such a cramp.' " . . . A peace which passes the understanding of most of us, alas, brooded on Isabel France's hills of home, the quiet broken only by the steel and china clattering cheerfully over Aunt Phileny's nation of vittles.

★ ★ ★

Most disturbing news we have this week from Texas is the opening of an open-air movie with two screen towers 800 feet apart. It's a double-feature



IRWIN CAPLAN

show, both pictures running simultaneously. Guess we'd better not go. We're pretty undecided as it is.

★ ★ ★

Long and earnest letter from a gentleman in Wilmington, Delaware. He insists on knowing what's become of that phantom government policy of pay-as-you-go. But he forgets there's no use paying until you've some idea where you're going.

★ ★ ★

If while touring this summer you feel that you have to argue with someone, try breaking a traffic law or two in and around Atlanta, Georgia. More than a dozen highway cops in that fragrant area have just been given law degrees.

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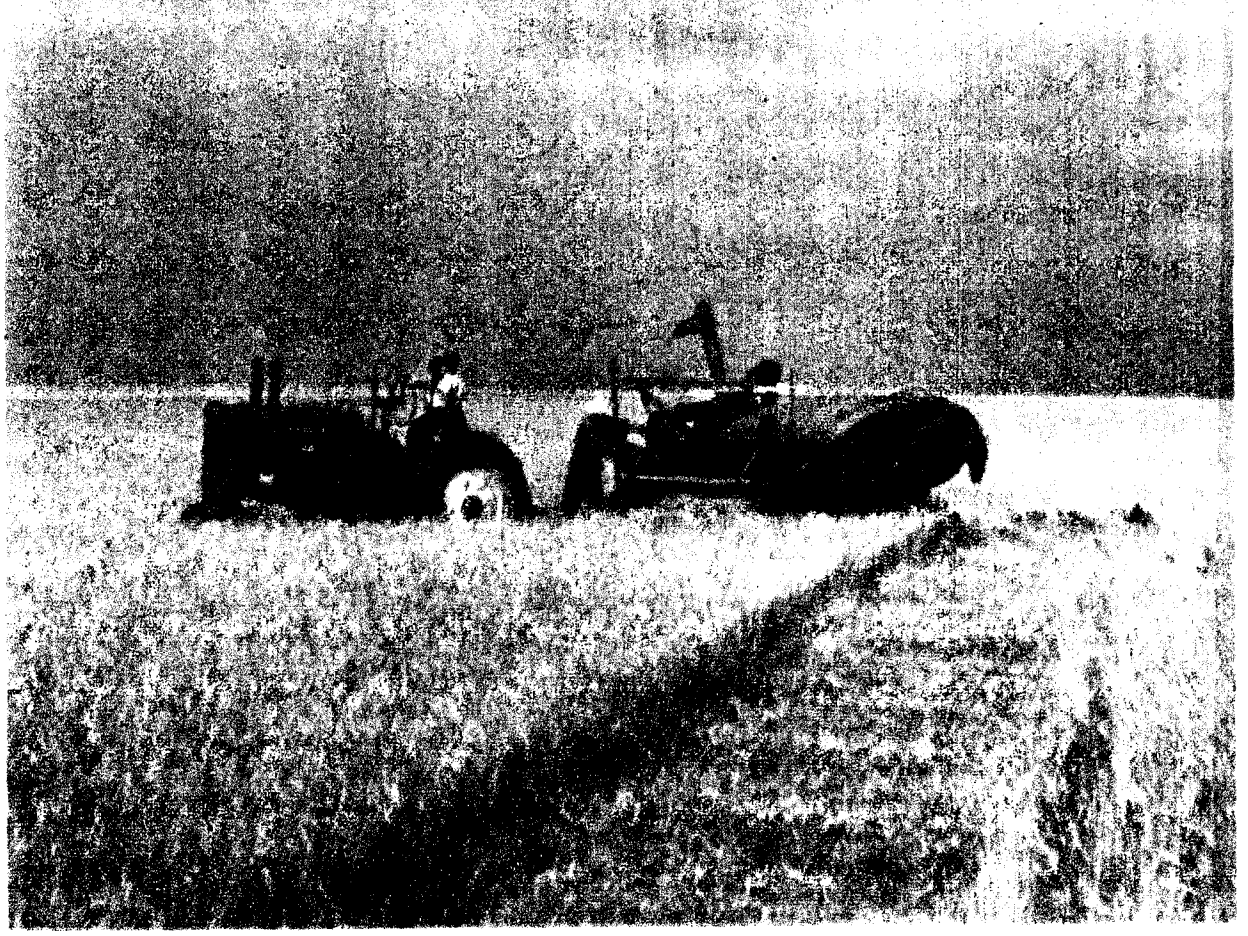
SUMMER STORM

IN THE torrid warmth of town or city in summertime, a cooling storm usually is a welcome event. But when thunderclouds gather over farm land during July and August, the prospect often is far from exhilarating. In agricultural areas —especially on the great plains of the Midwest—a severe storm may have tragic consequences. Heavy rain or hail can cause irreparable damage to crops. Lightning is a threat to home and livestock, and many a seemingly routine thunder shower in the Midwest suddenly has twisted into a raging tornado.

To capture the foreboding spirit of life on a farm during a summer storm, I stayed for three weeks at Harry Eilert's place near Furley, Kansas, about 18 miles northeast of Wichita. I watched the skies with the family. My camera saw the clouds gather and caught the Eilerts scurrying into action each time the rains came. The pictures on these pages can't possibly tell the whole story, but as a composite view of an often repeated drama they re-create the emotions of a farm family in a storm: the desperate haste to get things under cover; the feeling of being penned up and helpless during the deluge; the search for damage when the weather clears, and, finally, the thrill of returning to work as the damp earth throws a scent of unbelievable freshness into the air. These are the ingredients of a summer storm on the farm. ROLAND PATTERSON



Darkening skies over their 330-acre Kansas farm foreshadow end to the day's work in field for Harry Eilert and his sons, Harry, Jr. (Junior), ten, and Bobby, seven

Even though the sun intermittently breaks through clouds, Harry prudently covers tractor

With a downpour imminent, even baby of family must go to work. After hurriedly feeding chickens, five-year-old Harriet Eilert helped drive them into their coop

Lightning bolt momentarily stuns cattle on way to barn. Eilert will put animals in shelter before entering house

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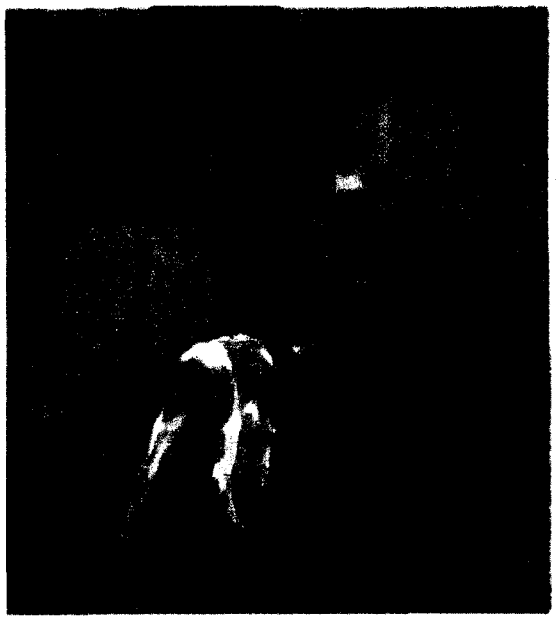
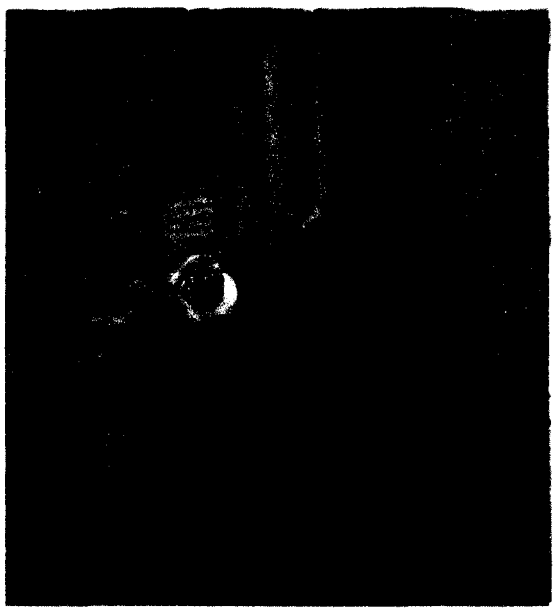
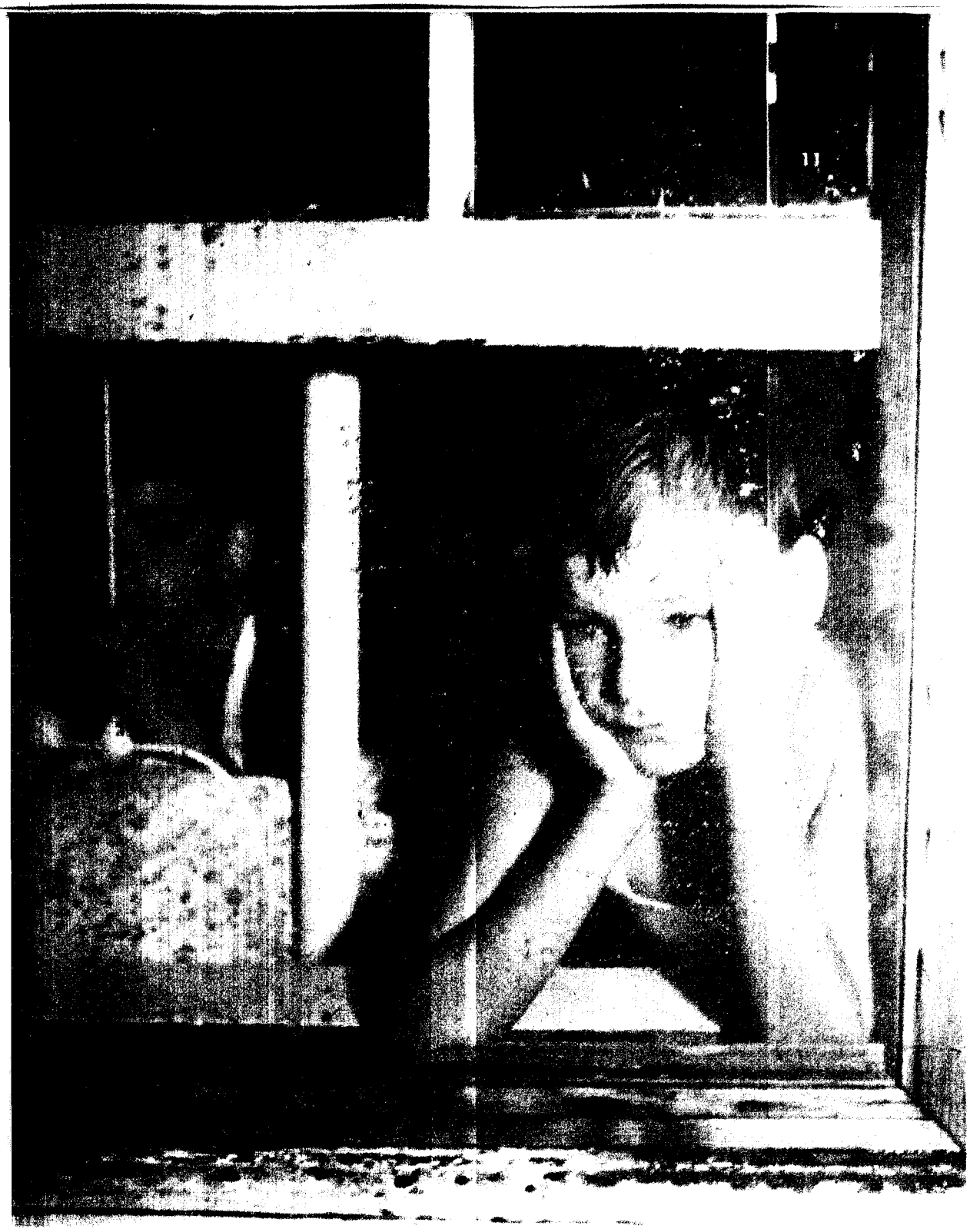


There always seems to be at least one calf that won't follow elders and must be tugged to safety



Harry's final task is to shut barn door. Then he runs to house, hoping storm won't ruin wheat



Imprisoned indoors during the downpour, Junior and Bobby Eilert morosely study the rain before going to bed. Family was lucky. This storm brought no severe damage

On morning after rain: bringing milk up from barn is a rugged job as wagon sticks in mud

As skies cleared, Junior found dead sparrow in pasture—storm's only casualty on the farm

As soon as ground is dry enough to support equipment, the family resumes its farm work

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROLAND PATTERSON

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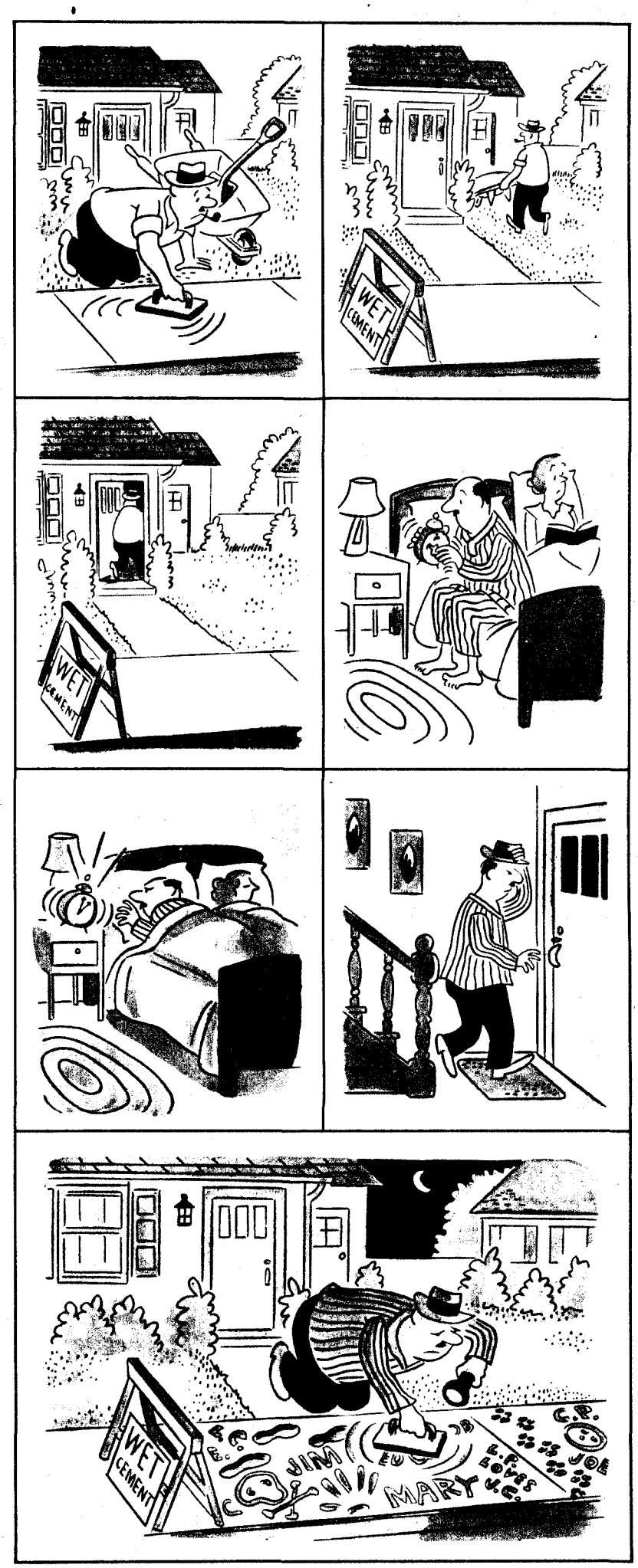
New Sidewalk

By BOB SCHROETER



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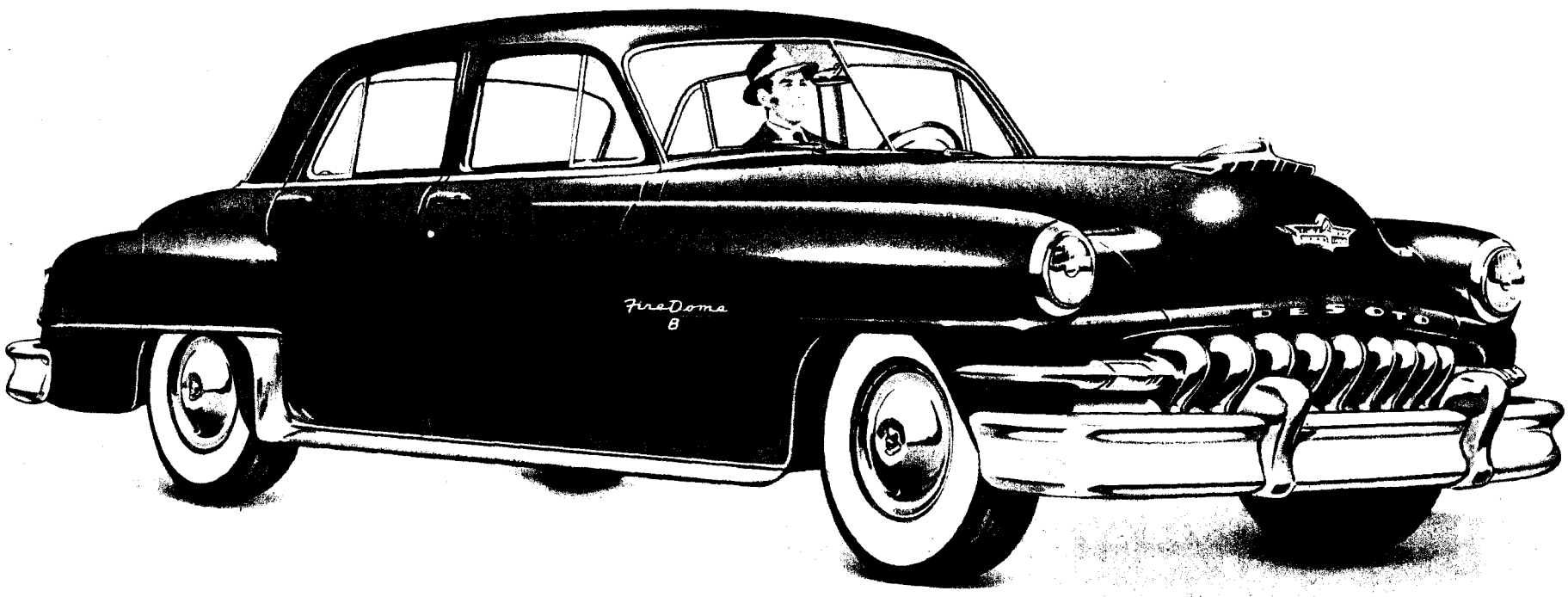

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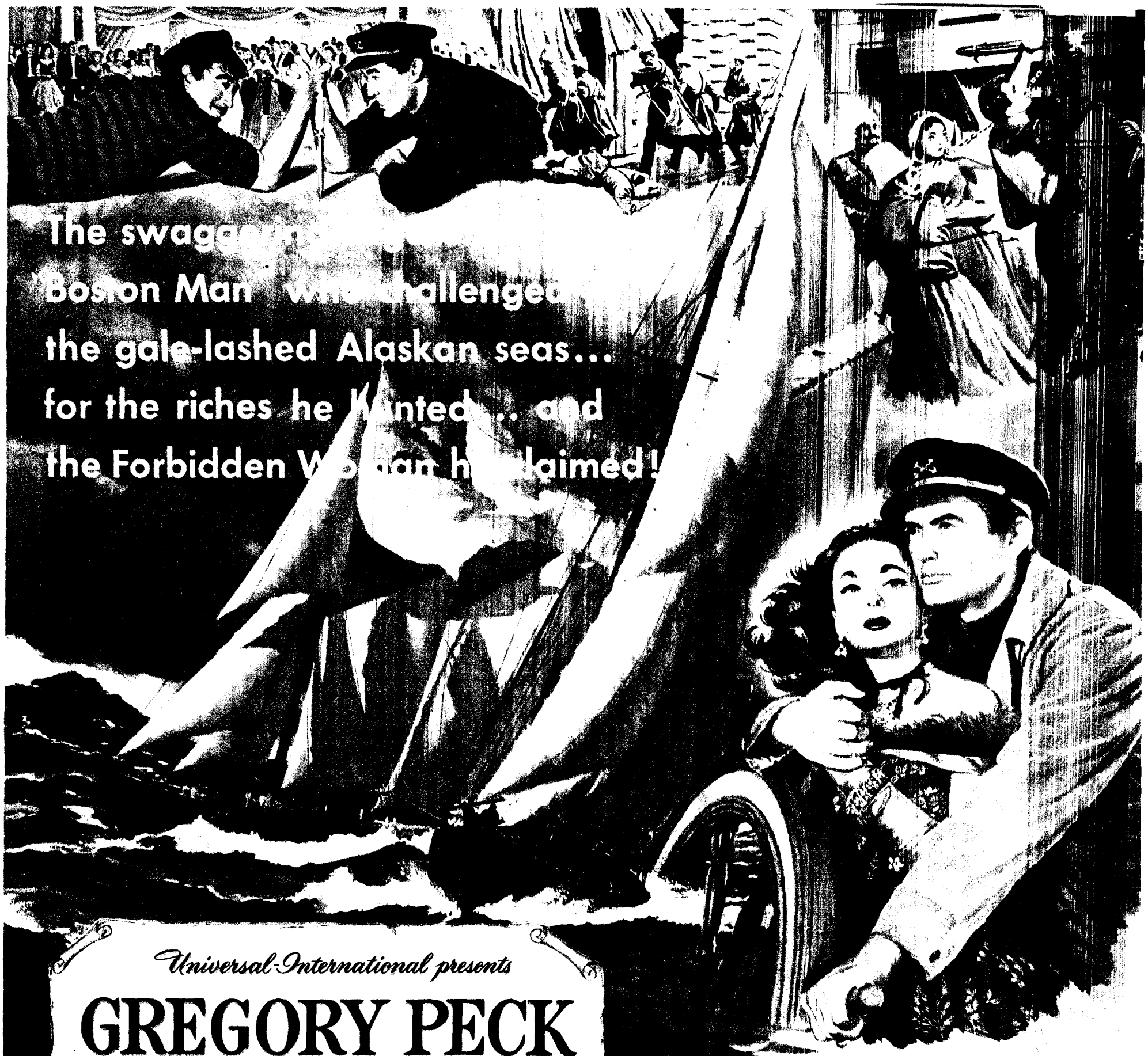

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Collier's, July 26, 1952

The MOSLEM CRESCENT

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

The seething nations of the Middle East and North Africa, rich in oil and vital to Western defense, offer an open invitation to Red conquest—and nobody knows it better than Stalin

IN THE turbulent and riot-ridden Moslem world these days, they say that the Russian bear, in the person of Joseph Stalin, shares one ritual with the teeming millions of devout sons of Islam: several times a day, he turns in the direction of Mecca. And, if he does not pray, he solemnly hopes.

Stalin's hopes, it is increasingly apparent, are strategic rather than spiritual. For, south of his Kremlin desk lies one of the richest prizes ever coveted by any would-be conqueror, one that has attracted the dreams and talents of every big-league empire builder from Alexander to Hitler.

From his map-cluttered Eagle's Nest, overlooking the snow-covered Bavarian peaks around Berchtesgaden, Adolf Hitler dreamed of *Drang nach Osten,* a thrust toward the East, and its two major prizes, the railway to Baghdad and the subterranean oceans of oil for the tanks of his Panzer divisions. But he lost sight of his southern objective. Many historians and strategists believe that if Hitler had kept the faith of Middle East conquest, the *Wehrmacht* might not have clattered to a squeaking, oil-dry defeat in 1945.

And now Stalin, spiritual heir of those others who sought to conquer the earth, dwells longingly on the fabulous riches of the Arab world.

The prize is the vast, strategic, turbulent Moslem Crescent, a region of more than 100,000,000 people which girdles the European-African land mass from Gibraltar in the west to Turkey in the northeast. In ancient times, this vital segment of the Islamic world spawned two empires which threatened at times to engulf Europe—and, indeed, invaded Spain and southern France in the Middle Ages and stormed almost to the gates of Vienna in the seventeenth century.

Today, the fate of the West once again may rest to a considerable degree on the intrigues, ambitions, politics, terrorism and nationalist dreams of the dozen countries which comprise this chaotic area: Morocco, with its predominantly Moslem population of 8,600,000; Algeria, with 8,670,000; Libya, 1,072,000; Egypt, 22,000,000; Turkey, 21,000,000; Syria, 3,400,000; Iran, 18,000,000; Iraq, 4,800,000; Lebanon, 1,238,000; Jordan, 1,500,000; Saudi Arabia, 6,500,000, and Tunisia, 3,240,000.

Back in 1946, President Truman prophesied that this part of the world "might become an arena of intense rivalry among outside powers," and "might suddenly erupt into conflict." Both statements have come true. The second, however, is true only in part—and it is the hope of the democracies that they will be able to prevent the really terrible explosion there which might be the trigger to World War III.

Strategically, we control this area—for the moment—with the combined might of the American Sixth and British Mediterranean Fleets, with the French North African forces, American air power and the chain of Britain's life-line bases stretching across the Mediterranean.

But in many respects it's still a no man's land—a

CARTOON BY HARRY DEVLIN

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"The nationalists don't care whether their methods involve assassination, murder

political vacuum between the worlds of Communism and democracy, a land of turmoil, tensions, riots and revolutions in the streets and in the palaces, of *provocateurs* and poverty, espionage and counterespionage and a fierce nationalism almost unimaginable to the Western mind.

One Western diplomat, a graying veteran of 40 years in the Middle East, who remembers Lawrence of Arabia as "a young upstart," told us gravely: "The nationalists don't care whether their methods involve assassination, murder, arson, terrorism, sabotage or robbery. Nor do they care whether they play into the hands of the Russians."

The fact is that they *are* playing into the hands of the Russians, and with every riot Stalin must smile.

For the master of the Kremlin obviously remembers a bitter historical lesson that practically every American man in the street once knew by heart and has now half forgotten—a lesson exemplified by the sinister arrows on the war maps a short 10 years ago, showing the possible link-up between German and Japanese forces somewhere in the vicinity of the Middle East.

That thrust, if it had succeeded, would have denied us the Suez Canal, secured the North African coast from invasion, provided the Axis with invasion springboards across the short reaches of the South Atlantic. It would have outflanked Russia's forces, cut off the lend-lease route across Persia. Above all, it would have filled the sumps of the Axis airplanes and tanks with oil.

A Plan of World Conquest for Stalin

"Stalin knows," one of Britain's top general staff strategists told us in London, "that he cannot consolidate any further gains *anywhere* without capturing this land-bridge to three continents and the oil bonus that goes with it.

"If he ever achieved this, Red Russia and Red China might join hands across Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Arabia and Egypt"—his hand swept across the map—"and push westward to the Atlantic across North Africa, smashing all our Allied bases as he went along. He might succeed where the Berlin-Tokyo Axis failed."

Stalin has a tailor-made highway, paved with rebellion, corruption and misery, just south of his left flank. It stretches a couple of thousand miles through mountains, teeming cities and barren deserts harboring vast caches of oil. This turbulent road is worth almost any calculated risk of aggression to the men in the Kremlin because it produces more than 16 per cent of the total world oil production—twice as much as Russia and her satellites combined.

When you don't have to resort to guns and soldiers, as Stalin hasn't so far, the prize becomes an agonizing temptation.

What is he doing to grab off this tremendous trophy? What are the democracies doing to stop him?

To find the answers to those questions, the writers made a 10,000-mile tour of the explosive Arab world. We talked to nationalist leaders, fugitives from their own governments; to Bedouins in their tents; to elusive secret agents still operating in the Lawrence of Arabia tradition; to Prime Ministers and parliamentarians and students. It was a journey through fear and violence that extended from Gibraltar to Suez; from Casablanca in the east to Tehran in the west; from the white walls of Marrakech to the fire-blackened ruins of Cairo, and finally up to Turkey, the West's great fortress and anchor in its chain of defense.

Where the Red Fox Plots Revolution

We saw how Stalin is thumbing a free ride down the oil route of the Middle East, aiming at its domination. At the head of the route, in the gray mounds of masonry that house the Soviet Embassy in Tehran, one of the wiliest of all trouble-shooting Russian diplomats charts the course for revolution—and the acquisition of Iran's production of 32,000,000 tons of oil a year. Ivan V. Sadchikov, known to his diplomatic adversaries as the "Red Fox with the Black Heart," sits like a supreme commander over a few thousand militant agitators who have fanned the discontent of millions to the breaking point.

The Communists' Tudeh party is outlawed, but that doesn't matter to Sadchikov. His militants are instructed to take cover within the nationalist organizations like Fadayan Islam (Crusaders of Islam), fanatical partner of the Moslem Brotherhood, the illegal gang of terrorists and assassins operating throughout the Middle East. The Reds join these parties and then take them over with guile, fist or pistol.

We knew Sadchikov in Yugoslavia, where he used to guffaw approvingly as more delicate ambassadors winced under his bone-crushing handshakes. He was plucked out of Belgrade by Moscow when he was in the first stages of organizing anti-Tito factions. The Kremlin wanted him to exercise his talents on a shorter-range program, so he came to Tehran.

Here Sadchikov found a nation wallowing in corruption, misrule and poverty. The irresponsible clique of Iranian landowners had launched a campaign aimed at deflecting popular discontent from themselves to the British and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company; all that stood in their path was a single rugged man, one of the few genuinely selfless Iranian patriots in public life, Prime Minister Ali Razmara.

At about that time, an article in this magazine predicted that if General Razmara were to fall from power, Iran would be plunged into disaster (Collier's, October 14-21, 1950). Razmara was assassinated in March, 1951. Most Westerners say the deed was done by Fadayan Islam; all agree it was with the connivance of Sadchikov. In any event, it brought the incredible Mohammed Mossadegh to the helm of government. This aged politician, who combines cunning and hysteria, promptly expropriated the property of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and the huge, complex refineries at Abadan, largest in the world—although there was no Iranian capital available to replace London's, and no Iranian technicians capable of operating the fields.

To all entreaties, Mossadegh stopped up his ears. He alternately fainted and fumed, and got the oil and refineries for Iran alone. Now that he has them, production has sunk practically to zero. Unemployment throughout the country has zoomed sharply and the plight of the average Iranian has grown more miserable. Sadchikov's agitators are paralyzing the country almost at will, with protest strikes and demonstrations. And the last hope of the country—the young Shah Reza Pahlevi—seems transfixed with indecision.

"If I were a bookmaker," a Western diplomat told us glumly, "I wouldn't take any bets on a Communist rebellion. Right now it's stacked for them."

His observation was diplomatically understated. Not only is the situation primed for Iran's illegal Tudeh party to strike, but there's nothing in oil-rich Iraq, southwest of the border, to stop the mad virus from spreading beyond the frontier.

Historically the cradle of civilization, Iraq has become a modern crib of collusion. An elderly general, Nuri Pasha es-Said (who has been in Britain's hip pocket for so many years that Iraqis say even his laws have a British accent), is Prime Minister. The country's prosperity might be characterized as a little better than Iran's, a dubious distinction at best. And while there's no Communist party, there *are* Red agitators, and they are mobilizing strength with slogans and techniques borrowed right from the Tudeh party.

After the shattering experience of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (brought on by a dispute over the government's share of revenues), the British companies in Iraq hastily revised their agreements with the local government. Royalties went up more than 100 per cent (over a four-year period, Iraq will now get about £191,000,000), and everybody agrees that the current production of 6,000,000 tons a year should be tripled.

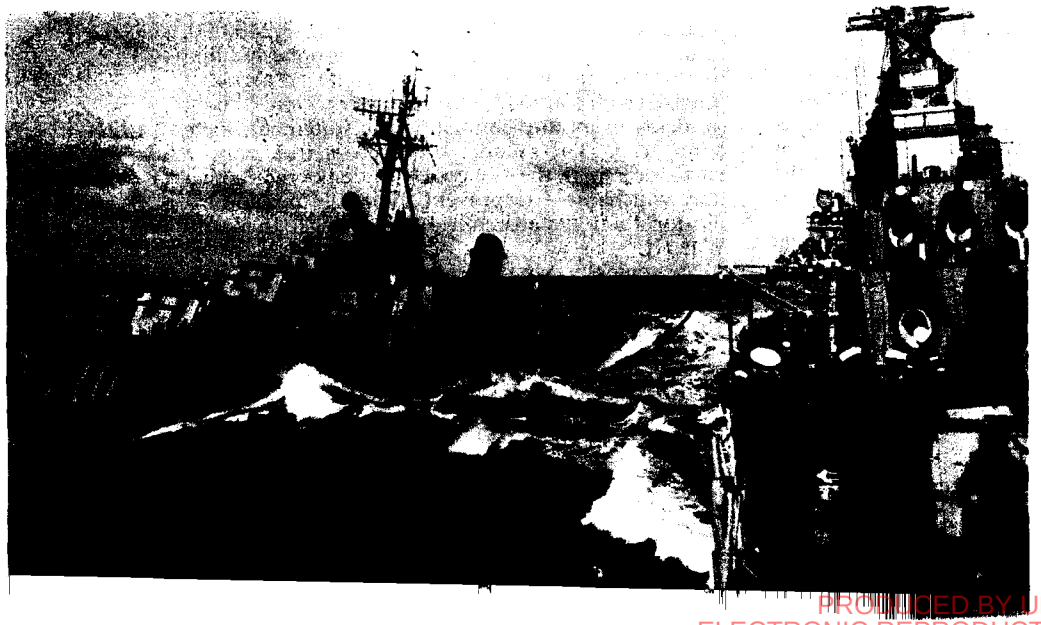
Saudi Arabia Gets a Fair Oil Deal

Compared with the situation in Iran and Iraq, conditions in Saudi Arabia— the third, and greatest, oil-producing nation in the Middle East—are positively rosy.

For one thing, perhaps no government in the entire area is more firmly established than that of grizzled, powerful King Ibn Saud, for whom the desert nation is named. For another, the Arabian American Oil Company, commonly called Aramco, has handled its relations with the government adroitly, taking pains to keep aloof from intrusion in local customs and affairs. And a year and a half ago, it insured against anything like the British experience in Iran by signing an agreement providing, in effect, for an even split of profits—an arrangement which means an income of substantially more than $100,000,000 a year for the government, with

U.S. Sixth Fleet destroyer refuels in Mediterranean. Allied might in Middle East consists of Anglo-U.S. ships, U.S. planes, French troops

WIDE WORLD



Air base at Casablanca is one of five we have under construction in Morocco. If Arab nationalists rebel, fate of bases is questionable

CARL PERUTZ

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irson, sabotage. Nor do they care whether they play into the hands of the Russians"

the inevitable accompanying technical development of the country.

There is just one problem—and it affects the British in Iraq and the Americans in Saudi Arabia alike. They still have to get the oil out. In both instances, the companies have built pipe lines, either because (as in central Iraq) there was no real alternative, or (as in Saudi Arabia) to avoid the long overwater haul from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean via the Suez Canal. And the future of the pipe lines could become a problem of major proportions.

The British lines from central Iraq pass through Syria and Lebanon on their way to the sea (except for one, currently unused, which runs to the big refineries at Haifa, Israel). The big American-built Trans-Arabian pipe line, carrying oil from the Persian Gulf fields, crosses the same two nations, and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan as well. And in each of these nations, internal difficulties could mean real trouble for the West.

Soviets Work Secretly in Damascus

In Syria, governments have been overthrown so fast by military groups in the last couple of years that they're being called "juntas," the favorite Latin-American term for quickie regimes. Although Communists aren't legal, the secret Soviet apparatus for the Middle East exists in ancient Damascus, in the open bazaars, in the shuttered, balustraded homes and in the fashionable hotels. Damascus was shrewdly selected by Moscow as a focal point because the traditional seeds of Arab nationalism are cultivated here and then transplanted throughout the Middle East.

By skillful adoption of nationalist claims, the Communists have wormed their way into influential positions in Moslem organization work. They've been extremely careful, in Syria especially, to keep Moscow intrusion very quiet, for the time being.

In neighboring Lebanon, though, where a middle class exists and where French-educated intellectuals and commercial agents abound, Communist propaganda takes on a more strident tone. The Reds' work is made easier by widespread contempt for Lebanese government officials. Many of them were caught trafficking in arms with Israel during the Palestine fighting, and others are known to be engaging in illicit East-West trade outside their busy harbors, with the participation of local businessmen.

Thus, the future of the vital pipe lines rests in two dangerously insecure nations—and in a third which, while considerably more stable than the others, is still something of a question mark.

Although the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan is a British creation, maintained in part by subsidy, Britain's influence there now is a trifle shaky. After the recent assassination of pro-British King Abdullah, the throne was ascended by the unstable crown prince, Talal, a man of uncertain allegiance who has been under almost constant treatment for nervous disorders. The government has been in turmoil ever since, with a three-man commission carrying most of the burdens of his office, amid charges that Talal's younger brother, Naif, has been trying to seize control.

Any upset in Jordan is keenly felt by the Western Allies, not only because of the pipe line, but also because Trans-Jordan's British-trained, British-equipped Arab Legion—14,000 men and 8,000 reserves, the best army in the Arab world—is an important buffer between Communist infiltration from the north and the great U.S.-operated oil fields to the south.

The only nation in this area that is not currently involved in the movement of vital oil is Israel, despite the fact that pipe lines of the Iraq Petroleum Company cross its borders en route to the excellent refineries at Haifa. These lines have been closed since the Israel-Arab war, much to the distress of the nation's officials, who estimate that their re-opening would add as much as $30,000,000 a year to Israel's hard-pressed economy. Such a sum of money would do a great deal to balance the country's budget, to eliminate an austerity more rigorous than Britain's and to accelerate development.

But the Arab states, smarting from their humiliating defeat in battle, suspicious of Israeli expansion and determined to settle accounts for the 900,000 Arabs who are refugees from Palestine, absolutely refuse to negotiate anything that might aid Israel, even if these methods help spread Communism rather than settle issues.

"Perhaps if we can get the oil we know exists in our desert in the Negeb, the Arabs will behave differently," an Israeli official hoped aloud while discussing the situation with us.

Although small and beset by financial difficulties, Israel is a tough nation with a fine army, probably the most powerful, man for man, in the Middle East. It's a source of strength to the democratic world—and a sorely needed one in this area. For, right next door is Egypt, certainly the weakest spot for the West in the entire Moslem Crescent.

Chaos in Egypt Invites Communists

"If a little Iron Curtain ever drops over Egypt," U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery told us, "it will soon fall all over this part of the world." And the chaotic state of Egypt's internal affairs, along with its squabbles with Britain, are an open invitation to the Communists.

Masterminded by the Kremlin's Middle East Bureau—one of the most supersecret of all espionage rings—and dressed in the flowing robes and tarboosh of the Arabs, Stalin's agents mingled with the crowds that burned downtown Cairo last winter. The Egyptians claim they have photographic proof that Russian-trained-and-paid agents were behind this fiery *coup de grâce*. And there is mounting evidence of an even graver danger.

In the gray, smoky north German port of Hamburg and in the Ruhr we have heard German ex-soldiers discuss mysterious offers of huge salaries to travel to the Middle East as soldiers of fortune. For whom? The offers are made by former comrades already in the area. While it is known that the Egyptian government hired scores of ex-German officers to train their army after the British relinquished the task, there are hundreds more kicking around the Cairo area.

Dr. Wilhelm Voss, head of the German advisory group in Cairo, recently was quoted as saying the Germans in his employ numbered "far less than 100." Where have the others come from? Who is paying them? Nobody seems to know.

Allied intelligence agents have checked rumors that German naval experts from Hamburg are training Egyptian frogmen saboteurs and have even tried to build one-man submarines. "We're not prepared to swear," one agent told us, "that these aren't Communists, or perhaps cover forces for Communists."

Naturally, this is a source of great worry to the British. The reason: the Suez Canal, perhaps the single most important man-made waterway in the Eastern Hemisphere. The canal is carved through sliding sand, and one engineer admitted grimly, "It wouldn't take much to immobilize it."

Hard Lot of the Defenders of Suez

Life in the brutal desert country around Suez is not easy; the canal's protectors must endure not only the unpleasant terrain and weather, but also the antagonism of the local population, which is intensified by the tricky political situation existing in Egypt. Nevertheless, the British have no intention of giving up Suez unless they can place it in the combined safekeeping of the Allies.

In a map-lined room at a station in the Egyptian desert, a British general gave us an almost frightening run-down on the Imperial General Staff's assessment of our chances in this part of the world:

"If we don't defend the Middle East," he said, "I think it is clear that any tide of invasion would find very little to arrest it. The flood would sweep around south and east of the borders of Turkey—Iran is indefensible, at least under the present anti-Western government—into the Levant, Egypt and Africa. The oil of the Persian Gulf would be lost to us. And you must remember that the Persian Gulf accounts for 50 per cent of all oil available to the West."

He pointed to his map with a riding crop and went on:

"But if we stick it out here, we've got a base for counterattack."

The Egyptians, however, simply do not see it that way. Even the European-educated businessmen say, "What have we to fear from Reds?" Trampled over by every major power for 2,000 years, they don't think it can happen there again.

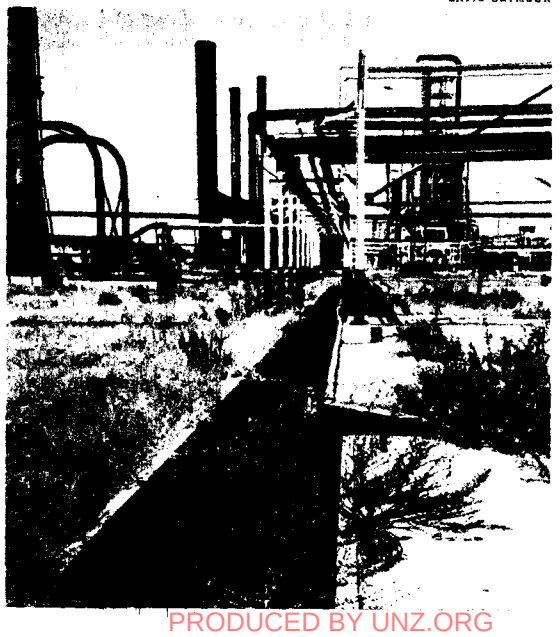
Most Allied sources including the British, are convinced that Egypt's King Farouk has "behaved well" during the crisis. He showed considerable courage in kicking out the WAFD ultranationalist party, instituting antigraft reform through Inde-

Once Italian-ruled, Libya is now independent —but people are poor, illiterate, insecure

GEORGE RODGER

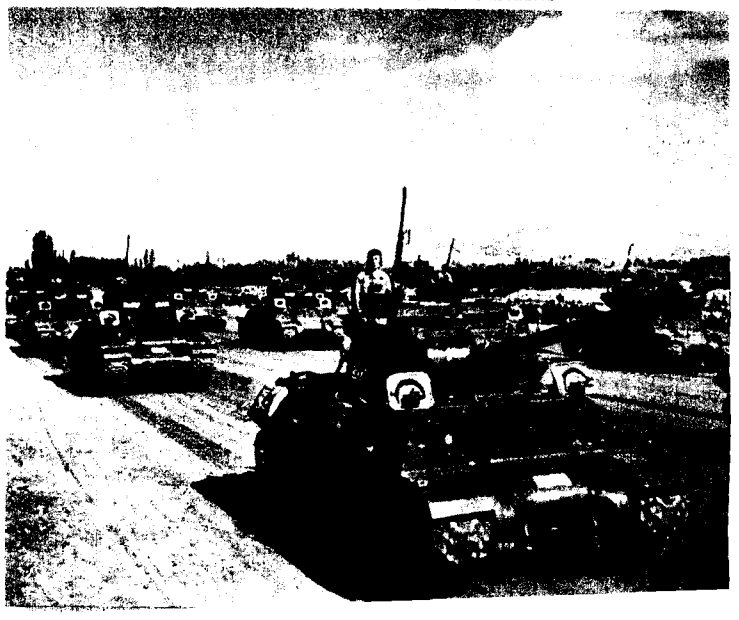
Grass grows in Israel's excellent refinery at Haifa, because Arabs keep it from getting oil

DAVID SEYMOUR



Crack U.S.-trained Turkish forces are main deterrent to a Soviet attack on Middle East

RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



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BILL STAPLETON

Alert British soldiers keep watch from Egyptian guard post as vessel passes through the Suez Canal, key trouble area of the Moslem Crescent

Moroccan masses (shown in Marrakech) hate the French, demand immediate independence

CARL PERUTZ

pendent Premier Hilaly Pasha and tossing some of the most important politicians into jail.

"But practically all the other Egyptians," one junior but plain-spoken American Embassy official said in Cairo, "act as if they have some reincarnation of Cleopatra ready to seduce the next conqueror."

The American Embassy, if you take the word of responsible officials in both the Egyptian and British governments, has been a tower of strength in the current crisis. When Ambassador Caffery was shifted to Cairo from Paris, which is sometimes described as this country's number one ambassadorial post because of its involvement in all European defense functions, certain wiseacres around the State Department joked that he had been "exiled," and "put out to pasture." But the wisdom of the transfer became evident when the trouble started in Egypt.

"Thank Heaven," one Briton told us, "you've got a professional like Caffery here. He's saved the day more than once in the past few months."

U.S. Ambassador in Peacemaker Role

At one point, British and Egyptian officials negotiating the canal dispute broke off their meetings and angrily agreed to buck the whole problem to the international courts—which might have provided the Russians with a propaganda field day. Caffery quietly and persuasively approached both sides, and brought about a resumption of the talks on a much less emotional plane. Both groups made it a practice to consult him regularly after that.

Having been in France during the great Communist riots of 1947, Caffery immediately detected the similarity of technique between those uprisings and the near revolution that occurred last January in Cairo. He promptly called the Egyptians' attention to this fact, at a time when some bitter officials were angrily laying the blame on "the British secret service." The resultant investigation is scheduled to culminate this year in the greatest single trial of Red terrorists ever held in the Middle East.

"There are only two effective weapons against the advance of Communism here," Caffery said during the long conversation we had with him. "The first is preparedness. The second is a better living standard for the peoples in this part of the world."

In no place is this more evident than in the woefully impoverished Kingdom of Libya, just across Egypt's western frontier. Should Egypt go up in the flames of anarchy and Communist-inspired mob rule, the chain reaction will explode first in this newly born nation. And directly in the path of this potential upheaval stands sprawling Wheelus Field, oldest American operational air base in Africa, and life line of U.S. air installations in the Middle East and Mediterranean.

Libya has been a strategic prize as early as Roman times and as recently as World War II, when Field Marshals Rommel and Montgomery fought for possession of the North African desert. At that time it was an Italian colony; some time after the war ended, the Russians made a bid for the trustee-

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The West's plan: douse the fire in the Moslems' house—then guard against looters

BILL STAPLETON

Jordan's British-trained and British-equipped Arab Legion is rated best army in Arab world

FRED PORRETT

Trans-Arabian pipe line runs 1,067 miles from Saudi Arabia's oil wells to the Mediterranean

CARTIER-BRESSON

Primitive conditions in Iran were caused by corrupt landowners—but they blame British

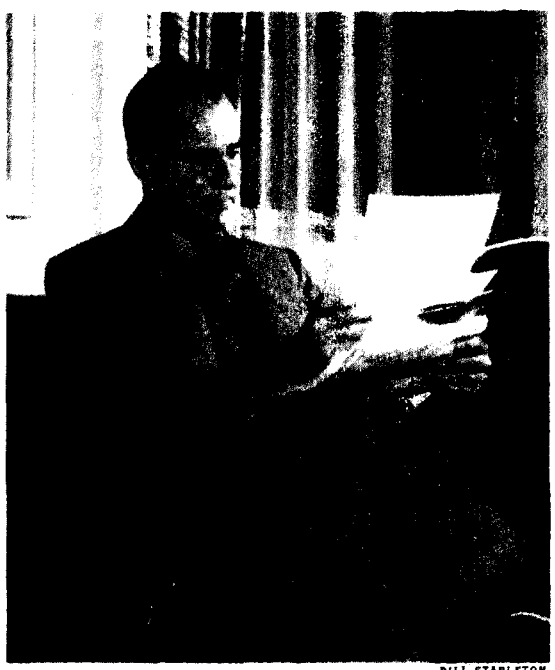
ship. It was largely to stave this off that Libya was granted independence—long before it was ready for it, in the view of most diplomats. An aging emir, Sayid Mohammed Idris el Mahdi el Senussi, was proclaimed king. How long he will last is anybody's guess; domestic opposition to him is strong, well organized—and violently antiforeign.

If Communism breeds on poverty and ignorance, consider these Libyan statistics: the nation is 90 per cent illiterate; among its Arab citizens there are precisely 17 university graduates. The average annual income is $35 a year. And the security of the country is entrusted to about two battalions of brand-new, British-organized police.

Arms Smuggled for War on French

But perhaps the worst problem posed by Libya, at least in the eyes of the Western World, is the arms smuggling that goes on across its eastern border to Tunisia, where embattled Moslem coreligionists are keeping the fires of nationalism stoked to a white heat.

Nowhere in Africa is the atmosphere more highly charged than in this French colony. Paradoxically, while Tunisian nationalists are adamant in their desire for independence, their terms are more moderate than those of their colleagues in any neighboring country. Nevertheless, the French are equally adamant in their desire to maintain things as they are—creating a situation in which conciliation is virtually impossible.



BILL STAPLETON

U.S. Ambassador to Egypt Jefferson Caffery, much admired by both British and Egyptians

Habib Bourguiba, a leader of the Tunisian nationalist party, is under French arrest in a little hotel near the Algerian frontier, and we went to see him there. Bourguiba epitomizes the unusual position of the Tunisian nationalists; he's so pro-American that he has been attacked for it by the extremists of other Arab nations.

"French policy *must* be checked if the Communists are not to make tremendous capital out of the Tunisian situation," he told us, his blue eyes flashing. "The United States offers the only hope of preventing chaos. You've seen what's happening."

We had indeed. We tested the curfew in the Arab quarter of Tunis, the capital, one night, and had to throw ourselves to the ground as machine-gun bullets from trigger-happy French troops raked the streets.

There is an ancient Arab proverb which goes: "The Moroccan is a warrior; the Algerian is a man; the Tunisian is a woman." Aside from their moderate position, the Tunisians are showing no signs of the weakness this implies—far from it. But the contempt in which the other Arab groups hold the Tunisians is having this effect: as the Tunisians become increasingly violent against French rule, the Moslems of Algeria and Morocco feel bound to go them one better. This is particularly true in Algeria—and particularly dangerous there.

For, unlike the case in the rest of French-dominated North Africa, Algerian nationalism has fallen largely into the hands of Communists imported from France. They've taken over leadership of the dock and factory workers and are now moving in on migrant farm hands.

Since 1848, Algeria has been part of metropolitan France, but the 8,000,000 Arabs, although they are technically French citizens, do not have parliamentary equality and are dominated by 1,000,000 Frenchmen whom they hate with a fierce passion.

When French Communists came in, their spiel of nationalism found receptive ears among the leaderless Algerians. The degree of control the Reds came to exercise in nationalist affairs was graphically demonstrated to us one stifling afternoon in Constantine, a bustling city in northeast Algeria.

The first indication of trouble that reached the European part of the city was a buzzing sound from the direction of the native quarter. Then agitated crowds began moving toward the center of the city, picking up newcomers every few yards, until the buzzing became a hoarse roar which soon pounded to a tense, eerie crescendo.

Arab hands plucked at police holsters. Hand-to-hand fighting broke out. Here, you would have said, was a mob completely out of control.

But then, as if at a signal, the crowd began a slow withdrawal, shouting slogans like, "American lackeys," and "Down with colonialism." And, as it became easier to pick out details, we could see leaders rallying the mob around street corners.

The leaders were Frenchmen, wearing European dress.

After watching such a sight as that, it's almost a surprise to move across the border to Morocco. Strangely, Communist influence among the Moroccan nationalists is almost negligible, although there are undoubtedly plenty of French Reds in the area.

Perhaps the Reds feel that there is no need to take over the nationalist movement in Morocco. It's doing pretty well for Stalin without outside help. The United States is building five giant air bases in Morocco at a cost of some $500,000,000, and the nationalists are waging an unremitting war of nerves, making clear that if the uprising should come, the bases almost certainly will be wrecked. (The French haven't sufficient man power on hand to insure security, and the United States is limited by agreement to 8,000 officers and men—unless, of course, war comes.)

A Challenge from Moslem Africa

"How do you Americans expect to keep those bases by simply supporting the French and ignoring us?" one nationalist leader asked us during an interview at his home. "Don't forget the Arab motto, 'The enemy of my enemy is my friend.' You have a choice: the French or us. With us, you'll keep your bases and all Moslem Africa will support you. If you choose them . . ." He shrugged.

"Certainly," he said a moment later, "you can't blame us for our position. After 40 years of the French protectorate, there are schools for only 7 per cent of the Moslem children. The revenues from the American bases help maintain a swollen French civil administration—while the Moroccans live in abject poverty."

In all, we spent a week with the heads of the Istiqlal (Independence) party, listening to their demands, visiting the squalid *bidonvilles*—shanty-towns—for which they blame the French, and hearing their discussions about the future.

For moral leadership, the members of the Istiqlal party look to Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef. Although the French try to keep him completely

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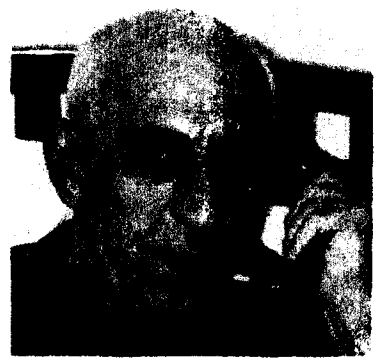
Will it be chaos or stability? Crescent leaders hold the key

Jordan's King Talal



Iran's Premier Mossadegh

Egypt's King Farouk

Libya's King Idris

Turkey's Premier Menderes

Saudi Arabia's King Ibn Saud

isolated from snooping foreigners and his own subjects, he manages to get his position across to the outside world—as when he recently reminded the United States that Morocco was among the first nations to recognize the new republic in North America after the Revolutionary War.

The French answer to Moroccan claims is a simple one. They grant that in some respects progress has been slow under their rule. But they point out that, poor as the natives are today, they are considerably better off than they would have been without the French. The Arab ruling classes, they say, have no sense of social responsibility; French officials insist that if Morocco were granted independence, the nation would revert immediately to the chaotic feudalism of 40 years ago.

Why France and Britain Can't Leave

In a general way, the arguments of the nationalists in Morocco, and the answers of the controlling Europeans, apply to the entire Arab area. The Moslems of the Middle East and North Africa want to live their own lives, free from European interference. No one who believes in democracy can deny the strength of this position. But neither can the democratic nations afford to ignore this undeniable reality: the withdrawal of France and Britain from the area would leave a power vacuum that would be filled immediately by the forces of Communism.

Meanwhile, the two groups, nationalist and colonial, are at each other's throats throughout most of the Moslem Crescent—thus serving Stalin's ends almost equally well.

It's a bleak picture. And it would be even more discouraging, except for one very important factor. That factor is the northernmost nation of the Crescent, Turkey, which stands like a rock between the straining Russian bear and the near-helpless nations of the Middle East and North Africa.

Nobody believes that Turkey alone could stem a major Russian advance to the south. But any Western military man will tell you that Stalin will think twice before attempting such an advance—and risking an encounter with some of the finest fighting men in all Europe.

After 13 wars with Russia in the last 300 years, the Turks know who the enemy is, and they don't horse-trade with defense.

When they came into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization early this year, they brought with them three armies with the equivalent of nearly 20 divisions, all at a high peak of combat and psychological readiness. That's more than France will have in the next couple of years. And the government of Prime Minister Adnan Menderes is spending an astounding 42 per cent of the national budget for defense.

When the Turks decided to send their bayonet-jabbing, rock-throwing battalion to Korea, more than 30,000 civilians volunteered, and eight soldiers offered their services for every one accepted. There was no lure of high pay. The Turkish soldier fights on 23 cents a month.

Turkey is the only NATO nation which has a common frontier with the Soviet Union. In the east, she faces several corps of Russian troops on the Armenian borders, backed by cavalry and jet planes which lately have been streaking over the border on reconnaissance missions. On the north she faces the Black Sea Fleet and in the west she faces the satellite state of Bulgaria. Yet, among her 21,000,000 predominantly Moslem people, one hears no hint of defeatism. As one American military adviser said, "It would be easier to find a polar bear swimming the Bosporus than a Communist in Turkey."

A mere generation ago, Turkey was the one great empire of the Moslem world; until World War I, she controlled vast territories, including Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia (now Iraq). And no nation of Islam was more bound by the conventions of Mohammedanism.

But when Kemal Ataturk came to power in 1923, he struck at the psychology of Moslem fatalism, rid the women of their veils and made the red fez illegal as a symbol of the past.

"Turkey today is the most Western and modern country in the Middle East," U.S. Ambassador George McGhee told us in Ankara. "And at the rate her production is climbing we are likely to see in Turkey one of the most astonishing economic revolutions since our own, in the nineteenth century."

Not even in Europe have these two writers seen American military and diplomatic representatives so completely confident and enthusiastic about any country.

"Will these guys fight?" Colonel Delk Oden, Chief of Staff to the American advisory group, repeated in astonishment when we asked the question. "I'll say they'll fight. They're tough, intelligent, well indoctrinated and well trained. I'd say this is the only place in the world where we're getting five bucks' worth of security for every buck we spend."

The Turks of today want no more empire; the old one sapped their resources. Now they want to stay at home and develop their own fabulously rich land—and they'll fight to the last man to defend it. Will this astonishing reformation ever spread to the rest of the Moslem world? Obviously, a great deal depends on what the democracies are doing to get to the roots of the discontent in the Arab danger areas.

Curing Ancient Ills of Middle East

They are doing quite a bit. President Truman's Point Four Program is slowly helping to make over the face of the Middle East, striking at the illiteracy, poverty and superstition which have made the area ripe for oppression for 2,000 years.

The British, for their part, realize the days are past when the pashas and the cotton kings could recklessly exploit the fellahin in his mud-and-camel-dung hut. ("The pasha class," one neutral Scandinavian envoy commented, "is doing more, through cruel exploitation, graft and aloofness, to bring Communism to the Middle East than any resentment against the British and French.")

But despite the Point Four Program and the apparent British change of heart from traditional colonialism, the troubles of the Moslem world are not likely to be solved tomorrow.

"The basic problem," one ranking American told us, "is not just that the governments are backward. It extends into the very way of life—into the Moslem acceptance of fate, and the attendant poverty, into the poor agrarian system, the lack of irrigation, the legal machinery and the average Arab's astonishing absence of ambition.

"These things cannot be cured in a day. If we think we can take the Arab out of his tent and put him in a three-bedroom bungalow with modern plumbing overnight, we are seeing an idealistic mirage. We've got to be patient."

And what can the free world do meanwhile? We put that question scores of times to Western diplomats and soldiers, statesmen and scholars. The answer, in whatever language, was always essentially the same. Here's how one European phrased it:

"There's not much the democracies can do right now as a curative, besides continuing to give economic assistance, aid to refugees and the like. You can't furnish a house while the building's on fire, and you can't improve the status of countries which are on fire politically. You must extinguish the fire first.

"Carry the analogy a step further. Say you have the fire out—do you then depart, and leave the place to looters? No. We must solve the nationalist problems, but we dare not leave the Middle East and North Africa to their own devices. That would merely be an invitation to the looters, the Communists.

"This is not an easy doctrine for the Arabs to accept, of course. But the fact is that the main threat to free nations is Communism—and the most inviting victims would be the Arabs themselves, if they were to achieve their freedom now.

"Their apparent desire to commit national suicide could be ignored by the rest of the world under ordinary circumstances. But these are not ordinary times. While Russia menaces the world, the Moslems must not be permitted to victimize themselves. And we mean to stay here and see that they don't."

THE END

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Narcotics Ruined Me

By LILA LEEDS with BILL FAY

After serving a jail sentence for smoking marijuana, the ex-film actress went on to heroin and opium. She reveals her bitter struggle to reform and build a new career

IT WAS a terrible and frustrating feeling. Everything in the world that I wanted was lying there on top of the table beside my bed. In the pale light from the bed lamp, I could see the burnt and blackened tablespoon. The box of matches. The needle. The blue container of cotton. The brown belt. The glass of water. The eye dropper. The capsule of heroin.

They were all lying there. So close! But somehow I couldn't quite reach them. My whole body was limp. Nothing co-ordinated. So, I lay on the bed, and I looked at that capsule, and the clock ticked . . . and ticked . . . until the fever hit me like a hot, electric shock.

That roused me. I sat up. I dragged myself to the edge of the bed. I cracked the capsule open and poured an aspirin-sized pinch of white powdery heroin onto the spoon. Then, holding the spoon in my left hand, I picked up the eye dropper between my right thumb and forefinger and dipped it into the glass of water. Gently squeezing the tiny, rubber-bulb syringe attached to the end of the eye dropper, I drew up about 12 drops of water into the tube.

Carefully, I squeezed the syringe again, expelling the water, drop by drop, onto the spoon. While the chalky heroin was dissolving, I put the eye dropper back on the table, picked up a match, flicked its blue tip with my thumbnail and held the flame under the spoon. When the match flickered out, I flicked another, then another, until the heroin bubbled on the smoking spoon.

Now, my head felt hot and dry as ashes. The aches which come quickly after the fever were grinding into my arms and legs. I put the spoon on the table, picked up the hypodermic needle and inserted the base of the needle—padded with absorbent paper to make a snug fit—into the mouth of the eye dropper. Next, I covered the tip of the needle with cotton (a crude filter to strain out any gritty particles in the dissolving heroin); then, I dipped the cotton-tipped needle into the shallow solution on the spoon, squeezed the syringe and sucked the liquid up into the tube of the eye dropper.

It was almost time to shoot. Placing the loaded eye dropper on the table, I grabbed for the thin brown belt and twisted it into a tourniquet around the muscle of my left arm above the elbow. I clenched my left fist—and a big blue vein popped on the smooth skin of my inner arm. Quickly, I reached for the eye dropper—plunged the needle into the blue vein.

Now, for the test. I loosened the tourniquet a bit. Instantly, the milky solution in the eye dropper turned red with blood pulsing back through the needle into the tube. I'd hit! The needle was in the vein solid.

Nothing remained now but the joy-pop—the squeeze of the syringe that shoots reddish heroin out of the eye dropper into the vein. I waited, tasting that moment—scraping my dry tongue across the roof of my dry mouth—anticipating the sharp bitter flow of heroin-induced saliva . . . and the dreamy calm that vanishes aches and fever.

I squeezed the syringe—hard. Nothing happened. My right hand seemed paralyzed. I bent over and tried to sink my teeth into the syringe—anything to shoot the heroin. I bit savagely.

Then suddenly I was awake. I was sitting hunched over the side

ROCCO PADULO AND JOHN MENDICINO

Lila Leeds on the steps of Psychopathic Hospital, Chicago, where she was given six days' treatment for dope addiction

Collier's for July 26, 1952

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ROCCO PADULO AND JOHN MENDICINO

The former starlet and night-club singer with pianist Irv Rochlin, whom she married last month, and her son Shawn. After a rest, Lila says, she hopes to resume her singing career

"Sometimes, I smoked for

of my bed in a Chicago hotel room. I became aware of a throbbing pain and I touched my lips and there was blood on my fingers. I had dreamed that eye dropper—dreamed it so intensely that I had bitten a gash in my lower lip.

But there was no table beside the bed. No blackened spoon. No needle. No capsule. They were part of the dream, too; the same terrifying dream I'd had every night for three weeks. The dream started on the night of last May 26th, some 12 hours after I was pronounced "cured" of drug addiction and released from Cook County Hospital in Chicago. Gradually (the doctors tell me) the dream will come less often and less intensely. But I'll never escape it entirely. It will haunt me as long as I live.

Probably you're familiar with the start of my story. I'm Lila Leeds. Newspaper stories usually identify me as "the blonde actress convicted with movie-star Bob Mitchum on a narcotics charge."

We were arrested September 1, 1948—almost four years ago. Sometimes, it seems like 400 years. Bob and I had decided to have a party with two other people in my home in Laurel Canyon near Hollywood. The cops broke in through the back door two minutes after Bob arrived. They found a package of marijuana cigarettes in the living room. Eventually, Bob and I were sentenced to 60 days in the workhouse, plus two years' probation. I served 50 days. So did Bob. They gave both of us 10 days off for good behavior.

That "tea party" finished me in Hollywood. I was a starlet with half a dozen small but promising film performances to my credit. Mitchum was luckier. He was a big star. The studios had $3,500,000 invested in two of his unreleased pictures, Rachel and the Stranger and Blood on the Moon. So, Bob got another chance. I'm glad he did. He's a nice guy.

I wasn't quite twenty-one when that raid occurred. I'd never tried any hard stuff then, but I'd been smoking "tea" (marijuana) for a couple of years. Looking back, it's difficult to give any single reason why I picked up the habit. I've talked about it with doctors. They claim people who start smoking marijuana have a feeling of social inadequacy.

Maybe so. But I don't remember feeling inadequate, even when I was only seventeen and freshly arrived in Hollywood from St. Louis, Missouri. I had no trouble landing a good job at one of those glamorized drive-ins where they *almost* dress girl car hops—in shorts and V-necked sweaters. I was a big girl. I already had the measurements which prompted studio officials to plan a Jean Harlow-type publicity build-up for me two years later.

From car hopping I graduated to modeling and a hat-check job at Ciro's. I saved my money. When I got $100 ahead, I shot the works on a dramatic course at the Bliss-Hayden School of the Theatre in Beverly Hills. I studied hard and landed the leading role in a comedy about campus life. There were talent scouts from every Hollywood studio in the audience on opening night. I knew my lines, and I changed sweaters five times in three acts. Next day, I had three good offers. I signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

I was eighteen then. Like a good many other teen-agers, I was a little jazz-happy. When I dated, the evening usually ended up in some jazz spot on Hollywood Strip. I met lots of musicians, and some of them were smoking tea. Pretty soon, I was smoking, too.

Of course, nobody called it marijuana in those days. They called it tea. Now, real users call it pod. At first, I smoked a stick (one cigarette) socially, now and again, the way some people take a drink. Pod doesn't affect me much—just makes me sleepy and relaxed. I've heard of people who go crazy on pod. I've read that if you have violent inclinations, pod releases your inhibitions and you become violent. But, so far as I was concerned, pod just relaxed me. That was a jumpy period for me, anyway. The first big television scare had hit Hollywood, and the resulting economy wave washed out my contract option. There wasn't any work, and I got frightened. The more upset I got, the more I smoked pod. It was a mental crutch—a way to forget my troubles.

I didn't realize it then, but that contract cancellation was only little trouble. When big trouble—that Mitchum mix-up—came along, I cracked up. I needed a bigger mental crutch. I found it one night, about a week before the trial, when I went to an "O-party." In the narcotics alphabet, "O" stands for opium.

Seeking Solace at an Opium Party

There were five of us at the party. We lay on our stomachs on the living-room floor in a circle around our host, a skinny little man who said he'd been smoking O for 20 years. He was our chef, the man who cooks the O. He didn't have any fancy pipes. He got his kicks on a homemade smoker which was nothing more than a cough-medicine bottle.

Incidentally, real users seldom possess expensive equipment. For one thing, elaborate pipes and costly hypodermic-type syringes would be a tip-off and difficult to conceal. Besides, simple tools are easier to operate. For example, I never had much trouble shooting with my eye dropper. I just had to pinch the little rubber bulb. Not many users possess the dexterity to operate a medical hypodermic which requires downward thumb action on the plunger. Sometimes, when I really had the shakes, it was all I could manage just to squeeze the bulb.

Getting back to the O-party, our chef's complete set of cooking equipment consisted of the cough-medicine bottle, a glass sipping straw, a jar half-filled with petroleum jelly, a 12-inch length of rigid steel wire, an aspirin tin containing a cake of black, gummy opium about the size of a quarter, a roll of adhesive tape and one large orange.

First, the chef hollowed out the meat of the orange and put the jar of petroleum jelly inside the unbroken orange skin. Next, he poured a few drops of oil into the jelly and screwed the metal jar top—punctured with a dime-sized hole—onto the jar. Then he placed a lighted match to the hole in the jar lid, and a tiny steady flame popped up. That fixed up the stove. He was ready to cook.

Assembling the smoker was a simple job. The chef inserted the sipping straw through a small hole in the lid of the cough-medicine bottle. Then he made the bottle virtually airtight by sealing the hole with adhesive tape.

Holding the bottle in one hand, the chef picked up the length of wire between his right thumb and middle finger. "Now, pay attention," he told me. "Later, I will cook the O on this wire, then I will push the O into the bottle here." He slipped the tip of the wire into a tiny hole which had been drilled into the bottle about two inches from the bottom. "When I hand you the bottle," the chef continued, "you lie on your side. You can breathe deeper that way. You empty your lungs completely, *then take one long drag on the straw.* That's important. You got to get the O in one drag."

When he was sure I understood how to smoke opium, he proceeded to cook some. Opening the aspirin tin, he scraped up enough opium to make a black, gummy pea-sized ball on the end of the wire: then, rotating the wire on his finger tips, he placed the opium over the tiny flame from the little jar stove. The opium crackled and popped like a marshmallow. Every 10 seconds or so, the chef "shaped" his hardening pill by rolling it against the side of the bottle.

Finally, the opium was cooked. Another 10 seconds of heat (I learned later) would have fired it into a puff of smoke. "Now," the chef said. Deftly, he slipped the pill through the tiny hole into the bottle. I bent over the straw and dragged deep. There was a puff of smoke inside the bottle—and the pill dissolved into an ash.

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cicks. After a tough night at the mike, I found myself needing a stick to relax"

Breathing deep, I got all that smoke in one drag. It was dry and bitter. I felt it all the way down to the bottom of my stomach. The chef started cooking again. I watched him, feeling curiously detached. I seemed to be drying up and floating in space about six inches off the floor. Nothing mattered. Vaguely, I remember wanting to think about something, but I couldn't concentrate on anything to think about.

The peaceful, floating feeling lasted for about two hours. When I came out of it, my mouth was dry as cotton. I wanted water, but the chef said water would make me sick; so we sipped orange juice instead. Strangely enough, I forgot to ask the chef an obvious question: Why did he wrap the orange skin around the little jar of petroleum jelly? Later, I asked a friend of mine and got two explanations: first, the oil in the orange skin burns and crackles, giving off a sharp odor which O-smokers fancy; second, the orange skin absorbs some of the heat from the glass, minimizing the possibility of the jar cracking open.

The day following the O-party I felt almost normal. I was terribly thirsty, however, and kept on drinking orange juice. Looking back, I wish I had experienced the typical hang-over which afflicts the steady O-smokers you find in port cities like San Francisco, New Orleans, New York and Miami (where the O comes in from Cuba). From what I've heard about chronic O-smokers, the stuff puts you through the wringer until you feel as though every drop of water has been squeezed out of your body. You sneeze. Your eyes water. You urinate excessively. You sweat. You vomit.

One sickening experience like that, early, might have stopped me from what came later. Perhaps, if the O-smoking had not been so treacherously uneventful, I might have been afraid to take that first sniff of heroin. Inevitably, one sniff leads to another. You think you can stop any time, but somehow you never stop. Pretty soon, you're shooting the stuff with an eye dropper. The jolt's quicker that way. Besides, it's cheaper. Sniffers have to use almost twice as much stuff to feel right. So, when you're using eight to 16 caps a day at $5 a cap, you can't afford to sniff. You've got to shoot.

Austere Birthday in the Workhouse

I spent my twenty-first birthday, January 28th, in the workhouse. I can't say that I enjoyed it. Birthdays were like every other day in the workhouse. You got up at five o'clock in the morning. You scrubbed the bars on your window, and you scrubbed your floor. Then you went to breakfast: cold cereal, black coffee and about one third of a cup of milk. You could put the milk on the cereal or in the coffee, but there wasn't enough for both.

I'll admit one thing, though. When I got out of the workhouse, I felt good. I hadn't smoked any pod for about two months. Maybe, if I could have gone back to work at the studios, I would have stayed away from the stuff—permanently. But there was no work for me in Hollywood. I had only one offer—the lead in a quickie called The Wild Weed, which was an obvious attempt to capitalize on the Mitchum-case notoriety. I took it. I was broke.

We shot that epic in six days. It premièred in a Chicago burlesque theater. The producer offered me an extra $1,000 for a one-week personal appearance at the *première*. So, I went to Chicago.

When the personal-appearance deal was completed, there seemed no reason for going back to the Coast. I decided to try to build a new career as a singer, and I got bookings for a Midwestern tour. This looked like a good opportunity, but it also put me right back in the same old spots. I was there when the pod was passed around. Pretty soon, I was smoking again.

Sometimes I smoked for kicks. Sometimes I was just plain tired and jumpy. After a tough night at the mike, I found myself needing a stick to relax and go to sleep. But the money from the Midwest night-club tour was good. I was averaging about $700 a week.

Now, time out for a few words about love. I won't belabor the point, because my record isn't very good in this department. When I was eighteen, I eloped to Las Vegas with a man who was 10 years older. It seemed like a fine idea at the time (which happened to be the climax of a New Year's Eve party), but the marriage lasted less than a month.

That was enough romance for me until I fell in love with a fellow whose family didn't approve of me because of my trouble in 1949. This was in the spring of 1950. While we were arguing with his parents, I learned I was going to have a baby. He went home.

After my son Shawn was born, December 18, 1950, in Chicago, I went back to singing again.

On February 13, 1951, I married a drummer named Dean McCollom. We put together a small band and started to play the jazz spots around the Midwest. Neither the band nor the marriage was successful. It was my fault, mostly. I'd had a relapse—the doctors said I'd gone to work too soon after the baby—and I needed an operation, but I couldn't afford it.

It was during this period—early in April, 1951—that I started using the hard stuff. I was in pain most of the time, and I wasn't getting enough relief from marijuana. A friend told me he had a heroin contact. One night, the contact came around to the club we were playing—and he sold me two caps for $10.

That night, I went back to my hotel room and locked the door. I took a small mirror from my purse and placed it on top of the dresser. I opened a capsule and poured the heroin onto the mirror. Using a razor blade, I chopped the gritty heroin into a fine powder; then, I divided the powder into two tiny mounds and reached for a paper straw (which I'd picked up at a drugstore soda fountain).

Placing the straw in my left nostril, I bent over one of the tiny mounds of heroin on the mirror and inhaled deeply. Next, I switched the straw to my right nostril and sniffed up the remaining heroin.

The first sensation was an immediate sharp burning in the nose and throat. This passed quickly. Then, as the particles began to dissolve, I experienced for the first time the incredibly bitter taste of heroin-induced saliva. Gradually, the heroin particles were absorbed into the blood through the mucous membranes in my nose and throat. In about 20 minutes, I felt the full effect of the drug. At the time, it seemed wonderful. I felt no pain—only an infinitely greater relaxation than I'd ever gotten from marijuana.

After that, I began to sniff fairly steadily. I

UNITED PRESS

Lila and actor Robert Mitchum (second from right) being sentenced to 60 days on narcotics charges in 1949. With them are their lawyers, Grant Cooper (beside her) and Jerry Geisler

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"The word must have got around fast . . . peddlers contacted me almost every day"

never had any trouble getting the stuff. We played big towns and small towns, but a contact always showed up. I never knew a contact by name.

According to the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics, there are approximately 60,000 addicts in this country. Of that figure, there must be thousands of part- or full-time peddlers. Somehow, they must exchange information among themselves regarding users who are either well known or fairly wealthy. The word must have got around fast that Lila Leeds was on the stuff, because peddlers contacted me almost every day in every town I worked in.

Early in August of 1951, I booked myself into a Chicago hospital for surgery. That presented a problem, inasmuch as I was sniffing heroin two or three times a week and—for the first time—I really needed the stuff. So, I decided to go through withdrawal—the agonizing period when a user tries to quit.

I locked myself in a hotel room and stayed there for two days. It was a grim experience—alternate chills and fevers for almost 48 hours. I thought that was hell. Actually, it was virtually heaven compared to what I was to experience nine months later.

I spent almost three weeks in the hospital. While I was there, Dean and I decided to break off our marriage. When I settled with the band, I was broke. So, I picked up a piano-playing accompanist and started singing solo again at the jazz spots. I was desperately lonesome. My six-month-old son Shawn was living on the West Coast with my mother. I determined to work hard—save a stake—and make one more try in Hollywood.

Early last January, I flew back to the Coast. I had about $5,000 in the bank and high hopes that I could find a job. But I got a shock—rather, I got a series of shocks. Mother was too sick to take care of the baby adequately. Shawn was sick. And when I looked up my old agent, I got the brush-off, but good. Four words: "You're dead out here."

I know now what I should have done. I should have packed Shawn's things and taken him straight back to Chicago. But I was too stubborn. I stayed on—hoping for a break.

I hadn't used anything—not even pod—for more than six months. I'd quit cold the day I left the hospital. But I didn't hold out very long when I got back with some real users. The night it started, there were about a dozen of us at a party. Everybody was shooting. Somebody offered to give me a fix. I said okay.

I don't remember anything about that first pop. I blacked out—instantly. The dose was too strong. I woke up under a cold shower. If the dose had been a little stronger, it could have killed me. Yet, one month later, that same dose wouldn't have been enough to make me feel right. That's the terrible part of shooting heroin. You're forced to shoot bigger and bigger doses.

Once, I saw a far-gone user (a big-name orchestra leader) shoot himself with 16 capsules of heroin in less than half an hour. Injected into the blood stream, that was enough heroin to kill four or five people (assuming they'd never used drugs previously). As I recall, that orchestra leader didn't even change expression. When he was through, he just said dreamily: "I feel real gone."

Thank God, I never got up to the point where I needed 16 caps for one fix. However, early last May, three months after I started shooting, I was using eight caps a day. At $5 per cap, the daily dope bill was $40 per day. I was soon down to my last $1,500.

Finally, a friend chilled me back to reality with this warning: "You better take your boy and get out of town. You've still got a chance to get off the stuff. But you'll never make it here."

I flew to Chicago and rented a small kitchenette apartment in a second-rate apartment hotel. I loaded the small icebox with milk and baby food for Shawn. I didn't buy any food for myself because I knew I wouldn't be able to eat anything for three or four days.

I lay down on the bed and waited—and not for long. The fever came in less than 30 minutes. I'm not clear about everything that happened after that. Believe me, when you're going through withdrawal, you're too sick to keep a diary. I went through four hellish days, and most of the time I was hardly rational. Somehow, I managed to fix Shawn something to eat and to care for him. I don't know how I did it, but he didn't suffer from neglect. The ambulance crew which carried me out of the apartment four days later said Shawn appeared happy and well cared for. I'm thankful for that.

In retrospect, those four days in the apartment are a blur of torture. But I can recall, roughly, how the days broke down in terms of bodily reactions.

The first day I almost burned up with fever. It was so bad, I ripped off my pajamas and lay down on the tile bathroom floor. I remember rolling back and forth, pressing my hot flesh against those cool tiles.

The second day, the fever went away and was replaced by chills and shakes. I lay under four blankets and shivered. I tried scalding hot baths—two or three an hour. My stomach went into convulsions. I vomited so hard I was spitting up foam.

The third day, I could scarcely move. My body was one throbbing ache. I felt as though I had been beaten with whips. The chills alternated with fever every few hours. I had been awake for over 50 hours. I had to have some sleep. I took three goof balls (sleeping pills). Ordinarily, one goof ball puts me out for eight hours. But three goof balls had little effect on my heroin-racked body.

The fourth day, the fever came back—seemingly hotter than ever—and I thought I was going out of my mind.

It was then I realized that I had to get better and that I couldn't do it all by myself. I phoned a friend of mine, Irv Rochlin, who had been my piano accompanist and boy friend. "Get me into a hospital, Irv," I pleaded. "I can't hold out here."

Private Chicago hospitals are too crowded to handle narcotics cases. When Irv contacted the Chicago police for help, he was told that I would have to enter Psychopathic Hospital, an institution operated by the county. I didn't know where I was going. When the ambulance finally arrived, I was lying on the bathroom floor—unconscious.

I was in Psychopathic Hospital only six days. The doctors gave me some bitter medicine—a substitute for heroin but not a narcotic—which gradually permitted me to relax. I slept six hours the first night. Within two days, I was able to retain solid foods. When I was released, the doctors told me the blunt truth: "You could be back here in a week. You may never have to come back. It's up to you."

There is no doubt in my mind.

The most terrible part of this whole ordeal was my decision to go into the hospital. Nobody but an addict can fully realize how great was the temptation then to take the easy way out. I could have made a contact and shot myself happy with heroin in less than an hour. Instead, I took the hard way. I went into the hospital, and I am confident that if I could withstand the temptation to go back on the hard stuff then—when I was terribly weakened by four days of torturous withdrawal—I will be able to withstand the temptations which inevitably will recur in the future.

Probably I will always have that little gnawing hunger for heroin. But I also have the tortured memories of those four horrible days of withdrawal. I have Shawn, too. He needs me as desperately as I need him. I know I won't fail him.

I won't have to fight this battle alone. Last month, I was married to Irv Rochlin, whose love and sympathetic understanding fortified my determination to rid myself of the dope habit forever. Irv is devoted to Shawn, too. I'm not alone any more. I'm part of a family.

We plan to rest up for a while; and then I hope to start singing again. Perhaps I can build a new career.

Smart people benefit by studying the mistakes of other people. I guess I'm not very smart, because I've always had to learn the hard way. I was familiar with all the terrible warnings about dope. But that didn't stop me from smoking pod or trying heroin. I got what was coming to me.

Undoubtedly, among the millions of people who will read this article, there are thousands of teenagers whose dreams and ambitions are a good bit like the dreams and ambitions I had when I arrived in Hollywood six years ago. I don't want to preach, but I think I'm qualified to give you kids one heartfelt word of advice. If somebody in your crowd lights a marijuana cigarette and offers to pass it around, be smart: *Don't.*

Telling this story hasn't been easy. I have tried to tell it simply and sincerely. I have told it for only one reason. I know the overpowering terror of being a dope addict.

If this story serves the purpose of preventing even one youngster from making the mistake which I made six years ago—well, then my struggles and heartaches of the last few months will have been rewarded.

THE END

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Lila making her bed after her first night in jail. She and Mitchum got 10 days off for good behavior. She says she felt well when she got out

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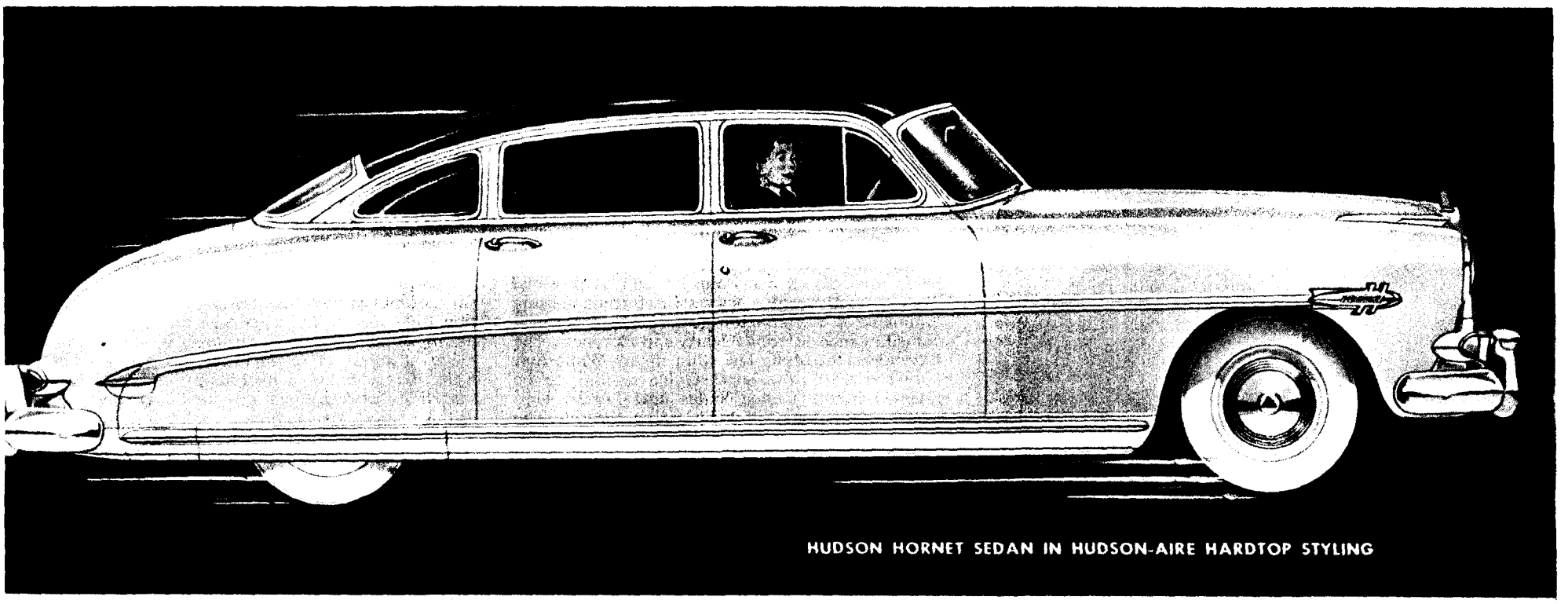

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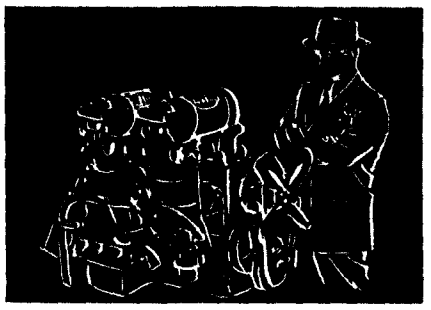

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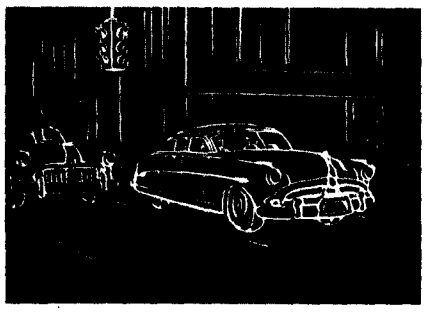

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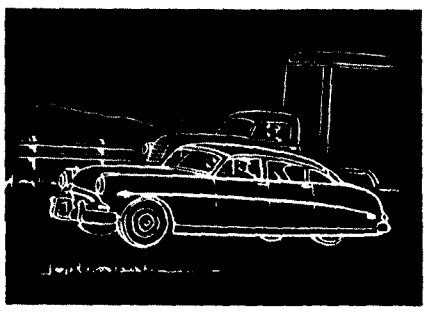

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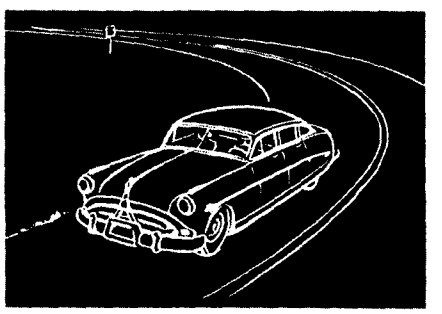

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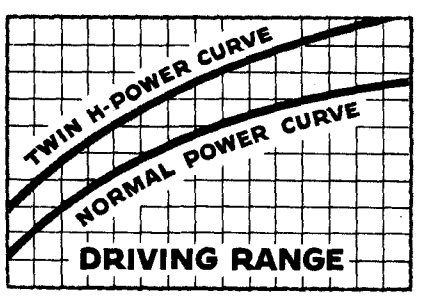

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GUINNESS—Man of Many

Actor Alec Guinness changes appearance in every picture, but to Britain's governmen

As audacious Denry Machin in latest film, based on Arnold Bennett's novel The Card

By JOSEPH NEWMAN

BRITAIN, which is trying desperately to earn more foreign currency and balance its trade, is exporting two famous products known as Guinness. One is a dark, stout beer; the other is a light, dry actor.

The motion pictures made by Alec Guinness are making so much money in America that Britain may soon recover as much gold from them as their star stole from the Bank of England in one of the films, The Lavender Hill Mob: a cool 1,000,000 pounds sterling, roughly the equivalent of $2,850,000.

For this reason, Guinness' producers want to pack him into as many tins of film as possible. They have evolved a successful formula—using Guinness as a charactor actor in light satirical comedies such as Kind Hearts and Coronets, The Lavender Hill Mob, The Man in the White Suit and The Card, the latest Guinness film, to be released in the United States next fall by Universal-International, probably under the title The Promoter. They would like to go on working this formula, but they are running into a problem—Alec Guinness.

Guinness in real life resembles some of the characters he plays on the screen. He is shy, quiet and retiring—like the clerk in The Lavender Hill Mob who robbed the bank, and the scientist in The Man in the White Suit who developed a sensational material which would never wear out or get dirty. But he also is as strongheaded and determined in real life as these characters were in the films.

"I hate ruts of any kind," he said recently. The rut he is now determined to avoid is that of being typed in comedy roles. The two companies for which he works, the well-established Rank Organization and the enterprising Ealing Studios, are pleading with him to do another comedy, but Guinness, convinced that he must direct the course of his own career instead of having it directed by someone else, won't have it. "I want a straight part this time," he says firmly. "At the beginning, I took the things that came along because it was a matter of bread and butter. But I am now in an economic position to say I don't want to do this or I don't want to do that."

Among other things, he refuses to let anyone exploit him purely for commercial purposes. He turned down several glittering offers from Hollywood, which can pay him many times the amount he earns in London, because the American studios failed to meet his terms: "the right character in the right film with the right director, as I see it." Guinness has never made a film in Hollywood, and he would like to do one there, but he can afford to wait.

Apart from professional considerations, large sums of money no longer have their former attraction for him. British taxes take about two thirds of his stage and screen earnings, which he estimates at about £16,640 ($46,592) a year. The Rank Organization and Ealing Studios, which share him between them, provide the greatest part of this amount, paying him £10,000 for a picture. That may be small for a star in Hollywood, but it is top for austerity Britain.

Path to Glory Strewn with Mishaps

Guinness unquestionably is the greatest film discovery of postwar Britain. His is the traditional story of a star who, professionally, was born overnight—less than three years ago, when he skyrocketed to fame by playing eight distinctly different character roles in the same picture, Kind Hearts and Coronets. And, again traditionally, his path to glory was strewn with tears, tragedy, heartache and hunger.

Alec Guinness was born on April 2, 1914, in the heart of London. His early life apparently was not a particularly happy one; he prefers not to discuss it, and little is known about his childhood—except that his aspirations to become an actor suffered a setback at the very beginning. At the age of eleven, he asked to appear in a school play. The headmaster replied, "You wouldn't be any good at acting, Guinness," and turned him down.

One film, one man, eight characters

In Kind Hearts and Coronets, Guinness portrayed eight members of family named D'Ascoyne (including a woman), all murdered because they sto

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Faces

e always looks like a million

As the blundering scientist who invented an amazing cloth in The Man in the White Suit

But Guinness wouldn't permit his headmaster or anyone else to talk him out of acting—just as he later wouldn't permit London and Hollywood producers to talk him into acting in anything he did not like. He made another bid for a part after he had moved to another school—this time successfully. He made his stage debut as the messenger and the third murderer in Macbeth.

At the age of eighteen, when he left school, Guinness had to go to work for a living. He took the first job that came along, a minor post in a London advertising agency. But his mind was not on his work. One day he was told to get a four-inch-square printing block; he marked the order 4′x4′ instead of 4″x4″. When two sweating men delivered the heavy block, 144 times what the ad called for (and what the client would pay), Guinness found himself divorced from the advertising business.

He thereupon decided to stick to his true love, acting. On a long shot, he telephoned the celebrated actor, John Gielgud, and asked for help in getting a part.

Gielgud had never heard of Guinness, of course. Nevertheless, possibly because he was impressed by the youngster's determination, he met Alec, encouraged him and recommended him as a student to actress-teacher Martita Hunt.

Guinness' initial experience with Miss Hunt (with whom, seven years later, he was to play in his own stage adaptation of Charles Dickens' Great Expectations) was far from auspicious. In the first place, she was dressing when he arrived, and she called out to him to mix some cocktails while he was waiting. Guinness had never mixed a cocktail, but he was too embarrassed to admit it. He plunged ahead bravely, using samples from every bottle on the table, and producing a compound previously unknown to the drinking world.

When she had recovered from her first sip, Martita decided to dispense with cocktails and turn to the problem at hand. She asked Guinness to give a reading from Chekhov. When he had finished, she was far from optimistic. However, she agreed to give him lessons (at an exceptionally low rate), so that he could prepare to bid for a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Several lessons later, she handed back his money. "I'm afraid you're wasting your time," she said. "You'll never be an actor."

Things looked black, and they were to get blacker. Alec did not secure a scholarship at the Royal Academy, but he did get one at the Fay Compton Studio of Dramatic Art. However, it provided only for his tuition; he had to live on a weekly income amounting, in American money, to about $4, which he received from a legacy. He moved into an attic, rationed himself to one meal a day, consisting generally of baked beans on toast, and saved enough for an occasional seat in the gallery at the Old Vic, where he was later to make a name for himself in Shakespearean drama.

He Walked London Streets Barefooted

Before the end of his two-year term, his legacy ran out, and he was reduced to near starvation. He had only one pair of shoes, and he reserved them for occasions when they were absolutely necessary. The rest of the time, he literally walked barefoot, shoes in hand—even through the streets of London.

He managed to keep body and soul together by earning some money during the school recess, making his first professional stage appearance on his twentieth birthday as a bit player in a drama called Libel!. Soon afterward, he was hired briefly as an extra in the movie Evensong; he felt that the extras were treated very badly, and the experience so infuriated him that he resolved never to take another job like it again—even if he had to starve. (Guinness is known today for the consideration with which he treats the extras in his own films.)

At the end of the school term at Fay Compton's, it is the practice to have a couple of noted stars present awards to the most accomplished students. Guinness was the only male student to get a prize the year he graduated; the star who handed it to

As gentle garden news editor in A Run for Your Money

As the timid bank employee who embezzled 1,000,000 pounds in The Lavender Hill Mob

etween killer and succession to dukedom. L. to r., duke, clergyman, suffragette, banker, admiral, general, photographer and man about town

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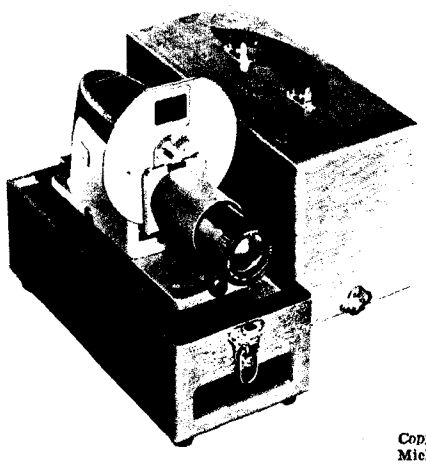

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Years of hardship preceded his success

him was Gielgud, who, with actress Jessie Matthews, had been selected to make that year's awards.

Thus encouraged, Guinness called on Gielgud shortly thereafter and asked for his help in getting a job. Gielgud obliged with tips and recommendations for one opening after another, but no one would take Alec on. At the Old Vic, he recalls, he had hardly opened his mouth after walking onstage for an audition when the producer shouted, "You're not an actor! Buzz off!"

Finally, when Guinness attempted to get a part as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, understudy in the play Moonlight Is Silver, and returned with the grim news that the job had already been filled, Gielgud realized that his protégé was becoming desperate. He held out £20 to tide the poverty-stricken youngster over the crisis, one of the worst of Guinness' life.

His face crimson with embarrassment, Guinness rejected the offer. "I can manage all right," he said, and walked out into the street. He had less than the price of a newspaper in his pocket.

That day, Guinness recalls now, he walked about aimlessly, somewhat in a daze, passed Piccadilly Circus and found himself in front of a poster announcing the opening of a new play, Queer Cargo, in a fortnight. He walked right into the theater and into a job which paid him three pounds a week for posing as a Chinese coolie.

That kept Guinness alive for a few weeks. Then Gielgud, who is widely regarded as Britain's leading Shakespearean actor, found Alec a place in his own company. The play was Hamlet; Guinness played the part of Osric. The date: September, 1934—the turning point in his career.

The following year marked another high point, this time in Guinness' personal life. Gielgud, playing the title role of Noah in a play based on the Biblical flood story, gave Guinness a part as one of the animals taken aboard the Ark. He was a wolf. An attractive, petite redhead named Merula Salaman, who was also struggling for a break in the theater, was cast as a tigress. After Noah closed, Alec and Merula didn't see each other again until two years later, when both played in a production of The Merchant of Venice. In 1938, they were married. She retired from the stage to look after their home—and, later, their son Matthew, now twelve.

By that time, Guinness was shuttling between the New Theatre, where he worked for Gielgud, and the Old Vic, into which he was introduced by producer Tyrone Guthrie. These are the two men whom Guinness credits for putting him on his feet as an actor. He remained quite obscure, playing secondary classical roles, mostly Shakespearean, until he himself played Hamlet at the Old Vic at the age of twenty-four. His performance was sensational. The production aroused a storm of controversy among critics because his Hamlet appeared in modern dress and the mourners at the burial of Ophelia carried black umbrellas. There are still echoes of the row in the press, 14 years later.

War Service with Royal Navy

Guinness was just about to take hold as an actor in leading roles when World War II broke out and he joined the Royal Navy. Lieutenant Guinness spent most of the war in the Mediterranean, landing troops for the invasion of Sicily and smuggling weapons to Yugoslav partisans. During one assignment, while awaiting delivery of a landing craft in the United States, he made his first appearance on Broadway as Flight-Lieutenant Graham in Flare Path.

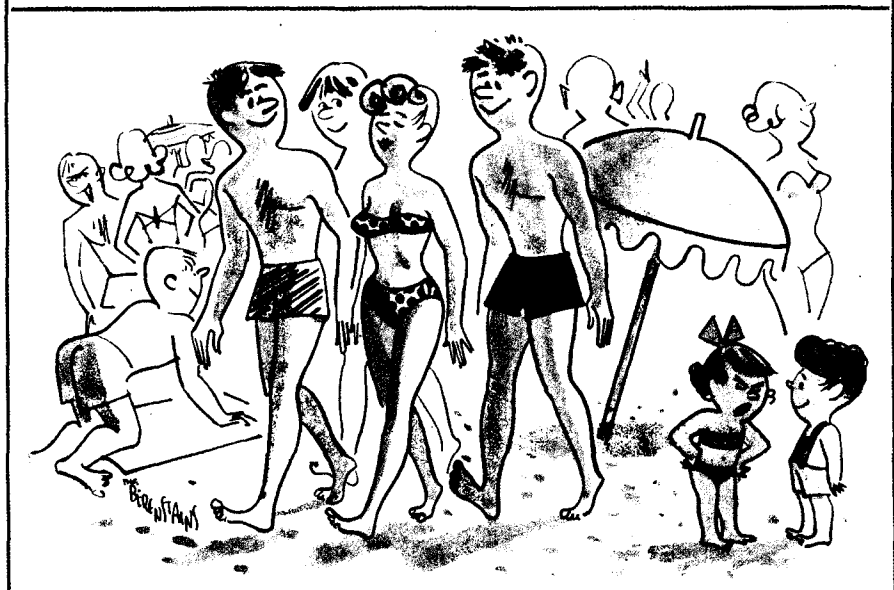
At the end of the war, Guinness returned to the West End, London's Broadway, to pick up from where he had left off. He found that memories had grown short during his four-year absence. Gielgud was away, playing for troops in Burma. Guthrie was leaving for the United States to work there for a while. There was no one around who remembered him, or who had a job for him on the stage.

It was beginning to look like a throwback to the old days. Then movie producer Ronald Neame and his associates decided to make Great Expectations. They had seen Guinness some years before playing Herbert Pocket in his own stage version of the Dickens novel, and they offered him the same part in a film based on his adaptation.

Guinness swallowed his strong feeling against movie making and accepted. His film debut in 1946 determined the course of his future, even though he later rejoined the Old Vic, appeared as the odious King Richard II in 1947 and virtually took over as the star of the company for a short while after Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richarson left to work for themselves.

In 1947, besides his Old Vic appearance, he also made his second picture,

SISTER



COLLIER'S "There goes my suit again" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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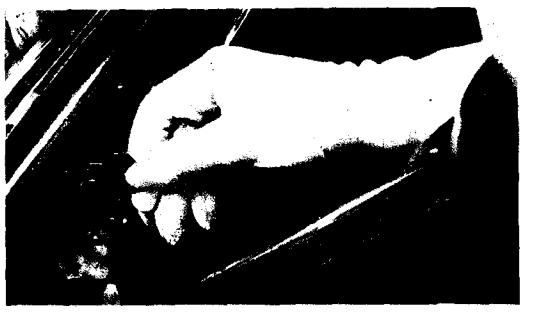

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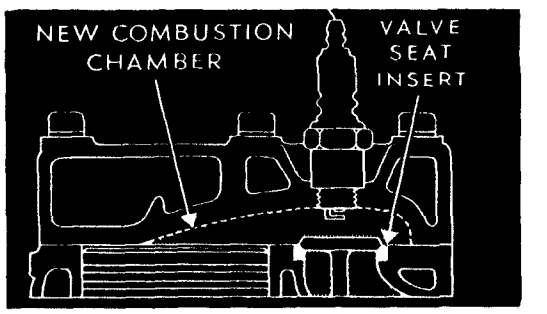

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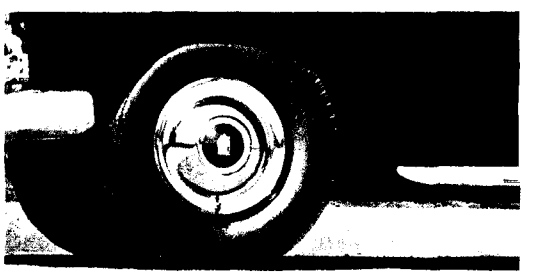

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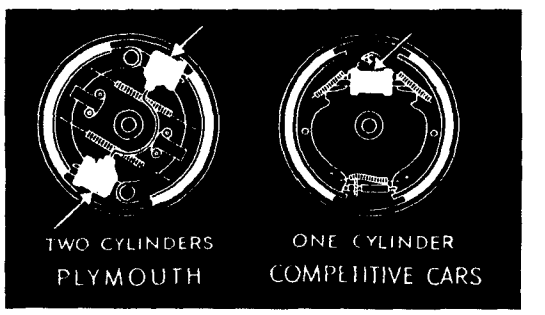

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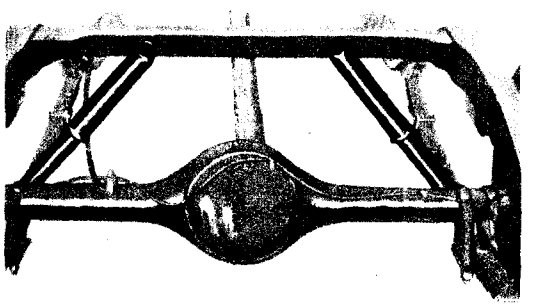

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"One of the greatest straight men in the history of film comedy"

playing Fagin in Oliver Twist. But it was his third film, Kind Hearts and Coronets, which turned him into Britain's number one movie star and character actor. Since 1948, when Kind Hearts was produced (it was not released until 1949), Guinness has made at least one film a year, scoring repeated hits and sending his box-office rating higher and higher.

But the key to his success—the impersonation of striking characters—was forged in Kind Hearts. His multiple roles in this film made him known as a "one-man repertory company." He portrayed eight distinctly different members of an aristocratic family, including a woman, who are murdered one after the other, because they stand between the murderer and his succession to a dukedom. Director Robert Hamer hit on the idea of using the same actor for the eight roles so that the characters, while having their own personalities, would still bear enough resemblance to one another to look like members of the same family.

The victims played by Guinness were a young dandy, an adolescent husband, a feeble clergyman, an enthusiastic suffragette known as Lady Agatha, a patriotic admiral, an apoplectic general, an elderly banker and, finally, the duke himself. In addition to all that, Guinness appeared as an ancestor of the family, seen in a flashback sequence, and also posed as the model for an oil painting of a second ancestor and for an effigy seen on the tomb of a third. In one trick shot, he even appeared simultaneously as six members of the family attending the funeral service for one of the first victims.

Looking back on his performances, Guinness comments: "Quick transformation from one character to another has a disturbing effect. I had to ask myself from time to time: 'Which one am I now?' I had fearful visions of looking like one of the characters and thinking and speaking like one of the others. It would have been quite disastrous to have faced the cameras in the make-up of the suffragette and spoken like the admiral."

In Various Character Parts

His subsequent roles, all character types, were those of the gentle gardennews reporter in A Run for Your Money, the man doomed to death who goes on a Last Holiday, Disraeli in The Mudlark, the bank clerk in The Lavender Hill Mob, the scientist in The Man in the White Suit, and, last of all, the poor but ambitious youth who works his way to the top and becomes a mayor in the film adaptation of Arnold Bennett's novel, The Card.

In 1950, when Kind Hearts was released belatedly in the United States, the U.S. National Board of Review declared Guinness the best actor of the year. In 1951 a survey of British exhibitors proved that he had become the top box-office attraction among British actors.

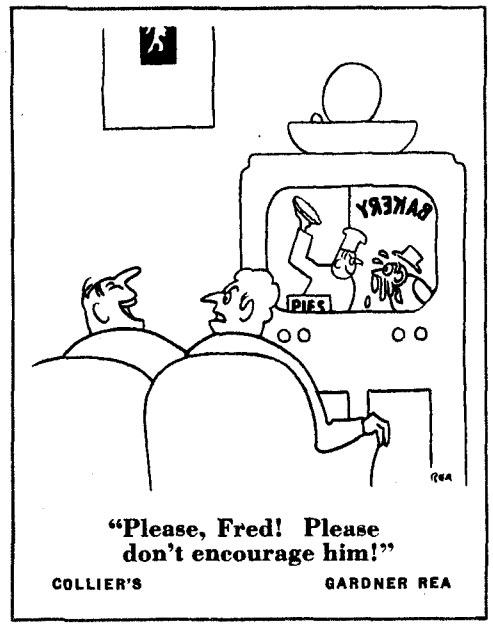
That is briefly the story of how Guinness made his way to the top, but it does not explain how he became the kind of actor he is or how he developed his genius for impersonating characters. That is a far more complicated story, going back into his obscure past and into his own personality.

One of the most unusual things about his personality is his passion for concealing it. This has created a mystery which, in the opinion of one British writer, makes Guinness more of an enigma than Greta Garbo.

One of the professionally most photographed men in Britain, Guinness objects to being photographed as he is in real life. A cameraman working on a magazine article shot Guinness in all his different roles in Kind Hearts and, when he finished, asked: "Now can I have one of you as yourself?"

Guinness shook his head.

Because they rarely see pictures of him as he is, until very recently even Guinness' most ardent admirers seldom recognized him in public. He was able to walk about the streets of London as inconspicuously as the bank clerk in The Lavender Hill Mob, who eluded the police by melting into the crowd and looking no different than any other Englishman in a derby. But the release in Britain of The Card has changed that somewhat. "The Card," says Guinness, "has given me away rather more than I like being given away."



"Please, Fred! Please don't encourage him!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

It is not surprising that the roles he likes best, such as that of the clergyman in Kind Hearts and Coronets, are usually the ones which are most removed from the way he looks in real life. Many of his associates are convinced that he became a "man of many faces" because he was determined to efface himself.

Talking to a reporter recently, Guinness suddenly dropped this surprising remark: "My face makes me ill when I look at it when shaving in the morning." It apparently doesn't have that effect on anyone else. His is a lively, attractive face, with wide blue eyes and even features. He is rather bald, which makes him look somewhat older than his thirty-eight years, but he has a vitality which belies this appearance.

Guinness guards his personal life as jealously as his identity. "My private life," he says, "is not news." He became angry when a reporter phoned to check a rumor that he had invited Marlene Dietrich to dinner. Dietrich actually did have dinner at the Guinness home one evening, remaining until four o'clock the next morning. She later sent her host a three-page apology for staying so late, along with two aspirin tablets and a bouquet of flowers.

But some of his closest professional associates, including Sir Michael Balcon, the mastermind at Ealing Studios, and the directors of his films, have never been invited to his unostentatious, nine-room house in the West London suburb of Hammersmith. They confess that he is a closed book to them and that they do not really know him as a person.

Laurence Evans, who is Guinness' agent and therefore in touch with him all the time, says: "I generally see him only on theatrical occasions. I don't know what his private life consists of."

Yet Evans has been to a few of the small dinner parties which the Guinnesses give at their home from time to time. He says Guinness is an excellent host. "Alec appreciates a good home. He is a connoisseur of good wines and takes considerable pains about his food. He goes in for lovely glassware, silver and antique pieces of furniture, which he has been collecting for some time."

Guinness and his wife spend most of their free time quietly at home, painting, reading and writing. Their favorite pastime is being with young Matthew, who comes home each week end from boarding school at Hampstead, a London suburb which is not far from the one in which the Guinnesses live.

Matthew already has followed his father into films. In his first movie, The Card, he appears briefly in a shot showing Denry Machin (the leading role played by father Guinness) as a child. "They wanted someone who could have been me as a boy," Guinness explains somewhat self-consciously, "and I had to admit that Matthew would do for the part."

Appraising Son's Talents

Mrs. Guinness also shyly confesses that "Matthew is clever at acting and inventing plays which he does with his cousins." And she thinks he has a flair for drawing. That may he inherited from his mother, who turned from the stage to paint in oils and to write and illustrate children's books.

When Matthew is away at school, the Guinnesses are left with their menagerie, which consists of two dogs, Tilly and Vesta; a Siamese cat, Clover; and a six-year-old gray parrot, Percy, who recites Shakespeare. Guinness, too, recites at home. He rehearses his current roles so intensely that Mrs. Guinness says it's like living successively with Hamlet, Fagin, Disraeli and all the others.

"But I'm used to it now," she adds. "Besides, his characters don't come home as often as before. As he gets older, he is more and more able to dissociate himself from the parts he plays."

An acquaintance asked Guinness not long ago how he went about creating the persons he puts on the stage and screen. "I don't know," he replied with a modest grin. "I would be grateful if anyone could tell me. It is just imagination, observation and experience."

He applies these less to make-up, which he refrains from using any more than necessary, than to grasping the general spirit of the personality he is imitating, with all the characteristic gestures.

"The secret, if there is one," he says, "is to imagine yourself as the character you are portraying. It means studying the character carefully, of course. It's not sufficient to concentrate on his looks. You have got to know his mind—to find out what he thinks, how he feels, his background, his mannerisms."

When he is dealing with a contemporary character, with no books available for reference, Guinness draws on his memory and goes out into the street, if necessary, to watch people for further details. He recalls how he built up a stock of knowledge about human beings by following them around when he was out of a job and he had nothing else to do: "I would go for miles just looking at people's faces and feet and how they sat down and how they stood up. Half of what I do now is remembered borrowing from those times."

When he was making The Man in the White Suit he actually found the type he was looking for while he was on the set, getting ready for shooting. He spied a cameraman who had just the kind of expression he wanted for the frustrated scientist he was playing—shy, adolescent and rather lost to the world outside. Guinness hovered over the cameraman, studying him at great length and from all angles—to the great discomfort of the object of this scrutiny.

Guinness' directors think his scope as a successful actor may be limited. None of them would think of casting him as a romantic lover, and Guinness himself has shied away from such parts. "I hardly ever get the girl in my films," he once said. He is too reserved, detached and inhibited to play the passionate lover naturally and convincingly. In this respect he differs from Laurence Olivier, who recently scored a hit as the lover of Cleopatra, played by his wife, Vivien Leigh, in Shakespeare's play, Anthony and Cleopatra.

Guinness, like Olivier, prefers the stage to films. And, again like Olivier, he wants to direct and produce his own plays. After his great success on Broadway in The Cocktail Party two years ago, when New York drama critics named him the best actor of the season, Guinness returned to London to stage his own production of Hamlet, with himself in the leading role. He had hoped to advance his reputation as a Shakespearean actor and to compete for the best performance of the 1951 Festival of Britain season.

But the very first night proved a disaster. Everything went wrong. The lights went on when the ghost was supposed to appear in the eerie dark, and then went off when the ghost disappeared and the lights should have gone on. Some of the spectators booed Guinness, and virtually all of the London critics roasted him for his performance. And they didn't like to see his Hamlet wearing a mustache and beard, which Guinness insists must have been worn in Shakespeare's time. It took Guinness six weeks to grow the facial adornments. It took him less than six minutes to cut them off, after the panning he got.

Some of the critics who went back to see the production again changed their minds and praised it, but the play was forced to close after seven weeks.

When Ants Learn to Act Human

After that closing, Alec Guinness was anxious to make a comeback on the London stage, and he has just scored a personal triumph in Sam Spewack's Under the Sycamore Tree, a farcical fable about ants who learn to behave like human beings and become more confused than ever. Here again his success is due to his skill in playing various character roles. As the ant scientist who introduces human ways to his fellow ants, Guinness successively caricatures a doctor who delivers a baby, a psychiatrist who seduces a client, a penitent husband who wins back his wife and a senile man who totters across the stage and comes to the end of his life.

Guinness' studios are now hunting for another role which he would accept, but they have not yet found one. Guinness himself is suggesting that he do a movie in which he would play Lawrence of Arabia or Mahatma Gandhi, but his producers are not sold on the idea.

The disagreement emphasizes the basic difference between Guinness and the movie makers—his desire to play straight character roles, their preference for the deft, sly comedy roles which have made him a smashing success. That something may be said for both viewpoints was indicated by one American reviewer, Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., of the New York Herald Tribune, who recently wrote of Guinness:

"He is never the clown—it is everyone else who becomes a clown when he appears on the scene, and perhaps this is Guinness' secret. Perhaps he is, quite simply, one of the greatest straight men in the history of film comedy." THE END

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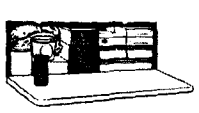

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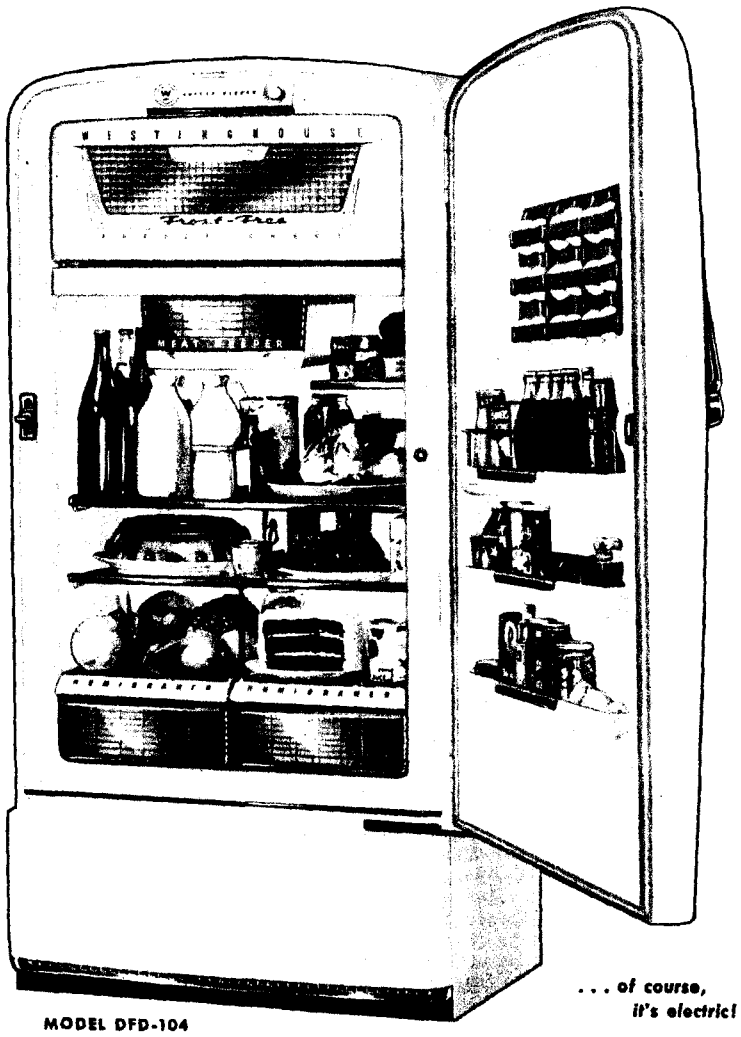

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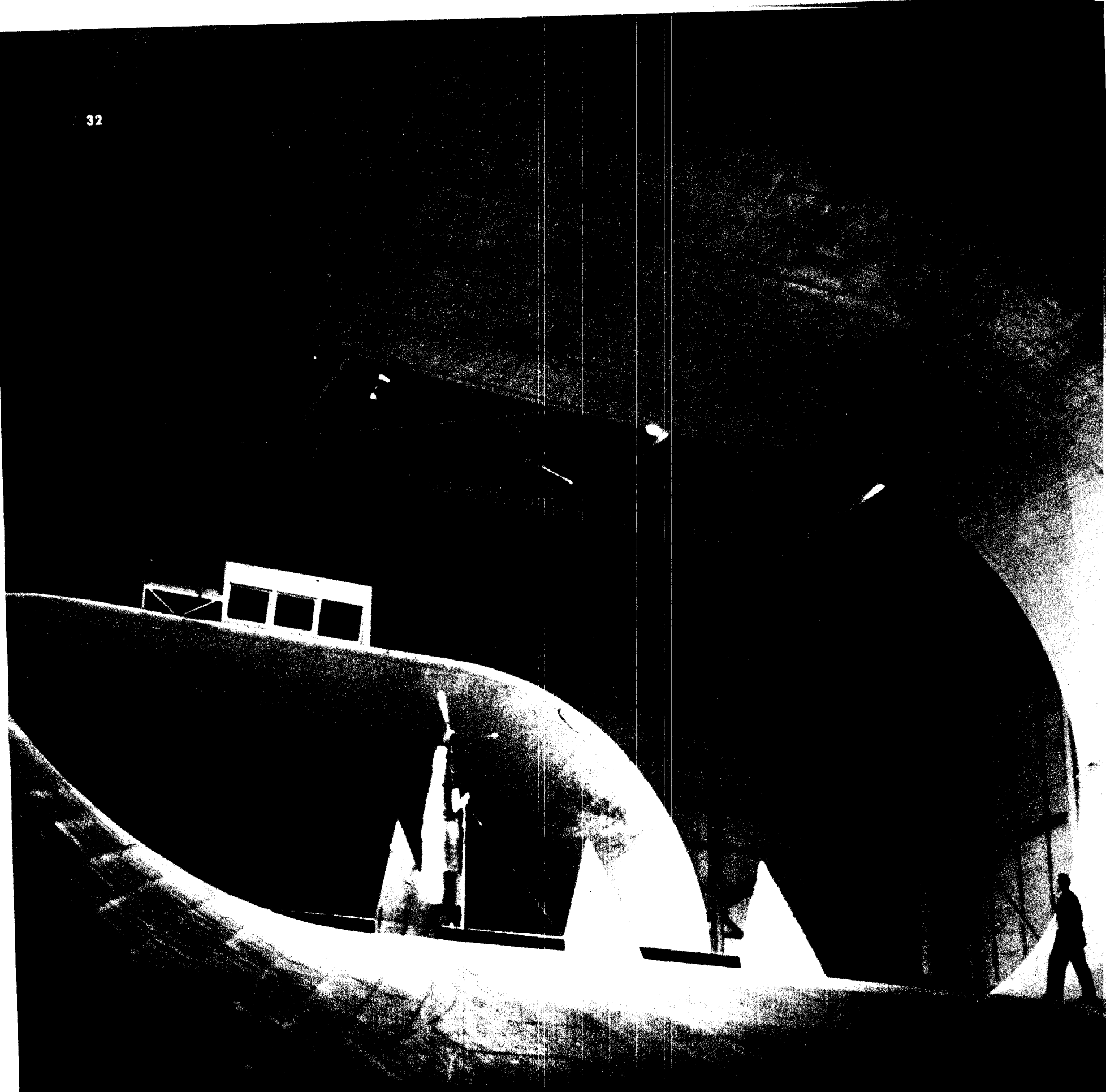

WHERE WIND WORKS FOR AIR POWER

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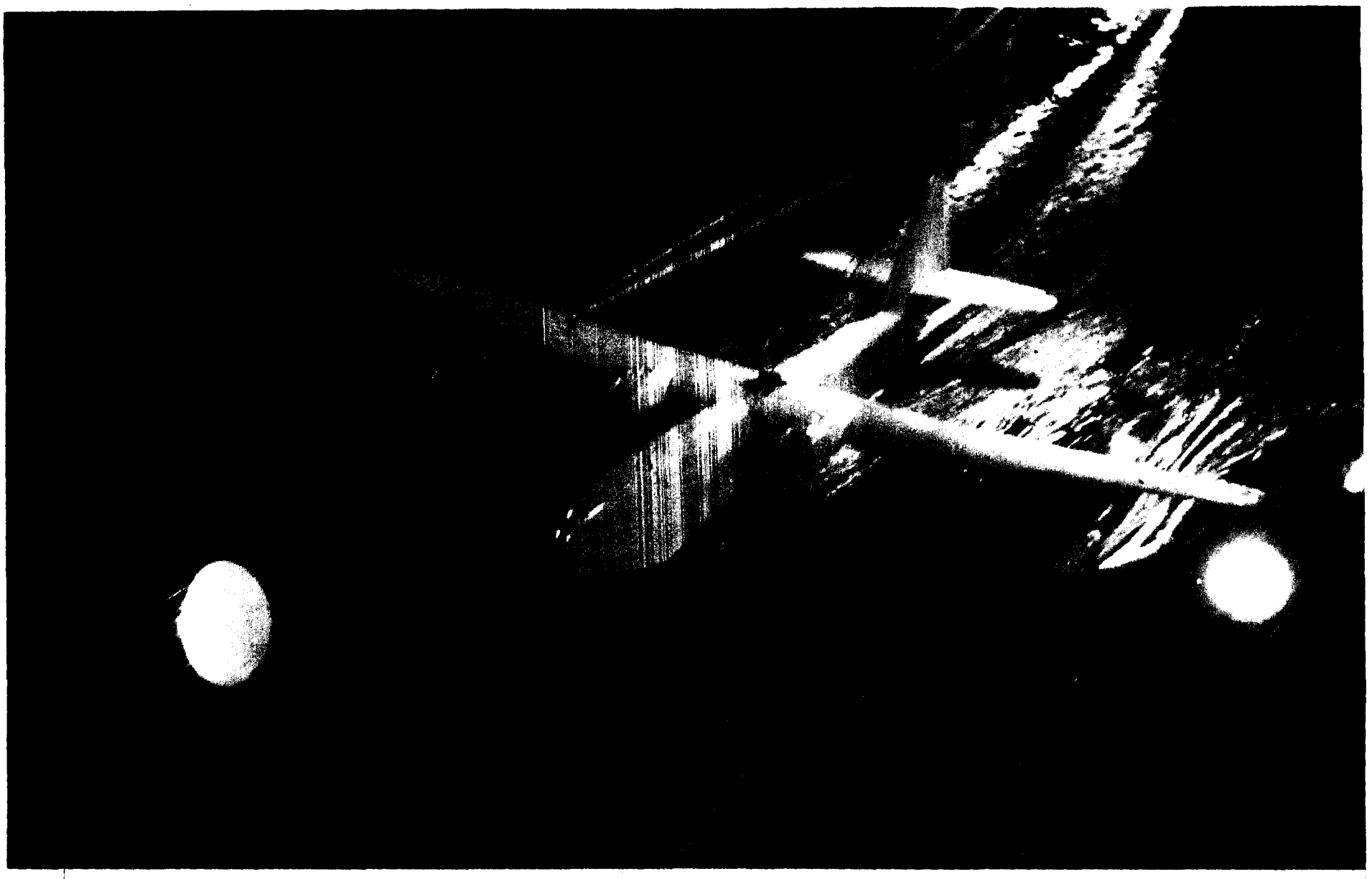
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BURKE-BEAUJON

The aerodynamic design of full-sized aircraft are tested in the largest wind tunnel (L) at the Langley Aeronautical Laboratory. Experimental propeller is being checked in tunnel's 120-mph gale

Technicians fit recording instruments to scale model prior to tunnel tests

By remote control, miniature plane is "flown" in free-flight wind tunnel



Diminutive seaplane—scaled to one twentieth of actual size—is towed at 80 mph in special 2,900-foot tank while cameras record stability features

WHEN the Navy's experimental plane, the Douglas Skyrocket, broke all existing altitude and speed records last year, the scientists at Langley Aeronautical Laboratory showed little surprise. Months before, using scale models, they had predicted the plane's capabilities. Their crystal ball: wind tunnels.

To aviation's "back-room boys," the wind tunnel is the test-tube approach to the design of the nation's faster-than-sound planes and guided missiles. By mounting a meticulously scaled model of a proposed plane or missile in a tunnel and then with huge fans blowing air past at extremely high speeds, actual flight conditions can be simulated and studied. Such experiments are conducted chiefly at the $60,000,000 Langley Aeronautical Laboratory, near Hampton Roads, Virginia.

The huge (690-acre) installation is one of three operated by the little-known government aviation agency, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Established by Congress in 1915, the NACA conducts research aimed at improving military, commercial and private aviation.

Langley is the largest NACA laboratory, with 31 wind tunnels of various sizes. Some are big enough to admit full-sized airplanes and helicopters, others accommodate models only four inches long. But the smaller tunnels are the key to tomorrow's supersonic planes. In them, precisely made miniatures (accurate to 4,000ths of an inch) can be made to "fly" at speeds of up to four and a half times that of sound—3,420 miles per hour.

There are also two seaplane-towing tanks used for studying hull design of flying boats and the "ditching" characteristics of land-based aircraft. Hundreds of pilots, forced to land in water, owe their lives to procedures developed in these tests.

Though the scientists do not design or build aircraft, few U.S. planes—particularly military machines—could have been built without NACA help. Even after a new plane has been test-flown, NACA scientists will check for defects. During World War II, for example, a dangerous structural weakness was discovered in the tail of a hot new fighter. The machine was trundled to Langley and within a few weeks the scientists found the "bug." The plane went into mass production and became one of the war's top fighters. Its name: the Republic Thunderbolt.

Tomorrow's planes, say the scientists, will make today's jets look like slow freights. They ought to know; in their noisy wind tunnels they are working on models which "fly" at 5,300 miles per hour—about seven times the speed of sound. EDMUND BURKE

JOE PAZEN

WIND ALSO WORKS IN HOLLYWOOD, SEE PAGE 35

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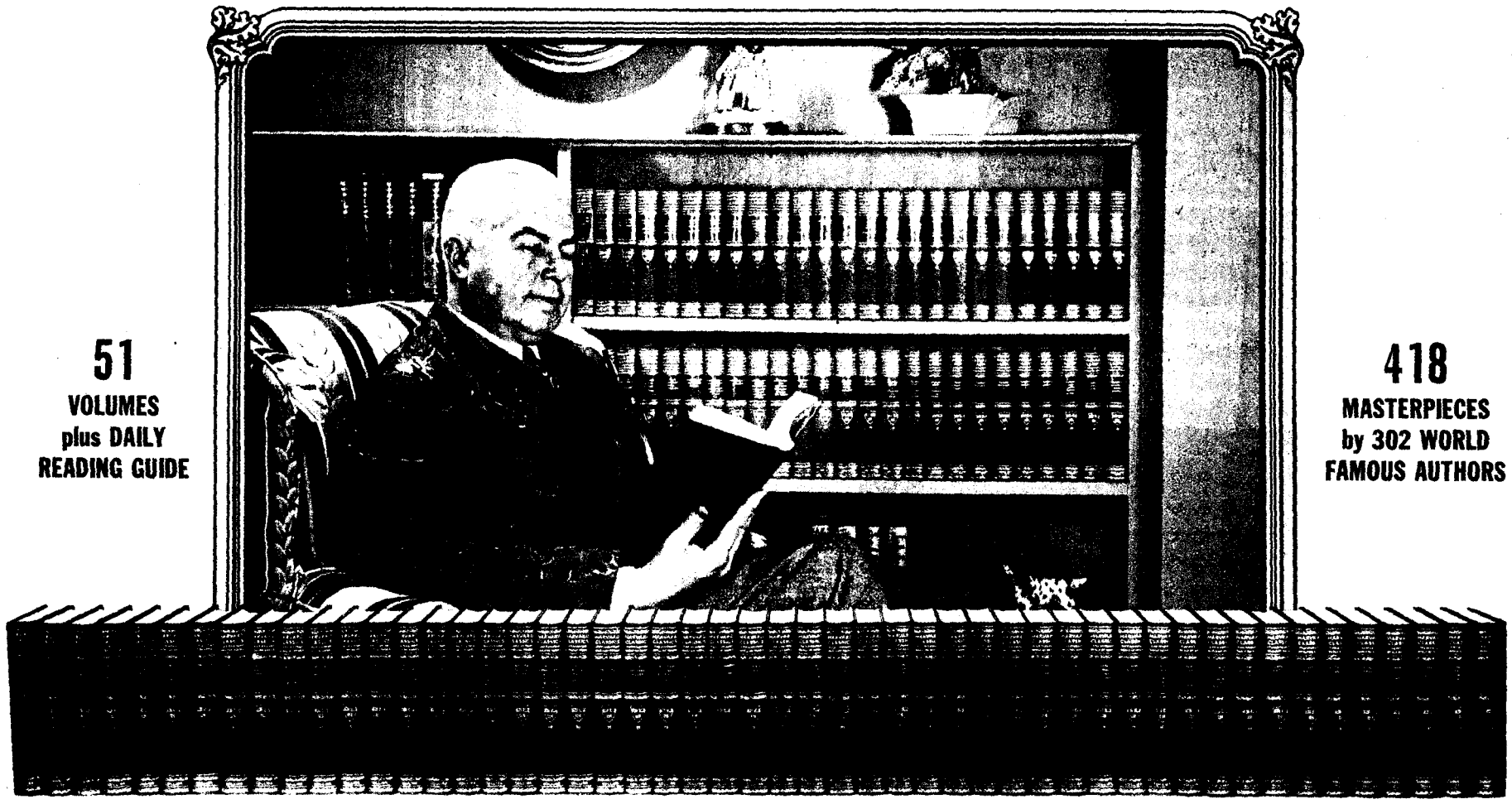

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Wind expert Del Cleveland at work

HIS JOB'S A BREEZE

THOUGH his experiments have nothing to do with planes, fast or slow, stocky, cigar-chewing Delbert Cleveland is also a scientist—in a breezy sort of way. To Hollywood's movie makers, Del is virtually indispensable. His job: producing wind —from gentle, skirt-wafting zephyrs to howling, shipwrecking hurricanes.

To Del, copartner in a twenty-five-year-old firm called the Ritter Company, wind making is a precise art.

"On a movie," he says, "I'm the brush in the director's hand. Maybe he wants curtains rustled or waves rippled. Maybe it's a real 'gusto'—like billowing out the sails of a windjammer. I can make any kind of wind in any kind of place."

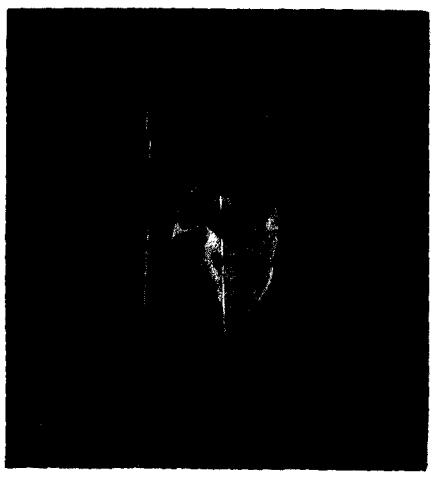
In 1937, Del and his partner August (Shorty) Hansen bought control of the Ritter Company and since then have blasted a dollar-strewn path through thousands of movies. Forty-seven-year-old Del claims that his company, with 22 wind machines, is the only one devoted to the design, manufacture and leasing of wind-blowing equipment. Machines are rented out at an average of $75 per day, and as he puts it: "You might say that ill winds blow us a lot of good—the firm makes $50,000 to $60,000 per year."

Besides movie work, Del's wind-conjuring talents are constantly in demand for Hollywood's annual crop of cheesecake photographs. When photos appear showing models battling with their tresses or skirts, ruddy-faced Del and his pet wind machine usually are responsible.

He is not averse to such jobs; in fact, Del considers himself the only professional skirt-breezer in the business. But is his job really a breeze? "No," says Del. "Believe me, it's all very serious. But flapping skirts was tougher to do 10 years ago, when skirts were short. Today, with the new styles, it's a cinch."

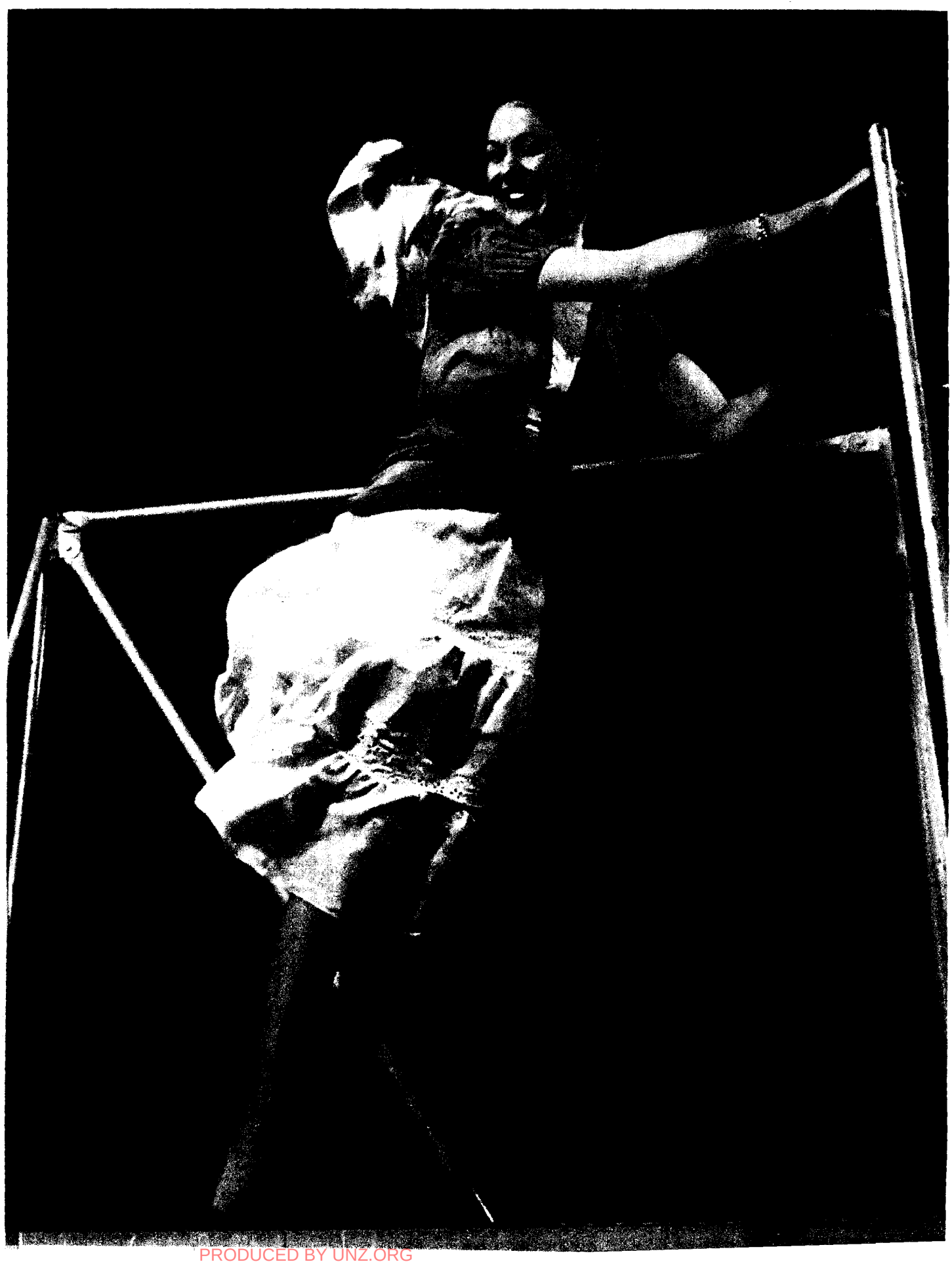
ROBERT C. LEWIN

In 30-mph gust pretty starlet Carol Brewster loses picture hat and scarf



At 45 mph dress whips like flag, Carol struggles with flapping skirt

At 60 mph the wind-blown starlet crouches as her coat-dress rips away



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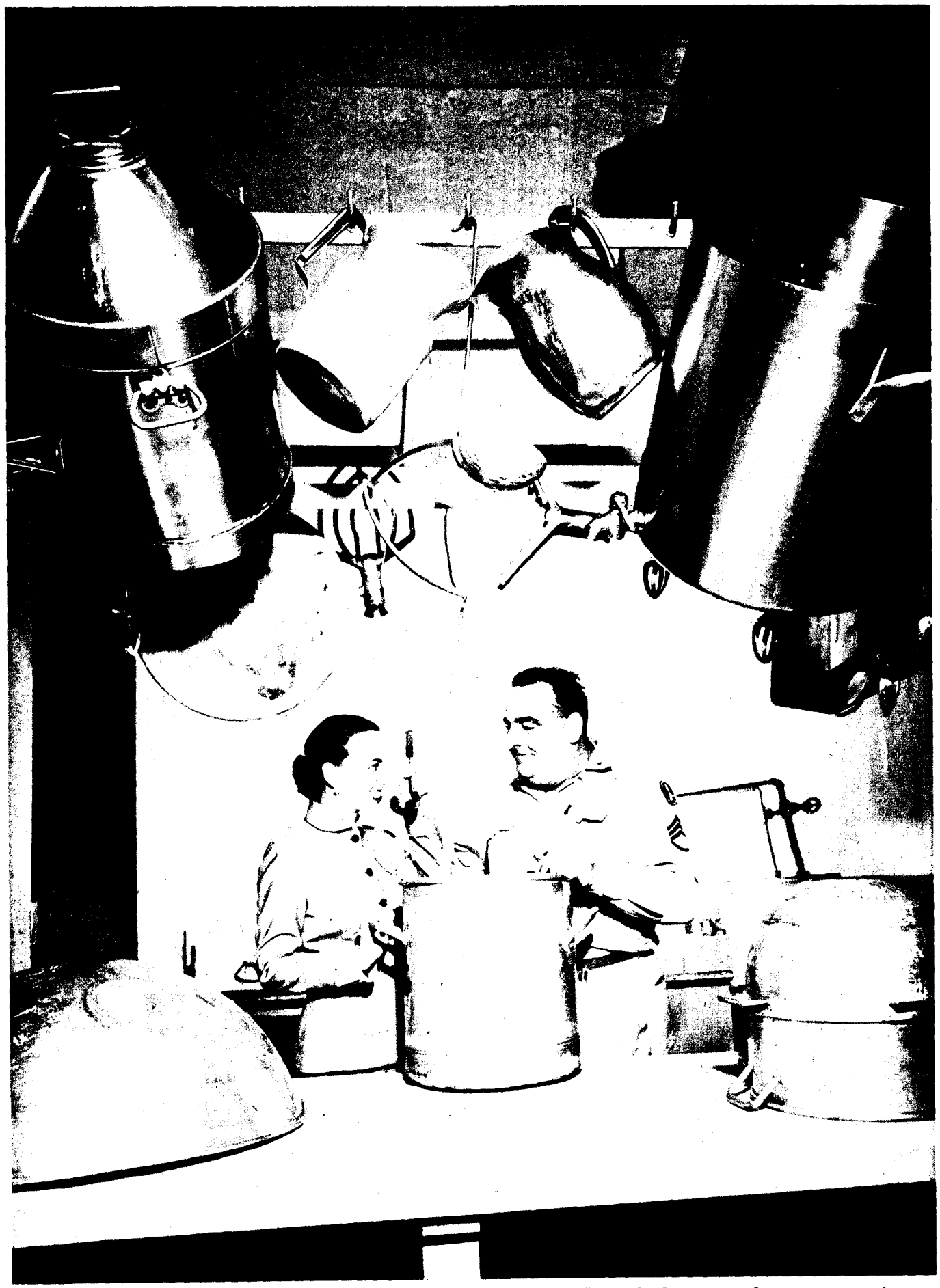
GAL in the GI Kitchen

By JEAN DREW

The Army's chief menu planner is attractive Helen Cacheris, a 27-year-old dietitian who never has done a day's K.P. in her life. She's out to make military chow as varied and tasty as meals at home



While mess sergeant Arthur Taylor awaits verdict expectantly, Helen Cacheris samples some soup in his Fort Myer, Va., kitchen. Her task is preparing the master menu for our soldiers and airmen

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

THE boy on K.P. duty at the pots-and-pans sink looked up, did a double take and looked again. His incredulity was pardonable. The time was 5:00 A.M., the place, a mess hall at Fort Devens, Massachusetts—certainly an unlikely setting for a woman, and an exceptionally pretty young woman at that.

Yet there, indisputably, she was: a slim, dark-eyed brunette with a peaches-and-cream complexion and a ready smile, moving up and down the rows of new recruits, glancing at their breakfast trays, asking them how they liked their cereal and whether they had had enough bacon and eggs. If conscious of the muted whistles all around, she gave no sign. Pleasantly, but purposefully, she went about her questioning; her concern was plainly genuine, much as that of any young wife hovering over her husband in a two-by-four kitchenette.

Thousands of GIs at breakfast, dinner or supper in Army camps in Texas, New England and points in between have been treated to the astonishing sight of Helen Jaffurs Cacheris making the rounds of the tables, asking questions about the food and partaking of it, critically, herself. The quarterly look-ins on eating conditions at our military installations are a basic part of her unique job.

Few mothers and wives have heard of her, but if they did, they would be grateful. For in a sense Helen is their representative in the GI's kitchen, doing her large bit to help make their sons and husbands the best-fed fighting men in the world.

The average homemaker's concern is, at best, with four or five healthy appetites. Helen's responsibilities encompass more than 1,500,000 soldiers and involve not just a six-pound roast here and a couple of quarts of milk there, but whole tons of edibles. Aside from this difference in scope, however, her problem is essentially the same as that of any conscientious housewife: to set a nourishing—and tasty—table for the menfolk, and to do so within the confines of a strict budget.

At twenty-seven, Helen Cacheris holds the jaw-taxing title of Chief, Menu Planning Branch, Food Service Division, Office of the Quartermaster General, U.S. Army. In nonbureaucratic lingo, this means that she devises the Army's master menu. Along with this guide to the GI's daily fare, she keeps tabs on his changing food likes and dislikes, tailoring the menu to suit.

No snap job, its ramifications are huge. She must consult with Agriculture Department crop experts about which foods, in what quantity, will be available months hence; with representatives of the Surgeon General about the basic requirements of a healthful diet; with military food buyers about how to balance the Army's needs against civilian demands.

Two kitchens adjoin her own Washington office. In one, next to a dining room where Major General George Horkan the Quartermaster General, entertains visiting food experts—both foreign and domestic, civilian and military—Hele

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Both content and complaining soldiers have sympathetic audience in Mrs. Cacheris. She eats with men; notes choices, rejections

supervises the preparation of the meal. In the other, a test kitchen, food products proposed as GI fare by commercial firms are prepared according to the maker's specifications. If a rutabaga canner insists that his product is just what the GI ordered, Helen doesn't just take it on his (or his congressman's) say-so. She or her assistant, also a trained dietitian, puts the claim to the test, up to and including sampling the ladle.

The Menu Planning Branch is only six years old—a relatively new departure, as the military goes. The fact that its top post is held by a woman is itself noteworthy, as recognition that, even in so large-scale a problem as the feeding of an Army, the feminine flair with food is worth utilizing. Even more significant is the fact that the branch was set up at all. Born of World War II, it tokens military acceptance in real earnest, at long last, of the old Napoleonic dictum that an army travels on its stomach.

Colonial Army's Master Menu

"The Army has always had a master menu of sorts," Helen explains. "Back in 1775, it featured beef, flour, peas, milk, rice and spruce beer. These rations were issued uncooked, and it was K.P. for every soldier over his own campfire. In the war of 1812, peas, rice and milk were dropped and rum, vinegar and salt were added—don't ask me why."

Today the question of why one item is or is not in the Army's larder still occurs to many a man on the chow line, for admittedly the military cuisine has not yet approached the proportions of a gourmet's paradise. Nevertheless, it's certain that the soldier of 1952 is better fed than his counterpart of 1918 and 1941, and that the die-hard officer sold on the Spartan virtues of beans, beans, more beans is an almost extinct breed.

The big change-over from previous hit-or-miss methods of feeding the soldiery came in 1932, when, under Presidential direction, the Quartermaster General drew up a list of 39 basic food components (meat and meat products, fruits, vegetables, dairy products and so on) on which the cost of military diet would henceforth be based. In the two decades since its adoption, an entirely new philosophy has sprung up about the way this cost index should be applied.

As Helen Cacheris describes it: "In the thirties, what the soldier actually ate wasn't important. The cost of those 39 basic items determined his food ration; however it was cooked, he ate what the mess sergeant bought with his allowance. Today, the Surgeon General advises the Quartermaster General on the amounts and types of food required daily by a soldier to maintain proper nutrition. And the master menu specifies portions of servings and frequency of types of food served; one meal won't show up again for at least 14 days.

"The amount of money we have to go on is still determined by the basic 39 foods on the list, but we're not restricted to them in any way, if we can manipulate what we know our men want against what the taxpayer provides."

The cost of feeding one man for one day varies with rising and falling market prices, of course, but it currently averages around $1.10.

The Army's new attitude about food began to shape up shortly before Pearl Harbor. With millions of men donning uniform, it had to find a more efficient way of providing better food with greater economy, and in 1942 it called in Mary Barber, then director of home economics for the Kellogg Company of Battle Creek.

One of our first $1-a-year women, Miss Barber, since retired, is credited with the Army's adoption of the master menu plan, under which every Army command in the U.S. is furnished the same standard blueprint for its food operations. A 2 per cent margin is provided to afford leeway for local purchases of such items as additional milk and ice cream, and also to allow variations in the menu of each Army post.

The master menu is based on an "annual food pattern" prepared by Helen Cacheris and her staff of four women. Drawn up a year in advance, it is a guide to the quantities and varieties of food the Army expects to consume over the next 12 months. Monthly menus, prepared seven months ahead, spell out in detail recommended menus for each day in the month, three times a day. They specify proper quantities, and even, occasionally, throw in a recipe for something new in the way of a sauce or dessert. (The hard-bitten mess sergeant's expression as he pores over Helen's recipes for "gold cake with penuche icing" is something the menu planners prefer not to brood about.)

Comparisons with Mom's Pie

Although under the master-menu system the GI was better fed in World War II than in any previous war, he still made enough odious comparisons with Mom's apple pie to discourage any resting on laurels. After the war's end a committee headed by John Hennessy, former chairman of the board of the Statler Hotel chain, undertook a study of Army food conditions. Completed early in 1946, it showed that too rapid demobilization had stripped the Army of qualified cooks and supply officers, and that generally things foodwise were in a sorry state.

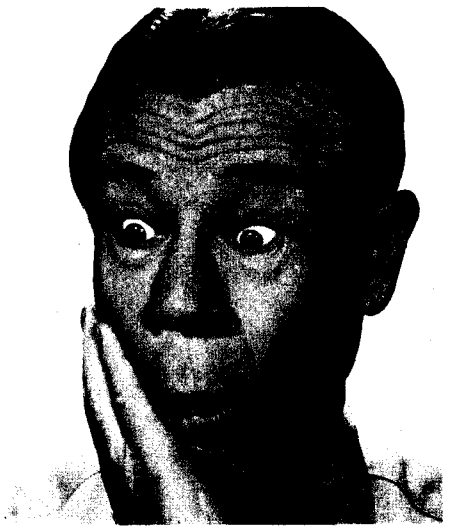
The report had two major results. First, the QMG's Food Service Division was raised to top-echelon importance and staffed with young, professionally trained officers. Under it the Menu Planning Branch was set up. Its first chief was a woman—Mrs. Vivian Parks, of Seattle, Washington, chosen for her nutrition work with the Department of Agriculture. She was succeeded by her assistant, Mrs. Barbara Creamer, formerly dietitian at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington. When Mrs. Creamer—like Mrs. Parks before her—left to concentrate on the feeding of a new infant member of her own family, Helen Cacheris took over.

Pittsburgh-born, Mrs. Cacheris had served for 18 months as assistant chief menu planner, a post for which she had been recommended by the Washington branch of the American Dietetics Association, top professional organization in the field. Her previous experience had included a year's dietetic internship at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and a year and a half as chief dietitian at Providence Hospital in the nation's capital.

The second important result of the Army's new look at its food problem was a project begun in late 1949 and continuing under Helen's direction. Launched by Colonel C. A. Rogers, then head of the Food Service Division and a Stanford graduate in business administration who believed in scientific methods of food selection, the project is a series of "food preference" studies. Via printed questionnaire, some 40,000 men in more than 20 Army installations across the country have been asked what they liked and disliked about the food they ate, and why.

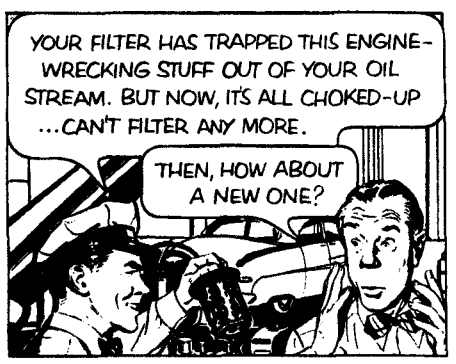
The idea that the ordinary GI should be consulted at all, let alone specifically queried as to whether he favored banana cream pie over chocolate cake and lima beans over broccoli, was revolutionary enough to cause concerted grave-whirling by every Prussian-minded militarist in history.

But Quartermaster General Horkan stoutly resists any suggestion of molly-



"Wha-a-a-t...that muck in my car?"

—says Joe E. Brown, famous star of stage, screen, radio and television.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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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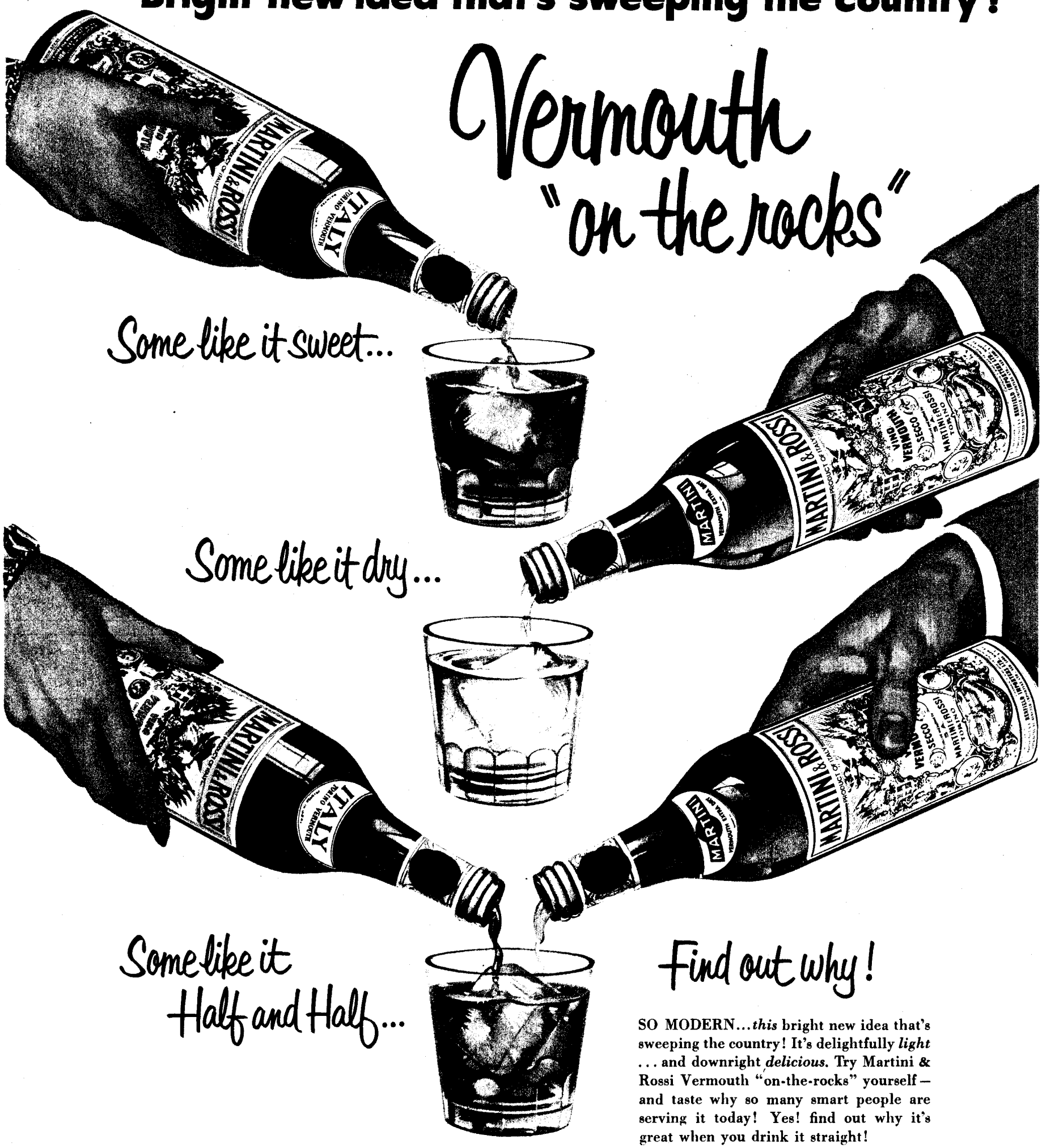

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Army men like beef, salads, ice cream; dislike lamb, asparagus, raisin pie

coddling: "We aim to have the best-fed men in the world because our country expects them to be the best soldiers in the world."

The findings of the food preference studies are providing Helen and her associates with an invaluable guidepost. Today, in planning menus, they know, for instance, that in the vegetable line the average GI would rather eat string beans, fresh sliced tomatoes, oven-browned potatoes, corn and lima beans than asparagus, cauliflower, turnips, parsnips, Brussels sprouts, or creamed carrots. As to main dishes, he favors grilled steaks, roast turkey, fried chicken and roast beef, and can do without lamb in any form, or fried fish. For dessert, raisin pie and stewed apricots raise howls, but strawberry shortcake, ice cream and apple pie get top billing.

Since the object of the poll was to find the foods which a substantial number of men dislike when served *in the Army,* some of the findings may not jibe with the average homemaker's knowledge of the tastes of her own family. "Many foods," Mrs. Cacheris explains, "are very popular when served at home, but unacceptable in military dining halls. For one thing, mass cooking doesn't offer much leeway for individual preferences as to seasoning."

Some of the results of the preliminary studies puzzled the experts—for instance the low rating given sugar-cured ham, griddle cakes and mincemeat pie, and, inversely, the heavy vote for poultry. Additional studies are being conducted on such "critical" items. Another surprise was the popularity of salads. "The soldiers really go for them," reports Helen. "A salad isn't considered tea-room fare any more."

Voting Brings Diet Changes

In all, the GIs have voted so far on some 300 food items, with resulting changes in the master menu. Recognizing that the preference for salads is a relatively recent development, the menu now schedules servings 60 times a month, and at camps where younger men predominate, like basic training centers, provisions are made for more frequent servings. Unpopular lamb, formerly served at least twice monthly, now shows up on the GI's tray no more than six times a year. The planners are also hoping to serve beef, a heavy favorite, more often than the current 21 times monthly three months a year and 24 times monthly the other nine—that is, if budgets and meat prices permit.

Despite all this, Utopia in the matter of GI feeding is still distant. "We know our menu-planning system isn't foolproof," says Helen. "We know the system can break down in several ways. For one thing, not all cooks are equally skilled; crepes Suzette probably won't ever be produced on the average Army stove. Second, not all our food officers as yet are graduates of the new Army Food Service schools, where they learn the most advanced principles of food preparation and service."

A third problem is that some foods must be served, popular or not, because they fit the Army's budget so well. In such a case, Helen's job is to dream up more palatable ways of cooking these foods and to maneuver matters so that the less-favored dishes aren't served too often. "I can think of a number of items on our menu," she smiles, "that the GI would be willing to give over to civilians entirely."

But whether or not the GI's food favorites can always be fully taken into consideration, the food-preference studies have resulted, over all, in a more intelligent approach to menu planning. For example, the planners noted the widespread unpopularity of lamb and asked themselves why. They came up with two reasons. One was the exposure of World War II troops in the Pacific to the loading of odoriferous raw-mutton carcasses aboard ship in a noonday sun. The second and more important was the fact—long known to civilian nutritionists—that the taste for lamb is an acquired one which goes along with a rise in income level; most GIs are from middle- and lower-income groups.

Against these two factors the planners weighed the hard fact that at certain seasons of the year lamb is an economy meat which fits neatly into the military budget.

Helen's answer to this problem was to recommend not only that lamb show up on the menu only one fourth the number of times it used to, but that new ways be tried to make it more palatable when it did show up—preferably as cutlets or roast, and only as a last resort ground or stewed.

COLLIER'S "Monday was lovely. Tuesday was lovely. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, hot. Then when I was waiting for your train, I noticed clouds!" FRITZ WILKINSON

Such broad recommendations as the number of times a certain type of meat should be served come under the heading of basic policy and require the approval of a 15-member master menu board. This group, whose decisions can actually affect our entire domestic food supply for months to come, consists of representatives of the Surgeon General's office, and the Food Service, Procurement and Distribution Divisions of the QMG's office.

The board annually reviews the "food pattern" and also meets regularly to ponder the monthly master menu and various current problems. A typical recent agenda included a "review of quantity of olives used in the master menu," a "discussion on including dehydrated foods in the master menu" and a "consideration of Grade C blueberries." At the same meeting, the board members sampled recently developed food products such as dehydrated vinegar and powdered whipping cream, as well as unsolicited items sent in by commercial firms, including pineapple frozen concentrate, fresh dried raspberries and imported sandwich paste.

It is part of Helen's job to draw up the agenda for these meetings, report on her tests of new food items—including their taste and practicability—and make general recommendations, bolstered by facts and figures. "The board couldn't function without her," says Helen's immediate boss, Lieutenant Colonel Harry Keeney, executive officer of the Food Service Division.

How She Gets GI Perspective

Much of the board's respect for her usefulness is based on her personal woman's-angle reports from the field. There are liaison officers whose job it is to make monthly to six-week field inspections to check on the GI's preferences, but Helen's own visits to Army camps reap a harvest of helpful tips. Clad in a simple tailored suit and low-heeled shoes ("I try to wear things that will attract the least amount of attention"), Helen, accompanied by her assistant, visits kitchens, sits in at GI meals, makes her own quiet observations and listens sympathetically to the soldiers, often eliciting from them information they might hesitate to give an officer. "You get a different perspective when you actually talk to the men," she declares.

In an average day at a camp, Helen observes as many as 2,000 men during three meals, taking copious notes on their selections, rejections and requests for seconds. She talks personally to as many as possible. It may come as a surprise to the average GI, but his gripes really get attention. The size recommended by the master menu for servings of spaghetti, a great favorite, was increased after one of Helen's tours; creamed chipped beef is coming off the menu as a supper item because she heard so many complaints against it.

Whether in the field or at her desk, Helen Cacheris is well worth the slightly under $10,000 a year Uncle Sam pays her. Unfazed by the rigors of a working day which begins at 8:30 A.M., she manages to run an attractive three-room modern apartment on Washington's Connecticut Avenue for herself and her husband, John, who is an electronics scientist with the National Bureau of Standards and who, like Helen, is of American-Greek extraction. With all the efficiency of the really busy woman, Helen packs lunches for herself and John, cooks all their dinners and sews most of the clothes which adorn her eye-stopping five-foot-six-inch, 126-pound figure.

Helen believes that she actually began training for her current top job some 15 years ago back home in Pittsburgh, where her father owned several movie houses. The Jaffurs youngsters included three girls and four strapping boys, and all except Helen were athletically inclined. By the time she was eleven, she was helping her mother make strawberry tarts and the stuffing for roast chicken; soon she was an old hand at more elaborate family specials like nut *torte* (made with a dozen eggs and a pound of walnuts) and cabbage rolls (stuffed with meat and rice and covered with lemon sauce).

Out of those early days and her more recent responsibilities as the U.S. Army's chief menu planner, Helen has distilled a lot of practical wisdom about the care and feeding of men, but perhaps none more sage than this: "We'll never be able to beat Mom's cooking," she says. "Even the best steak in the world won't taste as good—if it's going to be served in Korea." THE END

COLLIER'S "Haven't you policemen ever seen a driver's license before? You're the fourth one today" GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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CONVENTION
Where Parties

"Hurry it up, Mac. I'd hate to get trapped in here and have to listen to those speeches!"

"I want a quiet room away from the elevators and the Democrats"

"I understand, Miss Loft, you're an *uninstructed* delegate"

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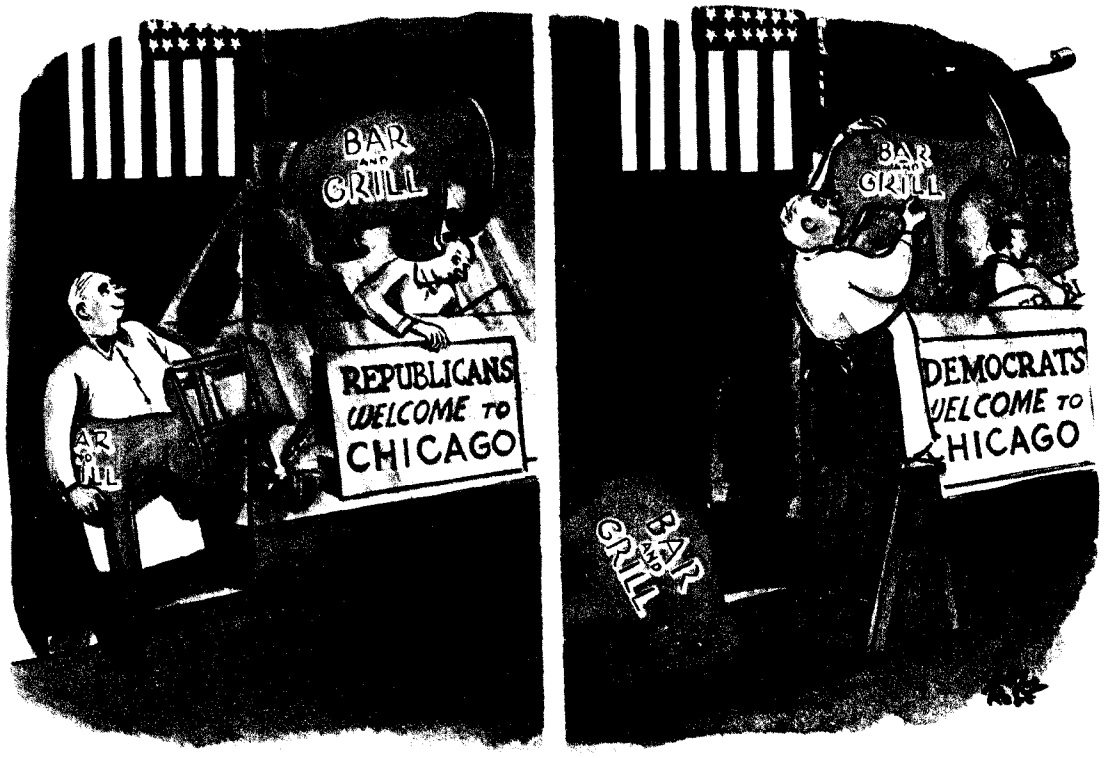
TIME AGAIN
Throw People



"This ought to last us through the keynoter"

"But why can't *your* man be *Vice*-President?"

"See you later. Got to see a gal over in Texas"

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Sorry Spectacle

By HANNIBAL COONS

It has Sirens and songs! It has poetry and pretty girls! It features the glories of the past! And at the moment, Dear George is trying to keep it from laying a $5,000,000 egg

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 10, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Bankhead
Birmingham, Alabama

Dear George:

George, what are you doing in Birmingham? Oh, I remember, I sent you down there. Anyway, forget it. I've got a rush job for you.

You no doubt know that lately we've been making more spectacles out here than a credit-plan optometrist. Great jillion-dollar pictures, one after another—Samson and Delilah, David and Bathsheba, Quo Vadis—all tremendous productions that cost four or five million dollars apiece to make. And it may have occurred to you that this seems like a pretty silly thing to do when the box office is suffering from the blind staggers, and cash is so of the essence.

Well, the reason, of course, is that the big pictures are the ones that are making the money. It takes such a terrific kick in the pants to get the citizens out of the house these days that the middle-budget pictures—our old standard cans of corn—just lie on the box-office floor, whining piteously. We pick up a small bundle on one of them now and then, and occasionally a little no-budget "sleeper" happens to catch on, but in general it's the big smashers that are bringing in the profits. If we shoot five million on a picture, we still take in fifteen.

Well, then, why don't we just make nothing but big ones and take in money by the carload? For one thing, there are only so many ideas on which to hang a big one. There have been only so many ladies named Cleopatra and so many little corporals named Napoleon.

Also, it has long been apparent to all that one of these days one of these five-million-dollar pictures was going to lay a five-million-dollar egg. And when and if that happened, whoever was responsible would naturally be given a severe reprimand and then be thrown into the bear pit at the Lincoln Park Zoo. Which would the unfortunate studio be? We all wondered.

Well, guess which? Lay it—cackle, cackle—we have done.

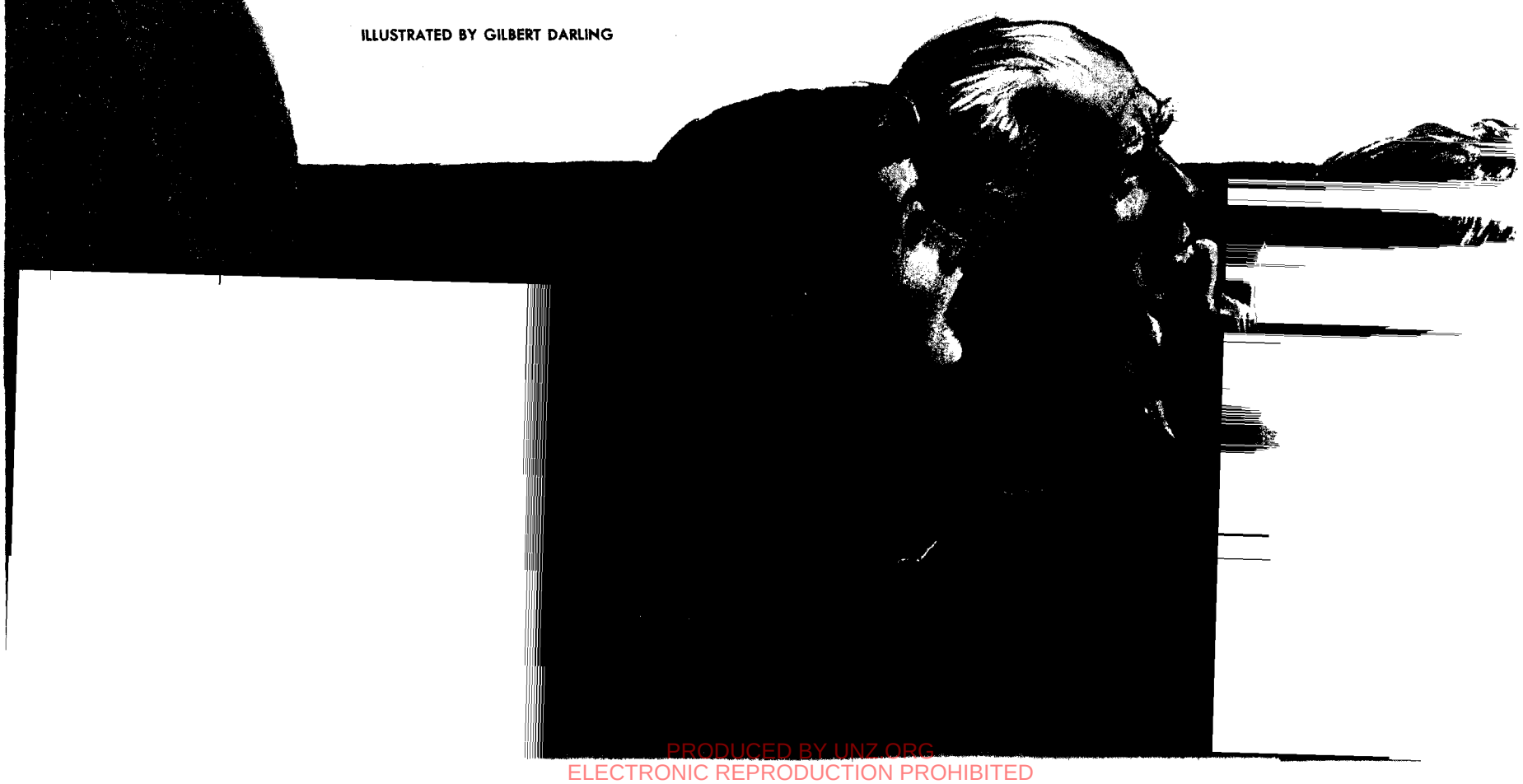
All due to somebody's misguided sense of humor around here. You have no idea what some of the bosses have been reading the last few years in the frantic search for big-picture stuff.

The number of Bibles to be found in the average Hollywood studio lately, for instance, would astound you. There are few more remarkable sights in this world than a Hollywood producer studiously reading the Bible, trying to find something he can use in a motion picture.

Anyway, as a Christmas present a couple of years ago, some unknown wag sent to our beloved executive producer, Harwell L. (Gus) Harwell, a copy of Bulfinch's Mythology, with all that old Greek and Roman whoop-de-do in it. Here, said the card from the anonymous

Gathering up the film, we marched proudly downstairs for the Southampton *première*. We put an extra speaker at the great critic's feet and turned up the sound till it would have deafened a stone

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



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wag, were all sorts of really big picture ideas, and all free. Why didn't we make Homer's Odyssey, for instance? That ought to sell well, particularly in Montana.

Well, Gus, of course, saw no humor in the thing at all. He took the book home that night, evidently puzzled out parts of it and came back to the studio the next morning so excited he could hardly stand it. He sped into his office and began playing the buzzer systems on his desk like Jesse Crawford at the mighty Wurlitzer. We were going to make Homer's immortal Oh-dyssey, he cried; it had everything—Ulysses, Cyclops, them Lotus-eaters, Calypso, Nausicaä, all them Sirens, dozens of the damnedest dames you ever heard of . . .

And by nine thirty, we were embarked on Culture.

And only a year later we had a script together and were ready to go. And it was at this point that fate dealt us a nasty blow. Gus tapped our newest wonder boy, Johnny Grant, to go over to Greece and direct and produce the thing. Which was all right so far, because Johnny is a pretty fair journeyman genius. But then Gus, overcome by his new learning, lost his head and hired, as technical adviser, world-famous Bernard Lyle of Harvard, the greatest living authority on Greek mythology—and the man who, completely unknown to Gus, had been Johnny's most revered professor during Johnny's apprenticeship there.

With the result that old Lyle and Johnny had hardly settled themselves in their cabin for the trip across before this insidious Lyle, fingering his famous whiskers, started saying, "What a pity it is that we can't do this thing right."

So, on the way across, they tore up the script and wrote a new one of their own. And when they got to Greece, Johnny landed with a missionary gleam in his eye and, by driving everybody night and day, he managed to waste the whole four-million-dollar budget in a little over three months—on nearly four hours of the straightest Greek mythology anybody in this world has ever seen. When Gus and the other heads of this place finally saw the picture, they let out a roar that frightened people in South Africa, and Johnny had no time for any explanation whatever; he barely made it out the door in a hail of ash trays. They are now tracking him with bloodhounds and expect to have him located any day for the hanging.

But that's water over the dam. Gus has since tried to do what he could with the mess. He's spent an extra million or so here, adding a big, phony-looking mechanical man to the Cyclops stuff and building up the scenes with them Sirens into something just this side of South Pacific. But let me tell you, it's been dull going. The picture, as we're now ready to give up and release it, isn't whatever it was that Johnny had in mind; it isn't good Hollywood; it's just nothing. Two hours and forty-five minutes of absolutely nothing.

When they asked me what I thought could be done with it, I said the only thing I could see to do was to let everybody in free and pick up what money we could renting pillows and blankets, like train porters. They didn't seem to appreciate that, so I retired to my own office and thought further.

And suddenly I had it. Or at least part of it. First we will make about a million prints of the thing and announce to the public that as our contribution to national defense we are going to release this great epic of entertainment generally, at popular prices, rather than roadshow it for several years, as it so richly deserves, at several dollars per ticket. Then, praying for clear weather, we will open the thing in every theater we can find, in every town in the country, on the same day. By this system, by the time the early viewers can make it home to tell the others to for Heaven's sakes stay away from the Bijou, we will already have stolen quite a bit of money. Maybe enough to get us partly off the hook.

I will, of course, make all the opening ads very "big picture"—just the name of our production, the time at which you will be allowed to see it if you're properly dressed, etc. For a few days, this dignified approach invariably fools 'em.

But by the fourth day of this one, believe me, the girls in the box offices will be back to reading their continued stories. And then, son, if you and I are going to continue to get paid, one of us is going to have to come up with something really inspired.

Got any ideas? Any *fast* ideas?

In haste,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

HAVE AN EXCELLENT IDEA. LET'S TRY RAISING CHINCHILLAS. THE ADS SAY YOU CAN DO IT IN ANY SPARE HALLWAY OR CLOSET, AND MAKE MONEY HAND OVER FIST. THE ONLY THING THAT PUZZLES ME IS, IF THEY ARE SO EASY TO RAISE WHY ARE CHINCHILLA COATS SO EXPENSIVE? BUT DICK, WE CAN WORK THAT OUT AS WE GO ALONG. JUST SEND ME ENOUGH MONEY FOR THE FIRST HEALTHY PAIR. GEORGE.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 13, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Bankhead
Birmingham, Alabama

Dear George:

Boy, if there's one thing in this world that's depressing it's somebody with a sense of humor. Ha! Ha! Ha! The one time I appeal to you for a little executive aid, what do I get?—that same old frayed page out of College Humor.

But you'll be happy to know that your gay wit hasn't delayed things at all. Knowing that you'd be about as much help as a rubber crutch, I went right ahead thinking. In an executive way.

And I've got it. Shut up and listen.

You know the great Arthur Samuels, the dean of American dramatic critics? Well, old Samuels has been accusing Hollywood for twenty years of not making any contribution to Culture. And up to now, I am sorry to say, we have not been able to think up a reply.

Well, I have now thought of one. We open The Odyssey on July twentieth. On the fourth day of the run, July twenty-third, when the people start staying away in droves, I will address to Mr. Samuels an amazing telegram. I will say: "Hah, Samuels, we finally answered your plea for Culture. We spent five million dollars making Homer's immortal Odyssey—with what result? Nobody is coming to see it. Nobody. Yesterday, in Three Fingers, Wyoming," I will say, "the total day's take was three dollars and eighty cents; in Oklahoma City, a full-grown deer was shot in the balcony—at a picture which cost us five million dollars to make. Hah, Samuels," I will say, "Culture—hah!"

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S — **"I traded the old car for a newer model, Bessie. Ain't it a beaut?"** — REAMER KELLER

I will sign this telegram with the name of our great producer, Mr. Harwell. And, after dispatching it to Samuels, I will dispatch verbatim copies to every Hollywood columnist, to every dramatic critic in the country, and to the AP, the UP and INS.

I will then sit back while all hell breaks loose. The fact that we have admitted publicly that business is bad on any new big picture, for any reason whatever, will astound one and all; and hundreds of panting columnists and newsmen will rush to their typewriters and microphones—half to boost us as a hero, half to condemn us as a traitor. But all writing and speaking in simple English and without charge.

And old Samuels—harumph, harumph—the key to the whole thing, will mount his creaking pulpit and blast America from coast to coast for not supporting Culture. "Better pictures we have asked for," he will cry, "and here is the better picture we have demanded; yet we are not supporting it. Attend!" he will cry.

And why will America's greatest dramatic critic perform this astounding service for us? Because I will trap him into blasting away without seeing the picture.

By now, you see, the great Samuels is ensconced in his plush-lined hideaway down at Key West. He heads down there every year at this time, when he and Broadway both gasp to a close, and I hear that while he is there he hardly ventures out the front door, even to get the morning paper. And so, when we release this great picture in our nation-wide shotgun blast on July twentieth, I will make it as easy as possible for him to see it by not showing it anywhere nearer Key West than, say Memphis. If he wants to see it, even after he gets the telegram, he will, unfortunately, have to take quite a drive. Knowing his vacation habits as I do, I am confident he won't. He will turn over and go back to sleep, figuring that I—Harwell—can be safely ignored. Nuts to me.

Sadder words were never spoken. Because, within a matter of minutes, all sorts of people will be frantically calling him for front-page statements, putting him in the unhappy position of either saying something without seeing the picture or of admitting that he doesn't know anything about it. Which for the great Arthur Samuels would be unthinkable. Arthur Samuels knows all about everything, at all times. Believe me, the only thing he can possibly do is accept my astounding telegram at face value and automatically start yelping from the ridgepole about Culture. Attend, Cleveland! Attend, East St. Louis!

And by the time the great hoorah dies down, forty jillion people will have paid their way in to see The Odyssey, just to see if it's any good or not, and we will take in and stack up, as I figure it, at least twelve million dollars.

And after everybody gets a good look at what I have trapped noisy old Samuels into endorsing, nobody in this world will ever pay any attention to him again. We can then get back to the picture business in some peace.

Isn't it a beauty?

And here is all I want you to do: Rush to Key West and stroll around town, calling softly, "Movies—movies . . ." When an elderly man comes to the window and spits, that will be Samuels. Pause, lurk about and make definitely sure of his plans. Maybe he has an old, trusted, easily bribed servant. At any rate, make sure exactly where he will be on the afternoon of July twenty-third. And exactly how I should address the telegram to him to insure instant delivery.

And that is all—repeat, all—I want you to do. But do it at once. The fate of worlds depends on it.

Best,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WOULD LOVE TO JOIN THIS SHORT TOUR OF CULTURE, BUT AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT I'M FOR A GAME OF KELLY POOL. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BANKHEAD BIRMINGHAM ALA

GEORGE, LOOK, WE'VE DONE THAT. JUST SHUT UP AND GO. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK BOY, HEARKEN. I DO THESE THINGS ONLY TO SLOW YOU DOWN A LITTLE. WHEN WE START INVADING THESE UPPER CULTURAL CIRCLES, WE ARE GOING DANGEROUSLY OUT OF OUR CLASS. THAT ARTHUR SAMUELS EVEN UNDERSTANDS BALLET. LET US THINK UP SOMETHING NOT SO HEAVILY LADEN WITH DYNAMITE. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BANKHEAD BIRMINGHAM ALA

WELL, YOU'VE TAKEN A GREAT WEIGHT OFF MY SHOULDERS. LOU BENTLEY HAS BEEN AFTER ME DAILY

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160 H.P.
More horsepower per dollar than any other new car!

A General Motors Value

What the motoring public wants today is *power*. Power for performance! Power for safety! Power for thrilling new driving ease! That's why Oldsmobile's Super "88"—*with more horsepower per dollar than any other car you can buy*—is such a sought-after value. It brings you the eager action of the famous 160-h.p. "Rocket" Engine. PLUS! . . . Hydra-Matic Super Drive* . . . GM Hydraulic Steering* . . . Autronic-Eye* . . . and the smartest, sleekest lines you ever saw. Better make a date with this "88" . . . soon!

*Oldsmobile Super "88" 2-Door Sedan. *Hydra-Matic Super Drive, GM Hydraulic Steering, Autronic-Eye optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim, subject to change without notice.*

"ROCKET"
OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO CUT DOWN THE STAFF AND I FINALLY SEE WHERE I CAN SAVE SOME MONEY. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
LEAVING NOW. GEORGE.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
July 13, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

I hope you won't be too surprised that I have reached New York on my way from Birmingham to Key West. This seeming error of navigation is due to my having found that in these brilliant sorties of yours you are prone to go off, shall we say, a little half-cocked. Whereas I, being a former military man (Pfc), like somewhat fuller reconnaissance. Before galloping off to Florida, therefore, I grabbed a passing plane up here to do a little personal checking up on our victim.

And is it a good thing that I did! What a mistake you were about to make! Whew!

Dick, I know you were desperate, but where did you get this idea that you could keep Arthur Samuels from getting the low-down on a picture by just not showing it near his vacation spot? Just as I feared, you turn out to be sadly in error. You certainly know that most of those Hollywood columnists out there have all sorts of tireless assistants; what made you think that anyone as important as Arthur Samuels did all his own work?

At any rate, a mere five-minute walk around town discloses the horrifying truth that Mr. Samuels maintains a thriving office here at all times, staffed by every variety of capable assistant, male, female, short, tall, and including the Scandinavian.

When he got your great telegram, all in the world he would have to do would be to grasp his telephone, call his office here, and in a trice he would have every hideous fact regarding your picture. And he would then indeed mount his ridgepole and blast you right out across Catalina Island. In other words, it was a bouncy idea, but it won't work.

Is there anything else you'd like me to do here before I head back to Birmingham?

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER NEW YORK NY
GOOD LORD, IT SEEMS THAT EVERYBODY IN THIS WORLD HAS AT LEAST ONE CAPABLE ASSISTANT EXCEPT ME. HERE I AM, HAVING MORE TROUBLE ON THIS FOOL ODYSSEY THAN ULYSSES HAD, AND ALL YOU CAN SAY IS TOO BAD, IT CAN'T BE DONE. NUTS TO THAT. DO IT. BRIBE HIS INFERNAL ASSISTANTS. INTERCEPT THE CALL. CUT THE PHONE LINE AT MIAMI. DON'T JUST SIT THERE. DO SOMETHING. RICHARD L. REED.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
July 14, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Has anybody ever thought of naming a battleship after you? I know they're usually named only for states, but in your case I think they might make an exception. You're so unsinkable.

When I got your heartening wire, I naturally first called down to room service for some poison. But they insisted on knowing whether I wanted beverage room service, or food room service, so I told them to forget it.

And striding briskly about the room, I got to thinking. Maybe, just maybe. . . .

And suddenly I grasped my own phone. Two could play at this game. If we were worried about Samuels calling here, the thing to do was to forestall it by calling there. And in a whipstitch I had a call through to Arthur Samuels at Key West, Florida. "Mr. Samuels," I said, speaking in a low, confidential tone, "this is George Seibert in New York, and I think you're an old donkey."

"I'll carry this case to the highest court in the land . . . but in the meantime you better try to escape"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

"What is it? What is it?" he said. "Speak up, boy, speak up!"

"Blub blub blub blub blub," I said, and hung up!

So far, it worked! Once again, full reconnaissance had paid off. The old goat *was* deaf.

I had heard this around town, but I always believe in checking these things personally.

I hung up, therefore, with vast relief. The rumors were true. For at least ten years, people here say, Samuels has really not heard one line of the dialogue he has so acidly criticized. Even with his concealed hearing aid turned up to full military power, he can bring in only a faint buzz from the stage. It doesn't bother him a bit. He goes blithely on, making his sweeping, white-tie entrances at all the opening nights and blasting every third play out of existence. He blandly denies even the existence of any hearing aid, and by now he is such a national institution that the citizens are helpless.

Occasional Broadway wits enjoy slapping him on his batteries when they ask how are things, but other than that, no one has been able to do a thing about him.

Till now. I think maybe I've got the old boy in my sights.

Here's the plan. I will get a projection outfit and a print of the picture from our distribution office here, and then head posthaste for Florida. I will take nearly all of the tubes out of the speaker unit and turn the rest down to the merest whisper. I will then call upon Mr. Samuels in his hideaway, and I will speak as follows: "Beloved Mr. Samuels," I will say, shouting into his tie clasp, which is really his hearing button, "we come on bended knee because we are in a terrible quandary. We finally acted upon your gracious advice; we have spent five million dollars making Homer's immortal Odyssey—a truly Cultural motion picture. But now that we are about to release it, we have suddenly got the queasies, because we are afraid that somebody in the audience will shout 'Where's Roy Rogers?' or 'Hi-yo Ulysses!' and we will get laughed out of town. And if that happens, nobody in Hollywood will ever dare attempt Culture again. Mr. Samuels," I will yell, "The Odyssey just *has* to be a success, or Hollywood will go back into the Dark Ages of more gangster pictures. Just *look* at this great picture, sir," I will say, starting to blubber.

I will then leap up and start the performance, the sound so faint it could be heard only by a fairly young burro. As it starts, I will scribble a note and hand it to him: *Sorry the sound is so loud, but there's just no way to turn it down.* And if my reports on his horrible trickery are true, he will nod sagely and frantically fiddle with his controls, trying to hear anything at all. Thus missing most of the picture.

During the showing, I will pass him other little notes, such as: *Did you ever hear such dialogue! Pure Homer.* And when it ends, I will regretfully shut off the machine, brush away a tear and shout, "Inspiring, wasn't it? We just wanted you to know that we *tried.*"

And shaking his somewhat puzzled hand, I will take my picture, and my machine, and go.

And then, when you shoot your great telegram, he will at least think that he knows all about it, he will climb on the band wagon without a backward glance, and we will have a promotion that will set this country on its ear.

What a lucky thing it was that I was available to help you with this mad project.

As ever.
George.

P.S. If you have any other pictures you'd like Samuels to see, air express them to me at Key West. While I've got him eating out of our hand we might as well knock off several birds with one rock.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER NEW YORK NY
I'LL KNOCK YOU OFF WITH ONE ROCK. DON'T YOU DARE SHOW THAT PICTURE TO SAMUELS. I DON'T CARE HOW DEAF HE IS; HE COULD SMELL THIS ONE. LOOK, JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING. I'M GETTING THAT AWFUL FEELING THAT I NEVER SHOULD HAVE GOT YOU IN ON THIS ONE. GO BACK TO BIRMINGHAM. OR GO TO HONG KONG. ONLY DON'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR KEY WEST. DO YOU HEAR ME? DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
CERTAINLY I HEAR YOU. IT'S SAMUELS THAT'S DEAF, NOT ME. AND, BOY, WITH ME ORDERS ARE ORDERS. KEY WEST TRIP DEFINITELY OFF. YES, SIR. GEORGE.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
GEORGE JUST IN HERE AND TALKED WITHERSPOON OUT OF PRINT OF ODYSSEY TO SHOW TO SOME DRAMATIC CRITIC. HOW COME? LOU BENTLEY GAVE DEFINITE ORDERS NO ODYSSEY PRINT TO BE LET OUT OR EVEN SHOWN TO ANYONE BEFORE RELEASE DATE. SENDING BENTLEY FULL REPORT. REFUSE TO GET CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OVER SOMETHING THAT ISN'T MY FAULT. SID SILVERS.

SID SILVERS
FEDERAL PICTURES DISTRIB OFF
NEW YORK NY
GEORGE ACTING ON OWN KNUCKLEHEADED INITIATIVE, NATURALLY. HAS FOR FIRST TIME DEFINITELY DISOBEYED A DIRECT ORDER. FIND HIM IMMEDIATELY, GRAB BACK THAT PRINT, PIN HIM TO THE GROUND WITH A FORKED STICK AND WIRE ME AT ONCE. RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
GEORGE CHECKED OUT OF HOTEL HERE LEAVING NO TRACE.
SID SILVERS.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
July 15, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Before I leave here, I want to get off a short note to let you know of my plans.

And whatever happens, don't ever say that I am disobeying an order. I am not. Your order was for me not to go near Key West. Okay, I am not going near Key West. Samuels is coming up here.

It was the luckiest thing imaginable. Right after I'd wired you my bounden promise not to go attack old Samuels in his Florida lair, I called his office here just to find out if there would be anyone in attendance over the week end. I like to know these things, because there is always the chance that I will need something at an odd hour. I have, once or twice.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, a chatty sort—possibly due to the fact that I had told her I was Oscar Hammerstein—"there will certainly be someone in the office this week end, because Mr. Samuels will be in town."

"He will?" I said, my toes starting a strange jungle vibration.

"Yes," she said, "he gets in this afternoon and he'll be here through Monday. He's coming up for Sam Abbott's wedding."

"Well, thank you very much," I said, "and good luck to Sam."

And as soon as I could get the phone hung up, I sped off across town. If Samuels was suddenly being brought to me, after my promising not to go to him, it could only mean that I was supposed to go ahead and show him the picture. You can't ignore sheer fate. Particularly since I could now do it without in any way disobeying your orders. As I see it.

As soon as I mail this, therefore, I will change hotels; just so you can't throw a loop around me till I get my business done; and I will hasten over to the distribution office and talk them out of a print and a projector. I will then lie in wait for old Samuels somewhere, till I can somehow catch him alone and defenseless long enough to make him think that he's seen this picture. And don't worry. Nobody will see the picture but me and Samuels, and nobody will hear it but me. I assure you. Almost by the time you get this, I will have everything here completely under control.

As ever,
George.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
RUN FOR THE HILLS! MADE PERFECTLY INNOCENT DATE TO SHOW OLD SAMUELS THE PICTURE TOMORROW NIGHT AT HIS HOUSE OUT AT SOUTHAMPTON, AND NOW I HEAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE HAS INVITED EVERY DRAMATIC, MOVIE AND EVEN MUSIC AND BALLET CRITIC IN NEW YORK. A VERITABLE SYMPOSIUM OF CULTURE. WHEW. BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL WORK IT OUT. SOMEHOW. JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW HOW THINGS ARE GOING.

GEORGE.

CHIEF OF POLICE
SOUTHAMPTON LONG ISLAND NY

QUICK. FORMER EMPLOYEE OF OURS NOW GOING UNDER ALIAS GEORGE SEIBERT HAS STOLEN PRINT OF OUR FORTHCOMING EPIC THE ODYSSEY AND IS ON HIS WAY TO SOUTHAMPTON HOME OF DRAMATIC CRITIC ARTHUR SAMUELS. SEIBERT BELIEVED ARMED AND DANGEROUS. POST ADEQUATE GUARD AROUND SAMUELS HOME, APPREHEND THIS CULPRIT DEAD OR ALIVE AND WIRE ME COLLECT. REWARD.

RICHARD L. REED,
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS. MR. SAMUELS SEEMED MYSTIFIED BUT GRATEFUL FOR GUARDS STATIONED AROUND HIS HOME LAST NIGHT. BUT THIS MORNING AT DAWN HE SUDDENLY TURNED ON US. SLASHED AT ONE MAN WITH SOMETHING THAT APPEARED TO BE A HEARING AID. AND NOW SOME BIG PARTY SEEMS TO BE GETTING UNDER WAY THERE. AWAITING FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

SAM TEAL, DEPUTY
SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING A NET AND COLLECTING YOUR POLICE DOGS? THEY'RE MESSING UP THE SHRUBBERY. OTHERWISE, EVERYTHING FINE HERE. GOOD OLD ART SAMUELS, BERNARD LYLE, JOHNNY AND I HAVING WONDERFUL TIME WITH PARTY OF FRIENDS. YES, JOHNNY AND BERNIE. THE CULPRITS WHO MADE THE PICTURE, ARE HERE AT SOUTHAMPTON WITH US. X MARKS OUR ROOM. AIR-MAIL SPECIAL FOLLOWS WITH TRULY AMAZING DETAILS. I TOLD YOU NOT TO WORRY ABOUT THIS. I'M RIGHT HERE. LOVE.

GEORGE.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
July 16, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. But before I retire to my well-earned couch, I want to get a fast final report off to you, in the hope that it may keep you from blowing your head off. Some people should just never be allowed firearms.

But to business.

Late yesterday, when in my temporary extremity I wired you to look out for falling timbers, things did not look good here. In fact, I thought we were cooked. I began to know how Ulysses felt when he was caught in that Scylla and Charybdis business. I couldn't possibly back out, and neither could I possibly unveil Gus's celluloid monstrosity before all these high and mighty critics. We would be instantly arrested for indecent exposure.

It would even have been better, I thought wildly, to show these characters Johnny's original version. That was at least straight, even if straight paregoric. Maybe if Johnny had only had a chance to cut it a little.

And suddenly I sprang to the phone as to the back of a charger. "Hollywood!" I cried to the operator. "Get me Hollywood!" And I put through a call to certain underground contacts I happen to have there in the studio, and in two minutes I found out where Johnny was hiding out and got through to him. And rapidly sketched in a plan. Other friends there in the studio, who shall be forever nameless, then stole a print of Johnny's original version of the picture out of the lab vault, and within the hour Johnny was on a plane on his way here. With all the original film, plus a Moviola editing viewer and a medium-priced splicer. Plus—a sheer bonus plus I hadn't even known of till I talked to Johnny—a good hour of additional Odyssey film he'd shot over there, which he'd considered too classical even to show to Gus the first time around. He'd thought it best to confine that first showing mainly to the "production value" stuff he thought they could most easily understand, saving what he considered the really good stuff till later, after he'd got them a little used to the marvels of mythology—an unfortunate decision, because, as it had turned out, there had been no later. Could he now bring this good stuff with him and work it into a brand-new version of the picture? Could he? Indeed he could!

I then called Bernard Lyle in Boston, and he hastened down to join the group. We all met at dawn, at Samuels' house at Southampton. While Samuels made a diversion at the front door by attacking the constabulary, we made it in the back door.

And all day today, Johnny and old Lyle, working against time in the midst of a mounting hubbub, edited the film as Johnny had always intended that it should be edited. By shortly after eight tonight, Johnny had his original five hours of film cut into the most thoroughly wonderful two-hour picture that I think I've ever seen.

And when Samuels hallooed up the stairs to tell his old friend Lyle that they were ready—I figured all along that Samuels and Lyle might know each other—we were also ready, and, gathering up the film and our paraphernalia, we marched proudly downstairs for the Southampton *première*. We put an extra speaker directly at the great critic's feet and turned up the sound on it till it would have deafened a stone. And Samuels just loved it. As did everybody. It was now as Johnny had meant to tell it, the fantastic but simple story of the adventures of Ulysses in getting home to Penelope after the Trojan War. The struggle of every man, after every war, to get home to his wife. When he finally made it, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

At any rate, by this time tomorrow, the whole country will be singing the praises of Homer's Odyssey. Although, believe me, it should really be called Homer's and Johnny's Odyssey. Or maybe even better, Gus's Odyssey, because it was really Gus who brought the whole thing about: true art has some strange handmaidens. But whatever it's called, this picture will still be packing them in when you and I are old Magee. Oh, I forgot to tell you. It wasn't only us known Culture-lovers that liked it here. On Johnny's cross-my-heart assurance that he could pull it off, I also called Sid Silvers of the New York distribution office and had him come out. And Sid has promised to go to work on the distribution end as he has never worked on a picture before. Just as soon as he can stop sobbing. I *knew* we'd do it someday, he said.

Which leaves only one thing. How about getting me back the three fifty I spent for that lousy copy of Bulfinch? Believe me, I'll never try a joke with that Gus again. That man just has no sense of humor.

As ever,
George.

THE END

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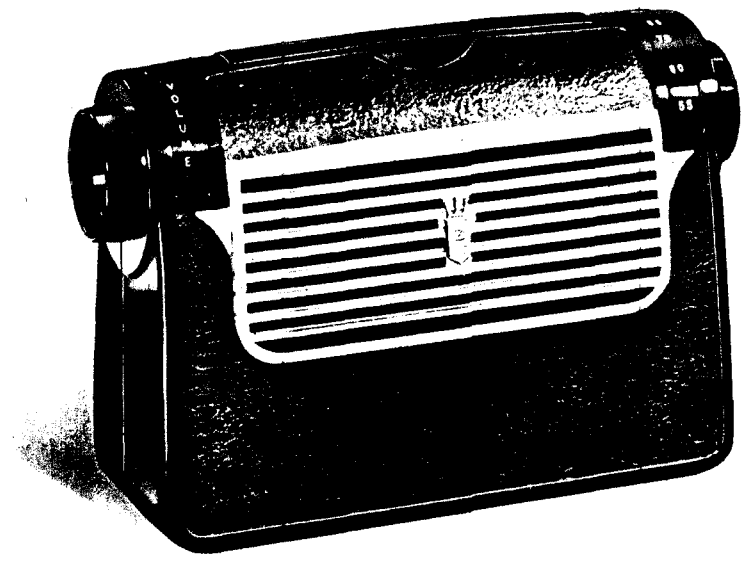

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(Above) New Zenith "Universal" Portable. Built-in Wavemagnet Antenna. Zenith-built extra-large Speaker, new Zenith oversized "End Tuning" knobs. Convenient "Carry-About" handles. Black Stag or Tan "Madagasca" (washable). AC, DC and battery operation.

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The Package

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

The Fentons lived in a push-button house, had push-button ideas, led push-button lives. A man like Charley just didn't fit the pattern

"WHAT do you know about that?" said Earl Fenton. He unslung his stereoscopic camera, took off his coat and laid the coat and the camera on top of the television-radio-phonograph console. "Here we go on a trip clean around the world, Maude, and two minutes after we come back to our new house, the telephone rings. That's civilization for you."

"For you, Mist' Fenton," said the maid.

"Earl Fenton speaking . . . Who? . . . You got the right Fenton? There's a *Brudd* Fenton on San Bonito Boulevard . . . Yes, that's right, I did. Class of 1910 . . . Wait! No! Sure I do! Listen, you tell the hotel to go to hell, Charley; you're my guest . . . Have we got room?"

Earl covered the mouthpiece and grinned at his wife, Maude. "He wants to know if we've got room!" He spoke into the telephone again. "Listen, Charley, we've got rooms I've never been in. No kidding. We just moved in today—five minutes ago. . . . No, it's all fixed up. Decorator furnished the place nice as you please weeks ago, and the servants got everything going like a dollar watch, so we're ready. Catch a cab, you hear? . . .

"No, I sold the plant last year. Kids are grown up and on their own and all—young Earl's a doctor now; got a big house in Santa Monica; and Ted's just passed his bar exams and gone in with his Uncle George— Yeah, and Maude and I, we've just decided to sit back and take a well-earned— But the hell with talking on the phone. You come right on out. Boy! Have we got a lot of catching up to do!" He hung up and made clucking sounds with his tongue.

Maude was examining a switch panel in the hallway. "I don't know if this thingamajig works the air conditioning or the garage doors or the windows or what," she said.

"We'll get Lou Converse out here to show us how everything works," said Earl. Converse was the contractor who had put up the rambling, many-leveled, ranch-type house for them during their trip abroad.

Earl's expression became thoughtful as he gazed through a picture window at the flagstone terrace and grill, flooded with California sunshine, and at the cartwheel gate that opened onto the macadam driveway, and at the garage, with its martin house, weathercock and two Cadillacs. "By golly, Maude," he said, "I just finished talking to a ghost."

"Um?" Maude said absently. "Aha! See, the picture window goes up, and down comes the screen. Ghost? Who on earth?"

"Freeman, Charley Freeman. A name from the past, Maude. I couldn't believe it at first. Charley was a fraternity brother and just about the biggest man in the whole class of 1910. Track star, president of the fraternity, editor of the paper, Phi Beta."

"Goodness! What's he doing coming here to see poor little us?" Maude said playfully.

Earl didn't smile with her. He was seeing a troubling tableau that had been in the back of his mind for many years: Charley Freeman, beautifully dressed, urbane, was having a plate set before him by Earl, who wore a waiter's jacket. When he'd invited Charley to come on out, Earl's enthusiasm had been largely automatic, the reflex of a man who prided himself on being a plain, ordinary, friendly fellow, for all of his success. Now, remembering their college relationship, Earl found that the prospect of Charley's arrival was making him uncomfortable. "He was a rich kid," Earl said. "One of those guys"—and his voice was tinged with bitterness—"who had everything. You know?"

"Well, hon," said Maude, "you weren't exactly behind the door when they passed out the looks and brains."

"No—but when they passed out the money, they handed me a waiter's jacket and a mop." She looked at him sympathetically, and he was encouraged to pour out his heart on the subject. "By golly, Maude, it does something to a man to go around having to wait on guys his same age, cleaning up after 'em, and seeing them with nice clothes and all the money in the world, going off to some resort in the summer when I had to go to work to pay next year's tuition." Earl was surprised at the emotion in his voice. "And all the time they're looking down on you, like there was something wrong with people who weren't handed their money on a silver platter."

"Well, that makes me good and mad!" Maude said, squaring her shoulders indignantly, as though to protect Earl from those who'd humiliated him in college. "If this great Charley Freeman snooted you in the old days, I don't see why we should have him in the house now."

"Oh, heck—forgive and forget," Earl said gloom-

Earl held the five-pound slab of steak over the grill. "Hurry up," he said. "I can't hold a cow all day." But behind his smile, he was nettled by Charley's bland dismissal of his grievances

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ily. "Doesn't throw me any more. He seemed to want to come out, and I try to be a good fellow, no matter what."

"So what's the high and mighty Freeman doing now?"

"Don't know. Something big, I guess. He went to med school; and I came back here, and we kind of lost touch." Experimentally, Earl pressed a button on the wall. From the basement came muffled whirs and clicks, as machines took control of the temperature and humidity and purity of the atmosphere about him. "But I don't expect Charley's doing a bit better than this."

"What were some of the things he did to you?" Maude pursued, still indignant.

Earl waved the subject away with his hand. There weren't any specific incidents that he could tell Maude about. People like Charley Freeman hadn't come right out and said anything to humiliate Earl when he'd waited on them. But just the same, Earl was sure that he'd been looked down on, and he was willing to bet that when he'd been out of earshot, they'd talked about him, and . . .

HE SHOOK his head in an effort to get rid of his dour mood, and he smiled. "Well, Mama, what say we have a little drinkie, and then take a tour of the place? If I'm going to show it to Charley, I'd better find out how a few of these gimcracks work, or he'll think old Earl is about as at home in a setup like this as a retired janitor or waiter or something. By golly, there goes the phone again! That's civilization for you."

"Mist' Fenton," the maid said, "it's Mist' Converse."

"Hello, Lou, you old horse thief. Just looking over your handiwork. Maude and I are going to have to go back to college for a course in electrical engineering, ha, ha . . . Eh? Who? . . . No kidding. They really want to? . . . Well, I guess that's the kind of thing you have to expect to go through. If they've got their heart set on it, okay. Maude and I go clean around the world, and two minutes after we're home, it's like the middle of Grand Central Station."

He hung up, and scratched his head in mock wonderment and weariness. In reality, he was awfully pleased with the activity, with the bell-ringing proof that his life, unlike his ownership of the plant and the raising of his kids and the world cruise, was barely begun.

"What now?" said Maude.

"Aw, Converse says some fool home magazine wants to do a story on the place, and they want to get the pictures this afternoon."

"What fun!"

"Yeah—I guess. I dunno. I don't want to be standing around in all the pictures like some stuffed shirt." To show how little he cared, he interested himself in another matter. "I don't know why she wouldn't, considering what we paid her, but that decorator really thought of everything, you know?" He'd opened a little closet next to the terrace doors and found an apron, a chef's hat and asbestos gloves inside. "By golly, you know, that's pretty rich. See what it says on the apron, Maude?"

"Cute," said Maude, and she read the legend aloud: *"Don't shoot the cook, he's doing the best he can.* Why, you look like a regular Oscar of the Waldorf, Earl. Now let me see you in the hat."

He grinned bashfully and fussed with the hat. "Don't know exactly how one of the fool things is supposed to go. Feel kind of like a man from Mars."

"Well, you look wonderful to me, and I wouldn't trade you for a hundred stuck-up Charley Freemans."

They wandered arm-in-arm over the flagstone terrace to the grill, a stone edifice that might have been mistaken from a distance for a branch post office. They kissed, as they had kissed beside the Great Pyramid, the Colosseum and the Taj Mahal.

"You know something, Maude?" said Earl, a great emotion ballooning in his breast. "You know, I used to wish my old man was rich, so you and I could have had a place like this right off—bing!—the minute I got out of college, and we got married. But you know, we couldn't have had this moment, looking back and knowing, by God, we made every inch of the way on our own. And we understand the little guy, Maude, because we were little guys once. By gosh, nobody born with a silver spoon in their mouth can buy that understanding. A lot of people on the cruise didn't want to look at all that terrible poverty

"How do I know they're biting up there? Because I read an article by the fishing editor of the Sunday Times that they're biting up there!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

in Asia, like their consciences bothered them. But us—well, seeing as how we'd come up the hard way, I don't guess we had much on our consciences, and we could look out at those poor people and kind of understand."

"Uh-huh," Maude said gravely.

Earl worked his fingers in the thick gloves. "And tonight I'm going to broil you and me and Charley a sirloin steak as thick as a Manhattan phone book, and deserve every ounce of it, if I do say so myself."

"We aren't even unpacked."

"So what? I'm not tired. Got a lot of living to do, and the quicker I get at it, the more I'll get done."

EARL and Maude were in the living room, Earl still in his chef's outfit, when Charley Freeman was ushered in by the maid.

"By golly!" Earl said gaily, "if it isn't Charley!"

Charley was still thin and erect, and the chief mark of age upon him was the graying of his thick hair. While his face was lined, it was still confident and wise-looking, still, in Earl's opinion, subtly mocking. There was so much left of the old Charley, in fact, that the college relationship, dead for forty years, came alive again in Earl's mind. In spite of himself, Earl felt resentfully servile, felt crude and dull. His only defense was the old one—hidden resentment, with a promise that things would be very different before long.

"Been a long time, hasn't it, Earl?" Charley said, his voice still deep and virile. "You're looking fine."

"Lot of water can go over the dam in forty years," Earl said. He was running his finger nervously over the rich fabric of the sofa. And then he remembered Maude, who was standing rigid, thin-lipped, behind him. "Oh, excuse me, Charley; this is my wife, Maude."

"This is a pleasure I've had to put off for a long time," said Charley. "I feel I know you, Earl spoke of you so much in college."

"How do you do?" Maude said expressionlessly.

"Far better than I had any reason to expect six months ago," said Charley. "Golly, what a handsome house!" He laid his hand on the television-radio-phonograph console. "Now, what the devil do you call this?"

"Huh?" said Earl. "TV set. What's it look like?"

"TV?" said Charley, frowning. *"TV?* Oh—abbreviation for television. That it?"

"You kidding me, Charley?"

"No, really. There must be more than a billion and a half poor souls who've never seen one of the things, and I'm one of them. Does it hurt to touch the glass part?"

"The tube?" Earl laughed uneasily. "Hell, no; go ahead."

"Mr. Freeman's probably got a tube five times as big as this one at home," said Maude, smiling coldly, "and he's kidding us along like he doesn't even know this is a TV set, the tube's so small."

"Well, Charley," Earl said briskly, cutting into the uncomfortable silence that followed Maude's comment, "and to what do we owe the honor of this visit?"

"For old times' sake," said Charley. "I happened to be in town, and I remem—"

Before Charley could elaborate, he was interrupted by a party composed of Lou Converse, the contractor; a photographer from Home Beautiful; and a young pretty woman writer.

THE photographer, who introduced himself simply as Slotkin, took command of the household, and, as he was to do for the whole of his stay, he quickly quashed all talk and activities not related to getting the magazine pictures taken. "Zo," said Slotkin, "und de gimmick is de pagatch, eh?"

"Baggage?" said Earl.

"Package," said the woman. "See, the angle on the story is that you come home from a world cruise to a complete package for living—everything anybody could possibly want for a full life."

"Oh."

"It's complete," said Lou Converse, "complete right down to a fully stocked wine cellar and a pantry filled with gourmet specialties. Brand-new cars, brand-new everything."

"Aha! Dey vin a condezt."

"He sold his factory and retired," said Converse.

"Maude and I figured we owed ourselves a little something," said Earl. "We held back all these years, putting money back into the business and all, and then, when the kids were grown up and the big offer came for the plant, we all of a sudden felt kind of crazy, and said, 'Why not?' And we just went ahead and ordered everything we'd ever wanted."

Earl glanced at Charley Freeman, who stood apart and in the background, half smiling, seeming to be fascinated by the scene. "We started out, Maude and I," said Earl, "in a two-room apartment down by the docks. Put that in the story," he told the writer.

"We had love," Maude said shyly.

"Yes," said Earl, "and I don't want people to think I'm just another stuffed shirt who was born with a wad of money and blew himself to this setup. No, sir! This is the end of a long, hard road. Write that down. Charley remembers me back in the old days, when I had to work my way through school."

"Rugged days for Earl," Charley said obligingly.

Now the center of attention, Earl felt his self-confidence returning, and he began to see Charley's coming back into his life at this point as a generous act of fate, a fine opportunity to settle the old scores once and for all. "It wasn't the work that made it rugged," Earl said pointedly.

Charley seemed surprised by Earl's vehemence. "All right," he said amiably, "then the work wasn't rugged. It was so long ago I can remember it either way."

"I mean it was tough being looked down on because I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," said Earl.

"Earl!" said Charley, smiling in his incredulity. "As many fatheads as we had for fraternity brothers, not one of them for a minute looked down—"

"De vords are de easy part," Slotkin said impatiently. "Make ready for de pigdures. Stardt mit de grill. Food! Ve vandt food all aroundt de grill—bread, saladt und a big, bloody piece of meadt."

The maid brought a five-pound slab of steak from the freezer, and Earl held it up over the grill. "Hurry up," he said good-humoredly. "Can't hold a cow at arm's length all day." Behind his smile, however, he was nettled by Charley's bland dismissal of his college grievances.

"Hold it!" said Slotkin. The flash bulbs went off. "Goot!"

And the party moved indoors. There,

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Earl and Maude, and sometimes a maid, posed in room after room, watering a plant in the solarium, reading the latest book before the living-room fireplace, working push-button windows, chatting with the maid over the laundry console, planning menus, having a drink at the rumpus-room bar, sawing a plank in the workshop, dusting off Earl's gun collection in the den.

And always there was Charley Freeman at the rear of the entourage, missing nothing, looking greatly entertained as Maude and Earl demonstrated their packaged good life. Under Charley's gaze, Earl became more and more restless and self-conscious as he performed, and Slotkin berated him for wearing such a counterfeit smile.

"By God, Maude," said Earl, perspiring in the master bedroom, "if I ever have to come out of retirement—knock on wood—I can go on television as a quick-change artist. This better be the last picture, by golly. Feel like a darn' clotheshorse."

But the feeling didn't prevent his changing once more at Slotkin's command, this time into a tuxedo. Slotkin wanted a picture of dinner by candlelight. The dining-room curtains would be drawn, electrically, to hide the fact of midafternoon outdoors.

"Well, I guess Charley's getting an eyeful," said Earl, distorting his face as he punched a collar button into place. "I think he's pretty darn' impressed." His voice lacked conviction, and he looked hopefully to Maude for confirmation.

SHE was sitting at her dressing table, staring mercilessly at her image in the mirror, trying on different bits of jewelry. "H'mm?"

"I said I guess Charley's pretty impressed."

"*Him*," she said flatly. "He's just a little *too* smooth, if you ask me. After the way he used to snoot you, and then he comes here all smiles and good manners."

"Yeah," said Earl, with a sigh. "Doggone it, he used to make me feel like two bits, and he still does, looking at us like we were showing off instead of just trying to help a magazine out. And did you hear what he said when I came right out and told him what I didn't like about college?"

"He acted like you just made it up, like it was just in your mind. Oh, he's a slick article, all right. But I'm not going to let him get my goat," Maude said bravely. "This started out as the happiest day of our lives, and it's going to go on being that. And you want to know something else?"

"What's that?" Backed by Maude, Earl felt his morale rising. He hadn't been absolutely sure that Charley was inwardly making fun of them, but Maude apparently was, and she was burned up about it, too.

HER voice dropped to a whisper. "For all his superior ways, and kidding us about our TV set and everything, I don't think the great Charley Freeman amounts to a hill of beans. Did you see his suit—up close?"

"Well, Slotkin kept things moving so fast, I don't guess I got a close look."

"You can bet *I* did. Earl," Maude said triumphantly, "it's all worn and shiny, and the cuffs are a sight! I'd die of shame if you went around in a suit like that."

Earl was startled. He had been so on the defensive that it hadn't occurred to him that Charley's fortunes could be anything but what they'd been in college. "Maybe a favorite old suit he hates to chuck out," he said at last. "Rich people are funny about things like that sometimes."

"He's got on a favorite old shirt and a favorite old pair of shoes too."

"I can't believe it," murmured Earl. He pulled aside a curtain for a glimpse of the fairyland of the terrace and grill, where Charley Freeman stood chatting with Slotkin and Converse and the writer. The cuffs of Charley's trousers, Earl saw with amazement, were indeed frayed, and the heels of his shoes were worn thin. Earl touched a button, and a bedroom window slithered open.

"It's a pleasant town," Charley was telling them. "I might as well settle here as anywhere, since I haven't very strong reasons for living in any particular part of the country."

"Zo eggspensif!" said Slotkin.

"Yes," said Charley, "I'd probably be

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smart to move inland, where my money'd go a little farther. Lord, it's incredible what things cost these days!"

Maude laid her hand on Earl's shoulder. "Seems kind of fishy, doesn't it?" she whispered. "You don't hear from him for forty years, and all of a sudden he shows up, down and out, to pay us a big, friendly call. What's he after?"

"Said he just wanted to see me for old times' sake," Earl said uneasily.

Maude sniffed. "You believe that?"...

The dining-room table looked like an open treasure chest, with the flames of the candelabra caught in a thousand perfect surfaces—the silver, the china, the facets of the crystal, Maude's rubies that Earl had bought in Bombay and Maude's and Earl's proud eyes. The maid set steaming soup, prepared for the sake of the picture, before them.

"Perfect!" said Slotkin. "Zo! Now talk."

"What about?" said Earl.

"Anything," said the woman writer. "Just so the picture won't looked posed. Talk about your trip. How does the situation in Asia look?"

It was a question Earl wasn't inclined to chat about lightly.

"You've been to Asia?" said Charley.

Earl smiled modestly. "India, Burma, the Philippines, Japan. All in all, Maude and I must have spent two months looking the situation over."

"Earl and I took every side trip there was," said Maude. "He just had to see for himself what was what."

"Trouble with the State Department is they're all up in an ivory tower," said Earl.

BEYOND the glittering camera lens and the bank of flash-bulb reflectors, he saw the eyes of Charley Freeman. Expert talk on large affairs had been among Charley's many strong points in college, and Earl had only been able to listen humbly and nod and wonder. Now it was Earl's turn to talk informally, fluently.

"Yes sir," said Earl, summing up, "the situation looked just about hopeless to everybody on the cruise but Maude and me, and it took us a while to figure out why that was. Then we realized that we were about the only ones who'd pulled themselves up by their bootstraps —that we were the only ones who really understood that no matter how low a man is, if he's got what it takes, he can get clean to the top." He paused. "There's nothing wrong with Asia that a little spunk and common sense and know-how won't cure."

"I'm glad it's that easy," Charley said mildly. "I was beginning to be afraid that things were a little more complicated than that."

Earl, who rightly considered himself one of the easiest men on earth to get along with, found himself in the unfamiliar position of being furious with a fellow human being. Charley Freeman, who had apparently failed as Earl had risen in the world, was now openly belittling one of Earl's proudest accomplishments, his knowledge of Asia. "I've seen it, Charley!" said Earl. "I'm not talking as just one more darn' fool armchair strategist who's never been outside his own city limits!"

Slotkin fired his flash bulbs. "Vun more," he said.

"Of course you're not, Earl," Charley said apologetically. "That was rude of me. What you say is very true, in a way, but it's such an oversimplification. Taken by itself, it's a dangerous way of thinking. I shouldn't have interrupted. It's simply that the subject is one I have a particularly deep interest in."

Earl felt his cheeks reddening, as Charley, with his seeming apology, set himself up as a greater authority on Asia than Earl. "Think maybe I'm entitled to some opinions on Asia, Charley. I actually got out and rubbed elbows with the people over there, finding out how their minds work and all."

"You should have seen him jawing away with the Chinese bellboys in Manila," said Maude, challenging Charley with her eyes to top *that*.

"Now, then," said the woman writer, checking a list, "the last shot we want is of you two coming in the front door with your suitcases, looking surprised, as though you've just arrived. . . .

In the master bedroom again, Earl and Maude obediently changed back into the clothes they'd been wearing when they first arrived. Earl was studying his face in a mirror, practicing looks of pleased surprise and trying manfully not to let the presence of Charley Freeman spoil this day of days.

"He's staying for supper and the night?" asked Maude.

"Oh, heck, I was just trying to be a good fellow on the phone. Wasn't even thinking when I asked him to stay here instead of at the hotel. I could kick myself around the block."

"Lordy. Maybe he'll stay a week."

"Who knows? Slotkin hasn't given me a chance to ask Charley much of anything."

Maude nodded soberly. "Earl, what does it all add up to?"

"All what?"

"I mean, have you tried to put any of it together—the old clothes, and his paleness, and that crack about doing better now than he'd had any right to expect six months ago, and the books, and the TV set? Did you hear him ask Converse about the books?"

"Yeah, that threw me, too, because Charley was the book kind."

"All best sellers, and he hadn't heard of a one! And he wasn't kidding about television, either. He really hasn't seen it before. He's been out of circulation for a while, and that's for sure."

"Sick, maybe," said Earl.

"Or in jail," whispered Maude.

"Good gosh! You don't suppose—"

"I suppose something's awfully rotten in the state of Denmark," said Maude, "and I just don't want him around much longer, if we can possibly help it. I keep trying to figure out what he's doing here, and the only thing that makes sense is that he's here with his fancy ways to bamboozle you out of money, one way or another."

"All right, all right," said Earl, signaling with his hands for her to lower her voice. "Let's keep things as friendly as we can, and ease him out gently."

"How?" said Maude; and between them they devised what they considered a subtle method for bringing Charley's visit to an end before supper.

SLOTKIN said, "Zo . . . zo much for dis." He winked at Earl and Maude warmly, as though he were noticing them as human beings for the first time. "Denk you. Nize pagatch you live in." He had taken the last picture. He packed his equipment, bowed and left with Lou Converse and the writer.

Putting off the moment when he would have to sit down with Charley, Earl joined the maid and Maude in the hunt for flash bulbs, which Slotkin had thrown everywhere. When the last bulb was found, Earl mixed Martinis and sat down on a couch that faced another on which Charley sat.

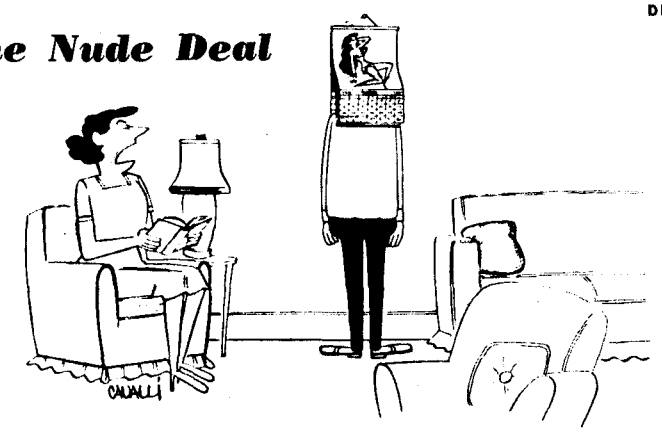
"Well, Charley, here we are."

"And you've come a distance, too, haven't you, Earl?" said Charley, turning his palms upward to indicate the wonder of the dream house. "I see you've got a lot of science fiction on your shelves. Earl, this house *is* science fiction."

"I suppose," said Earl. The flattery was beginning, building up to something

DICK CAVALLI

The Nude Deal



"What's so special about November?"

How dear to my heart
Was the calendar art
Of an early, more innocent day!
The hardware and seed store,
The hay-grain-and-feed store
Produced an impressive array.
The scenes on these ads
Were of barefooted lads
With their trousers rolled up to the knee,
Or girls with long tresses
In calico dresses,
Or Percheron horses. Ah, me!

No trace of a cow
On a calendar now—
No kittens in baskets, of recent;
The views that are shown
Are of cheesecake alone,
One jump from the frankly indecent.

The girls on the wall
Have no clothes on at all—
Not a semblance to cover their skin up,
For the ad that wins votes
And sells barley and oats
Is the hardy perennial pin-up.

Perhaps I'm a crab,
But how utterly drab
Is a diet of nothing but leg-art!
At moments I yearn
For a quiet return
To the corny old butter-and-egg art:
An overalled urchin
Who's fishing for perch in
A stream on the wide-open range,
Or a bare little tot—
Or a girl who is *not*—
Would be quite a relief for a change.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "Button that pocket!" VIRGIL PARTCH

—a big touch, probably. Earl was determined not to be spellbound by Charley's smooth ways. "About par for the course in America, maybe, for somebody who isn't afraid of hard work."

"What a course—with this for par, eh?"

Earl looked closely at his guest, trying to discover if Charley was belittling him again. "If I seemed to brag a little when those fool magazine people were here," he said, "I think maybe I've got a little something to brag about. This house is a lot more'n a house. It's the story of my life, Charley—my own personal pyramid, sort of."

Charley lifted his glass in a toast. "May it last as long as the Great Pyramid at Gizeh."

"Thanks," Earl said suspiciously. It was high time, he decided, that Charley be put on the defensive. "You a doctor, Charley?"

"Yes. Got my degree in 1916."

"Uh-huh. Where you practicing?"

"Little old to start practicing again, Earl. Medicine's changed so much in this country in recent years, that I'm afraid I'm pretty much out of it."

"I see." Earl went over in his mind a list of things that might get a doctor in trouble with the law. He kept his voice casual. "How come you suddenly got the idea of coming to see me?"

"My ship docked here, and I remembered that this was your home town." Charley shrugged self-consciously. "Haven't any family left, and, trying to start life all over on this side again, I thought I'd look up some of my old college friends. Since the boat landed here, you were the first."

THAT was going to be Charley's tale, then, Earl thought—that he had been out of the country for a long time. Next would come the touch. "Don't pay much attention to the college gang, myself," he said, unable to resist a small dig. "Such a bunch of snobs there that I was glad to get away and forget 'em."

"God help them if they didn't outgrow the ridiculous social values of college days," said Charley.

Earl was taken aback by the sharpness in Charley's voice, and, not understanding it, he hastily changed the subject. "Been overseas, eh? Where, exactly, Charley?"

"Earl!" Maude called from the dining room, according to plan. "The most awful thing has happened."

"Oh?"

She appeared in the doorway. "Angela—" She turned to Charley to explain. "My sister. Earl, Angela just called to say she was coming here with Arthur and the children just before dinner, and could we put them up for the night."

"Gosh," said Earl, "don't see how we can. There're five of them, and we've only got two guest rooms, and Charley here—"

"No, no," said Charley, reddening. "See here, tell them to come ahead. I planned to stay at the hotel, anyway, and I have some errands to run; so I couldn't possibly stay."

"Okay, if you say so," Earl said reluctantly.

"If he's got to go, he's got to go," Maude said philosophically.

"Yes, well, got a lot to do. Sorry." Charley was on his way to the door, having left his drink half finished. "Thanks. It's been pleasant seeing you. I envy you your package."

"Be good," said Earl, and he closed the door with a shudder and a sigh.

While Earl was still in the hallway, wondering at what could become of a man in forty years, the door chimes sounded, deep and sweet. Earl opened the door cautiously to find Lou Converse, the contractor, standing on the doorstep. Across the street, Charley Freeman was getting into a taxi.

Lou waved to Charley, and then turned to face Earl. "Hello! Not inviting myself to dinner. Came back after my hat. Think I left it in the solarium."

"Come on in," said Earl, watching Charley's taxi disappear toward the heart of town. "Maude and I are just getting set to celebrate. Why not stay for dinner, and, while you're at it, show us how some of the gadgets work?"

"Thanks, but I'm expected home. I can stick around a little while and explain whatever you don't understand. Too bad you couldn't get Freeman to stay, though."

Maude winked at Earl. "We asked him, but he said he had a lot of errands to run."

"Yeah, he seemed like he was in kind of a hurry just now. You know," Converse said thoughtfully, "guys like Freeman are funny. They make you feel good and bad at the same time."

"What do you know about that, Maude?" said Earl. "Lou instinctively felt the same way we did about Charley! How do you mean that, exactly, Lou, about feeling good and bad at the same time?"

"Well, good because you're glad to know there are still some people like that in the world," said Converse. "And bad—well, when you come across a guy like that, you can't help wondering where the hell your own life's gone to."

"I don't get you," said Earl.

Converse shrugged. "Oh, Lord knows we couldn't all dedicate our lives the way he did. Can't all be heroes. But thinking about Freeman makes me feel like maybe I could have done a little more'n I have."

EARL exchanged uneasy glances with Maude. "What did Charley tell you he'd been doing, Lou?"

"Slotkin and I didn't get much out of him. We just had a few minutes there while you and Maude were changing, and I figured I'd get the whole story from you sometime. All he told us was he'd been in China for the last thirty years. Then I remembered there was a big piece about him in the paper this morning, only I'd forgotten his name. That's where I found out about how he sunk all his money in a hospital over there and ran it until the Commies locked him up and finally threw him out. Quite a story."

"Yup," Earl said bleakly, ending a deathly silence, "quite a story, all right." He put his arm around Maude, who was staring vacantly through the picture window at the grill. He squeezed her gently. "I said it's quite a story, isn't it, Mama?"

"We really did ask him to stay," she said desolately.

"That's not like us, Maude, or, if it is, I don't wan't it to be any more. Come on, hon, let's face it."

"Call him up at the hotel!" said Maude. "That's what we'll do. We'll tell him it was all a mistake about my sister, that—" The impossibility of any sort of graceful recovery made her voice break. "Oh, Earl, honey, why'd he have to pick today? All our life we worked for today, and then he had to come and spoil it."

"He couldn't have tried any harder not to," Earl sighed. "But the odds were too stiff."

Converse looked at them with incomprehension and sympathy. "Well, heck, if he had errands he had errands," he said. "That's no reflection on your hospitality. Good gosh, there isn't another host in the country's who's got a better setup for entertaining than you two. All you have to do is flick a switch or push a button for anything a person could want."

Earl walked across the thick carpet to a cluster of buttons by the bookshelves. Listlessly, he pressed one, and floodlights concealed in shrubbery all around the house went on. "That isn't it," he murmured. He pressed another, and a garage door rumbled shut. "Nope." He pressed another, and the maid appeared in the doorway.

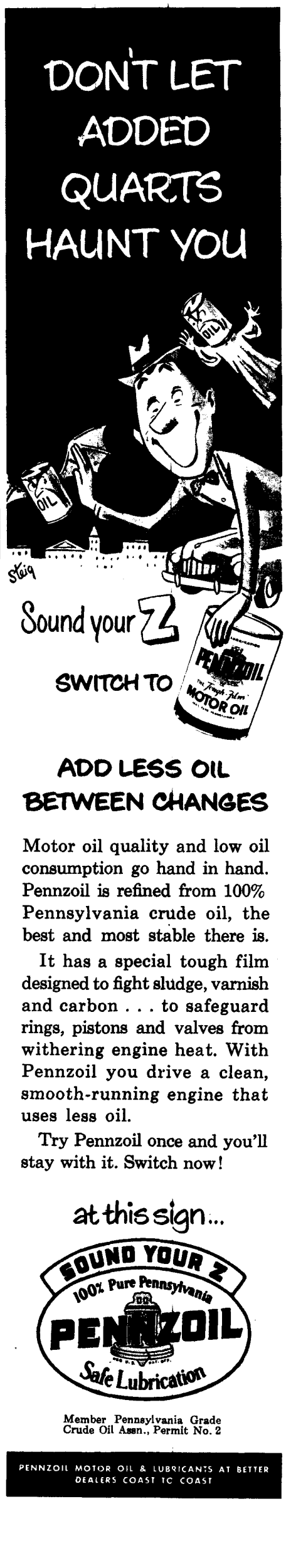
"You ring, Mist' Fenton?"

"Sorry, a mistake," said Earl. "That wasn't the one I wanted."

Converse frowned. "What is it you're looking for, Earl?"

"Maude and I'd like to start today all over again," said Earl, smiling dryly. "Show us which button to push, Lou."

THE END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WILLIAM *at the Bridge*

By FORREST ARCHER

What is to become of William? Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief? Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief?

WILLIAM leaned against the stone wall of the country schoolyard and dejectedly watched his friend playing in the dirt. William's small body was filled with sadness, for this was his first week of school and he was as homesick as an orphaned puppy. The thought occurred to him that some of his coat might rub off on the stones of the unfriendly schoolyard wall, so he pushed away and moved closer to where his friend, Paulie, was playing.

Paulie had a small toy, or piece of junk, depending upon the point of view. Actually, it was the handle and part of the blade of a broken vegetable chopper. In Paulie's hands it had become a road grader. He had leveled a townsite and was scraping an intricate road system in the soft dirt. Morning sunlight slanted across the miniature scene, adding dimension and reality. William's mind became absorbed, and he longed to own the road machine. He held a slightly soft tennis ball in one hand and a banana in the other. He leaned down impulsively and offered the ball. "I'll give you this, if you give me that," he said. Paulie accepted. The bell rang, and Paulie strolled away, tossing the ball up and catching it.

William looked at the pattern in the dirt and at the broken tool. But the illusion of the miniature town faded with the ringing of the bell, and he realized he had swindled himself. As he followed Paulie, his sadness returned, increased by the loss of the ball, which his mother had given him.

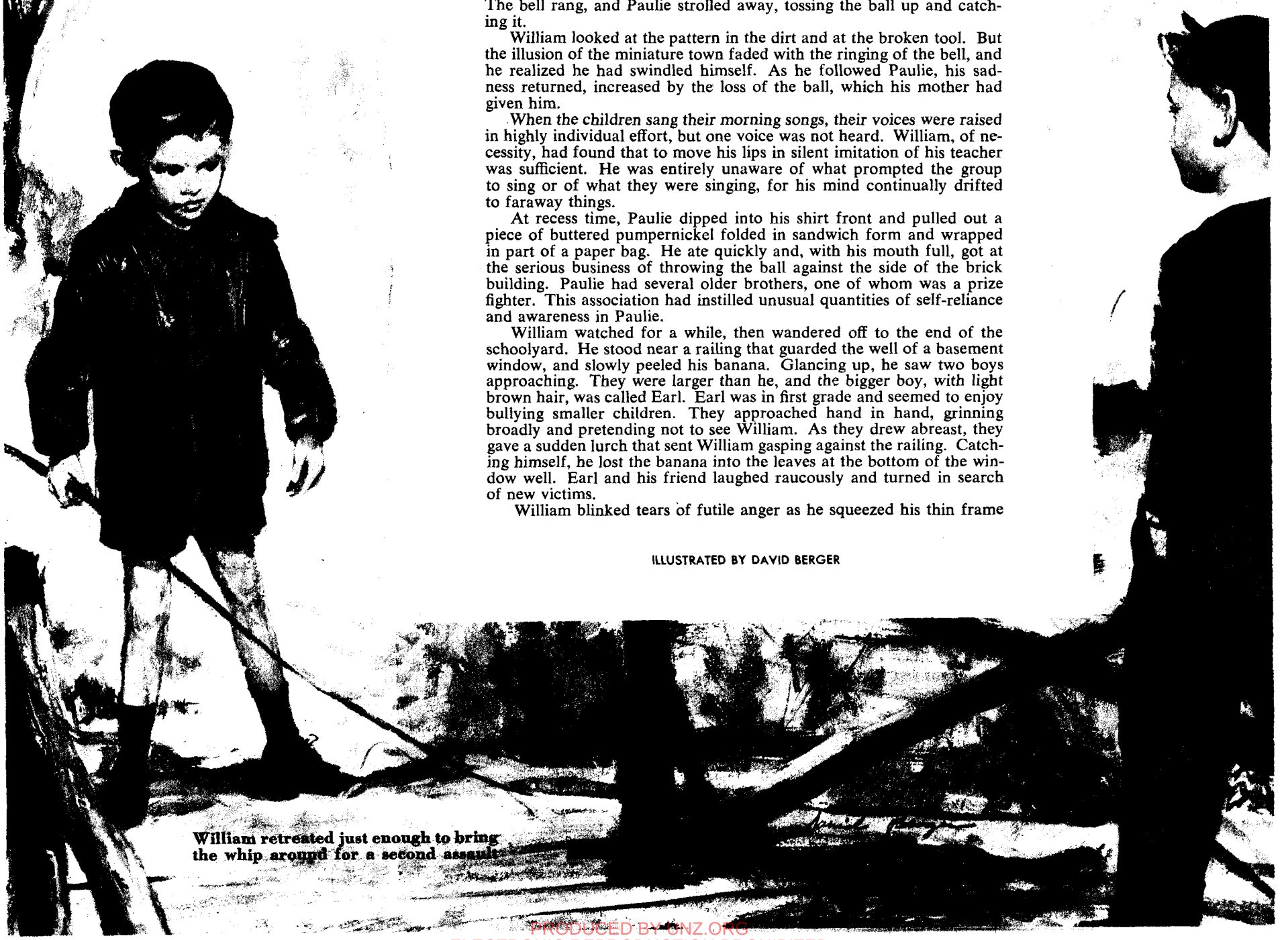
When the children sang their morning songs, their voices were raised in highly individual effort, but one voice was not heard. William, of necessity, had found that to move his lips in silent imitation of his teacher was sufficient. He was entirely unaware of what prompted the group to sing or of what they were singing, for his mind continually drifted to faraway things.

At recess time, Paulie dipped into his shirt front and pulled out a piece of buttered pumpernickel folded in sandwich form and wrapped in part of a paper bag. He ate quickly and, with his mouth full, got at the serious business of throwing the ball against the side of the brick building. Paulie had several older brothers, one of whom was a prize fighter. This association had instilled unusual quantities of self-reliance and awareness in Paulie.

William watched for a while, then wandered off to the end of the schoolyard. He stood near a railing that guarded the well of a basement window, and slowly peeled his banana. Glancing up, he saw two boys approaching. They were larger than he, and the bigger boy, with light brown hair, was called Earl. Earl was in first grade and seemed to enjoy bullying smaller children. They approached hand in hand, grinning broadly and pretending not to see William. As they drew abreast, they gave a sudden lurch that sent William gasping against the railing. Catching himself, he lost the banana into the leaves at the bottom of the window well. Earl and his friend laughed raucously and turned in search of new victims.

William blinked tears of futile anger as he squeezed his thin frame

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER



William retreated just enough to bring the whip around for a second assault

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under the rail and dropped to the bottom of the pit. He wiped the banana off carefully, but, as he climbed out, he felt less than ever like eating. The lump in his throat made swallowing difficult, and he didn't finish until Miss Bostrum appeared, to gather in the class.

It was Miss Bostrum's first year of teaching, and she felt it was rapidly aging her. As William shuffled forward, he stuffed the banana peel into his pocket; he couldn't throw it away, not in this alien place, for it had come from home, from his mother. Miss Bostrum blinked, but she calmly reached out and took William by the hand.

"I'm glad you didn't throw your peel on the ground, William, but we mustn't stuff rubbish in our pockets. The big cans, like the one beside you, are for that purpose. You can drop it in there." As she spoke, her hands straightened his collar and fastened a blouse button, causing pleasant little shivers to run up and down his spine, but he made no move to obey, so she daintily reached into his pocket with a thumb and forefinger.

Standing aloof, he made no comment as yesterday's peel came out clinging to the fresh one. Miss Bostrum opened her mouth, closed it firmly and tossed the peels into the can. As she turned to quell a scuffle behind her, William retrieved the peels and walked stiffly into the building. The fact that Miss Bostrum turned back and caught his act had no effect on him, until that evening.

MRS. THOMAS sat down to supper with her two children and waited for her husband. William was making owl eyes at his sister, Sally Anne. Sally Anne was in second grade. Her class started earlier in the morning than kindergarten, so William went to school with Paulie, but they all walked home together.

Mr. Thomas sat down and gave the little prayer of thanks. Mr. Thomas was in the process of establishing a new business and was weary in mind and body; he ate almost without tasting. As he finished his pudding, Mrs. Thomas drew a note from her apron pocket, and, with a sidelong glance at William, handed it to her husband. He scanned it and frowned.

William, at the moment, was not William. He was not even a boy. He was a small mouse tunneling under a hill of chocolate pudding, and a cave-in was threatening. The tunnel hung limp over the mouse, and the mouse was wondering if he should let it cave in and eat his way out, or prop it up with bread. A voice cut through: "William, where are the banana peels?" The mouse stopped tunneling and froze; then: "William!" The poor, frightened mouse jumped right out of his pudding tunnel and, disguised as a spoon, started shoveling pudding into William's mouth, as William kept his startled gaze on his father's eyes.

"Did you hear me ask you a question? Where are the banana peels you put into your pocket at school?"

Nervously, William laid down his spoon and, still watching his father, slowly drew from his pocket the two limp, dark peels and held them out. He was quite dazed, partly from his father's knowledge of the peels and partly by the importance attached to them. He had never realized they were so important.

Without accepting the banana peels, his father asked, "Why did you bring these things home?"

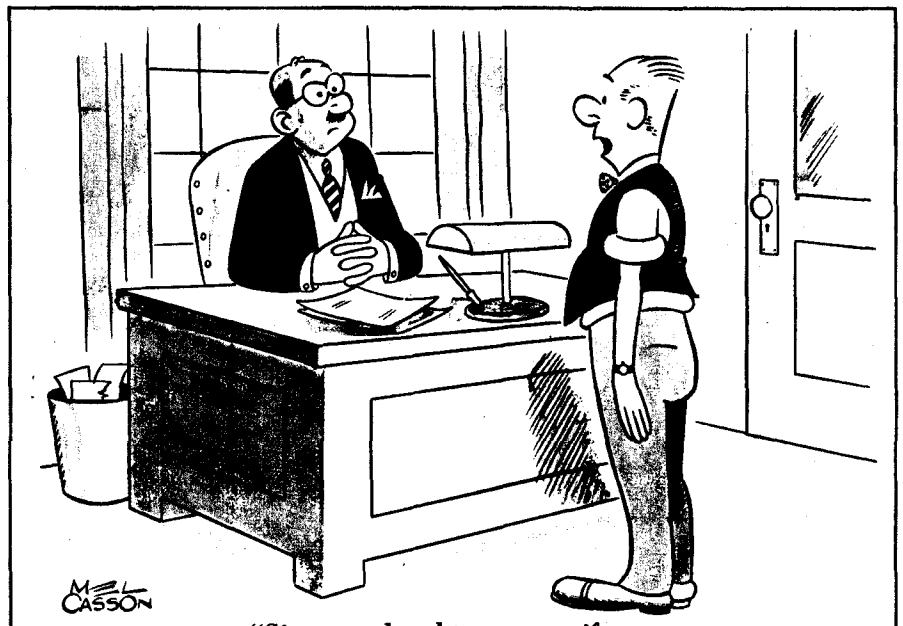
William's mouth slowly opened, but something in his father's tone and attitude discouraged any possible explanation. The small, open mouth grew smaller, and the corners quivered. When the tears started, Mr. Thomas turned slowly to his wife. He was annoyed that his son should do not especially bad things, but disturbing little things, not quite understandable. Then he had to look so pitiful, spooning up his pudding, holding out those damn' banana peels. But perhaps parents and teachers were becoming too lenient; bad behavior should be sharply curbed. These thoughts drifted through Mr. Thomas' mind as he slowly faced his wife.

"Susie, why can't Miss Bostrum be firm and handle her own small problems? I don't take my business worries to her."

Mrs. Thomas noticed that Sally Anne's eyes were filling with sympathy for her brother. Now both children would be crying. She realized she could have handled the problem better herself. She answered in a repressed tone: "Miss Bostrum thinks we should know about William's behavior, so she sent the note with Sally Anne. William refuses to use the trash can, and he isn't mixing well with other children. I merely thought you'd want to talk to him; but never mind—your attitude makes everyone not, he would enjoy the stream and sky and all the life that went on around him. It was years before I knew how much he had taught me, or why. I remember the last time we went fishing. We had been sitting quietly for a while when he turned and spoke: 'You know, you boys are one-quarter Indian,' he said. 'The Indian knows how to be content with what God gave him.'

"Then, one morning, he went to the woodshed to cut the day's firewood and just kept on going. Mother found his high silk hat hung over the ax handle. I don't know where it came from, nor why he wore it. Maybe it protected his head from pieces of kindling wood flying up and dropping on him; I don't know; he never explained and we didn't ask him. You'll find, as you grow older, that nothing is queer when you know the reason for it. . . . Are you cold, William?"

William shook his head no. He had to shiver a little, but he wasn't cold. He



"Sir, your daughter, your wife, and your grandchildren think I ought to have a raise, Dad"

COLLIER'S — MEL CASSON

cry and howl. Go study your old bills. I'll straighten things out myself."

Mr. Thomas slowly drew in his full capacity of air and exhaled harshly in an eloquent sound of restraint and resignation. He guided his weeping son to the back screen door.

In the back yard was a large rock, and it was here that Mr. Thomas sometimes brought his worries. Sitting down with William beside him, he gazed across the valley to the distant hills. The sun had set, and the serene beauty of the afterglow cast a touch of sadness over the land as the pale colors faded and blended into twilight. William stopped sobbing and tried to assess the moment's mood by covertly studying his father's profile.

THE evening's serenity drove the current problems from his father's mind, and, as childhood memories drifted in, he began to speak in a gentle tone:

"Sometimes, when your Uncle Matt and I were little boys, our father would take us fishing. I don't seem to remember as much as I'd like to about Father. I didn't know him very long. When we went fishing, he would sit quietly on the bank, with the butt of his bamboo pole pushed into the ground, and his keen eyes seemed to notice everything. From time to time he would point at something, and we would try to see what it was. He wouldn't say, 'Watch that fish hawk—he's going to dive for his supper.' He would just point; then, when we had seen it, he would smile and nod. I suppose he was training us to use our own eyes.

"I realize now that Father didn't go fishing only to catch fish. If the fish were hungry, they would take his bait; if couldn't exactly follow all his father was saying, but the feeling of the moment was clear. He liked to store things like this up and let them run through his mind at various times of the day. Like when his mother would tell him to wash his hands, it was pleasant just letting things slide through his head, with his hands pushed deep into the warm water. He knew it wasn't the right thing to do, though, because Sally Anne would often say, "Look, Mother, William's daydreaming again." Then he would be hustled along, to do whatever there was to do when the hands of the clock said it was the proper time.

After a moment, Mr. Thomas continued, "Father sent money home to us until we were out of school and working; then he sent less, until Mother died. I don't think he ever wrote, but maybe he knew how we were. That isn't the right way for a father to be, but that's how he was; he had to feel free. He was a stair builder by trade. In those days, stair builders earned good pay; it wasn't work the carpenters were able to do. Stairs were built right on the job, and many of them were quite intricate, sometimes ornate; that is, they were fancy and hard to build. Often they wound around and used as much space as the living room did. Perhaps this work let Father drift around freely. Sometimes, having Indian blood in you helps make you dissatisfied with the way you live, and you want to get away. You see, my grandmother was pure Indian; my father was half Indian, so I'm quarter Indian, and you're one-eighth Indian. Do you understand?"

William wanted to say that he understood—grownups liked him to say that he understood—but this wasn't an ordinary something. He hesitated, then shyly confessed, "I don't think so; not about the one *ate* Indian."

"One-*eighth*. Like this: Your mother's people are Swedish, so you're half Swedish. I'm of mixed ancestry, but I'm quarter Indian, so you're half of that, or one-*eighth* Indian—no, you can't get that. Let's try it this way: one half of your blood is Swedish; to make it easy, let's say you have four cups of Swedish blood in your veins, in your body, and three cups of mixed blood, and then one cup of Indian blood."

MR. THOMAS had begun to perspire; how did a man go about explaining these things to a child? Then, he recalled the purpose in coming out to the rock. Maybe teachers did need some assistance from home. Multiply William by thirty! A child seemed to be part mule and part windmill, a little hard to predict. What had he been leading up to when he started this ancestral talk? He realized it had no bearing on the problem at hand. Well, maybe he could use a cup of Indian blood to illustrate a lesson in behavior and co-operation.

"William, since you have some Indian blood in you, don't you think you could act more like an Indian boy? Like when I spoke to you at the supper table, you cried, instead of answering my question. Now, an Indian boy wouldn't cry if his father asked him a question. Indian boys learn not to cry. Of course, sometimes even grown men will cry, but we must try not to unless there is a really good reason." Mr. Thomas tried to think why an Indian boy wouldn't stuff banana peels into his pocket, but decided it might be of more help if he knew why his son *did*. "William, can you tell me why you don't want to throw your banana peels into the trash can at school?"

William hadn't reached this part of the talk. He knew a question had been asked, but he was quite busy pouring one cup of Indian blood into his small body; already he had grown several shades darker and much braver. Indians were "braves." He encountered his father's question with one of his own. "Daddy, what do Indian boys do if a bigger boy hits them and if they don't want to cry?"

"Why, I think it might make an Indian boy grunt."

"How, Daddy? Like a pig?"

"Well, no, not like a pig, more like you would if you pinched your finger in a door; or stubbed your bare toe. Ugg! Something like that. Now about those banana peels: You really do understand what you should do with them, don't you?"

William nodded solemnly in the darkening twilight. He felt quite large as he walked back to the house with his father. One cup of Indian blood was just what he had needed. . . .

Next morning, Mother handed him his recess snack, a banana. She suffered a guilty pang, but he did love them and it was the only way to check his behavior. He kissed his mother but resisted an impulse to hug her. He wondered what Indians did about kissing and hugging, as he started down the lane. When he came to the road, he hid in a clump of bushes and waited for Paulie.

Paulie passed by and looked up toward William's house. William jumped out and cried, "Ugg!" He was gratified by Paulie's wide grin and little crowing sound of surprise.

As they walked along to school, Paulie talked about his prize-fighting brother. William didn't understand the term "prize fighter." He had formed a vague picture of a man fighting a grotesque prize from a popcorn box. He wondered mildly if the man got inside of a box to fight with the prize, but he didn't like to

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ask Paulie to explain. After a while, Earl appeared ahead of them.

"Could your brother fight Earl?"

"Ha! He could lick that Earl with just one finger. With just this one little finger. He could knock that Earl for a loop with both hands tied behind him!"

Things were coming too fast for William. He thrust out his little finger as Paulie had done. He didn't think he could hit Earl very hard with it. He wondered about knocking Earl for a loop. He wished Paulie's brother went to school with them; he would like to see Earl knocked for a loop.

Paulie seemed aware of William's fear. He put his arm across William's shoulder. "Don't let that old Earl scare you. You and me is buddies. You stick by me and that old Earl won't bother you."

William appreciated Paulie's protection, yet somehow it made him feel vaguely dissatisfied. Without knowing why, he sensed that he would have to stand up to Earl all by himself.

DURING that day's recess, William was again confronted with the banana-peel problem. He just could not bring himself to put it in the trash can. He solved things temporarily by pretending to toss it under the upraised lid, but he retained it and dropped his hand to his side, hidden by the can from Miss Bostrum's view at the window. He glanced up, and she nodded approvingly. During the remainder of recess, he stood on the fringe of activity. Paulie was bouncing the tennis ball on the sidewalk. William didn't want to think about the ball, so he turned away, but he was still conscious of the peel in his pocket.

When school was out, he ran ahead of the other children, down to the little wooden bridge. Leaning over the rail, he dropped the banana peel into the rushing water of the brook. As it swirled away, he seemed to feel relieved; the peel suddenly wasn't important any more. He watched the water, and the bridge appeared to move upstream. The brook was friendly; someday he would build a birch-bark canoe and paddle it on the brook. A reflection of the big weeping willow danced at the stream's edge.

Back along the road, he could see Earl's light brown hair. His heart began to thump, as if he were running again. He felt excited. Hurrying across the bridge, he ducked under the roadside fence and pulled down one of the long, slender willow branches and broke it, as he and Paulie had done before. It was nearly twice his own length.

He scrambled up on the road as Earl and his friend approached the bridge. Then came Sally Anne, with a loosely grouped cohort of chattering girls. Paulie trotted along, tossing the tennis ball into the air. William trembled as he clutched the willow and moved out on the bridge. Earl looked up and grinned, edging his companion over. Earl seemed to grow; he swaggered and blustered: "Get out o' the road, shrimp, before you get run over."

The words brought immediate action. William sent his willow whip whistling toward Earl's head, and it found its mark just below the ear. Earl howled in fury and lunged forward, but William wisely retreated just enough to bring the whip around for a second assault. Earl ducked and turned, but the willow lashed across the back of his neck. Screaming, he sprinted away. Caution and the whip were tossed to the winds as William pounded in pursuit, but his legs were poor companions to his new courage; a short sprint proved Earl to be the superior runner.

William stopped, panting and quivering, amid cheers from the other children. Sally Anne praised him for making that old Earl run, and Paulie ran up and thumped him jubilantly on the back. "Atta boy, William! You're my buddy!" He turned to the other children. "William and me is buddies. We're gonna be prize fighters. Come on, William, over to my house and play with the ball and the road maker."

This time, Paulie's arm felt good across his shoulders. As they started up the road, William placed his own trembling arm around Paulie's waist. After a little while, William spoke thoughtfully: "You can be a prize fighter when you grow up, Paulie, but I'm going to be a Indian chief. Only I'm not going to be William any more. My name is Bill. I'm going to be Chief Indian Bill."

"Okay, Bill. But we'll be buddies."

"Yes, we'll be buddies. You be the prize fighter, and I'll be Chief Indian Bill, and we'll be buddies. All the time. Ugg!"

THE END

"McLarnin's advertised the sweetest organdy with a . . ."
"I'll get the fender fixed in the morning"
"What fender!"
"McLarnin's advertised the sweetest organdy with a . . ."
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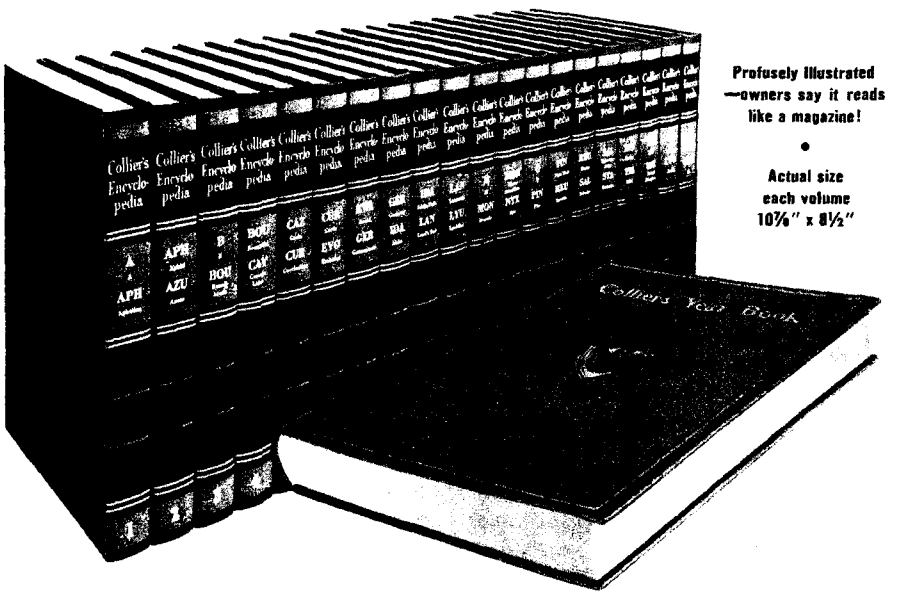

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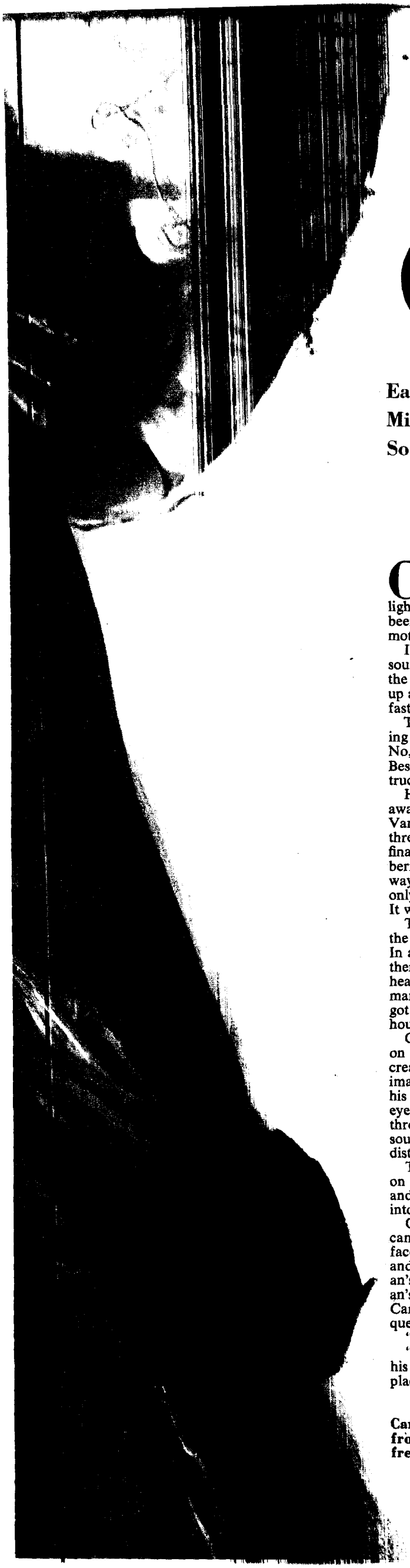

CITY WOMAN

Early in the morning, before it was light, they came to the farm: Miltie and his wife, with her city clothes and bold way of talking. Somehow they bothered Cam—somehow he knew they brought trouble

By BILL BROWNELL

CAM woke up at the sound of the motor, started violently and raised up to look out of the window. Only the faintest whisper of light showed that dawn was coming. He must have been dreaming. Then he heard the sound of the motor again.

It was a long way off. Out here in the silence, sounds carried. Cam could hear the motor and the wheels rolling in the gravel and pebbles flying up against the fenders. The driver was going pretty fast.

The creamery truck. Cam started again, thinking he had forgotten to put the cream cans out. No, it was Sunday. The next pickup was Tuesday. Besides, the motor was nearer now, and it wasn't a truck, it was a car.

He lay back and tried to think. He was quite awake now. The road passed this place, the old Varney place, and went on into the marsh. It went three or four miles, but it got worse and worse and finally disappeared in the scrub aspen and huckleberry bushes. Huckleberry bushes? No, it was way too early for berrypickers. And the mailman only came weekday forenoons and seldom stopped. It was way too early for anybody.

They must be lost. They were already well past the nearest other farm. The sound was loud now. In a moment it would go right past the house, and then it would only be a short while until he would hear it coming back from the dead end in the marsh. They were lost, all right. That's what they got for traveling around the country at such an hour.

Cam saw the wavering brightness of headlights on the trees outside. Then he heard bedsprings creak downstairs. Old Varney was awake too. He imagined old Varney down there in the dark, in his soiled and worn nightshirt, his beady black eyes glittering out of his leathery face, peering through the window. The car was near, and the sound of rushing wind and scattering stones was distinct.

There was a groan of brakes, and a bright flash on the rafters of the attic bedroom, then blackness and the sound of a motor idling. They had pulled into the Varney place.

Cam was still hooking his overall straps as he came down into the parlor. In the lamplight, three faces were turned up at him: old Varney's, wry and wrinkled; a man's, pale and haggard; a woman's, sharp and curious. Something in the woman's look—she was a city woman, blonde—made Cam feel conspicuous. He looked to old Varney questioningly.

"Who's that?" the pale man asked quickly.

"That's Cam," old Varney said, with a wave of his hand, "Cam Maynard. Me and him work the place."

Cam began to shout at Velma. "Insurance man from Ohio! With Michigan plates and the car fresh painted! You're not even Miltie's wife"

"Who else is here?" the man asked, looking around him.

"Nobody, nobody," old Varney said. "Me and Cam. That's all." He held the lamp up before the man's face. The man went to ward it off, but old Varney said, "Hold still, dog it, and let me get a look at you." As he examined the man's face, he began his dry cackle of laughter. "Dog it, Miltie, you're the same no-good Miltie your mother knew," old Varney said.

So it was Miltie.

At the mention of his mother, Miltie glanced around the room again, but Bertha Varney wasn't there. Bertha had been buried out under the apple trees since Miltie left the place, maybe ten, maybe twelve years now. Cam had only been five or so, but he had heard his folks whisper about it, about Bertha dying and Miltie leaving and nobody hearing from him; and there was the fieldstone marker out there among the apple trees.

"Pa," Miltie said pridefully, "I want you to meet the missus. You too there—what's your name?—Maynard," he said to Cam. "Meet little Velma Varney, the cutest little number this place ever saw."

She wasn't little, and she was looking at Cam's bare chest. She wasn't cute, either, no more than a three-year-old racing filly was properly called cute and little. She was a good-looking, full-grown woman, and she made Cam shift his feet awkwardly. "Pleased to meet you, sir, mum," Cam said to them. "Better start the stove," and he went, his knees working oddly, into the kitchen, the linoleum cold against his feet.

"Figure on staying a couple of weeks, Pa," Miltie said. "My vacation. Yeah, even us insurance men get a vacation, Pa."

THE crackling of the fire mingled with their talk and the sounds of dawn: the first strangled crowing; the clanking of the bell cow struggling to her knees, then her feet; the lowing of cattle and the slobbering blow of the team. A languid yawn behind him made Cam turn quickly. Velma was there at his elbow.

"Cam?" she asked. He nodded. "Well, then, Cam," she said smoothly, "now you've got all six burners going, you tell Velma where the refrigerator is, and I'll fix us some breakfast."

Cam went over to the well tank in the corner of the kitchen and raised the lid. There were a pail of butter, some eggs, a piece of bacon wrapped in cheesecloth, such things. Velma wrinkled her nose a little, then shrugged. "If you ain't got a refrigerator, you ain't got one," she said.

"We're past the high line, Miz Varney," Cam said. He left her in the kitchen and headed back toward upstairs.

Cam sat on the edge of his bed, pulling on his stockings. Miltie, an insurance man. Miltie was the only kid the Varneys had. The folks around here called him young Miltie, or the Varney boy, but he must be around forty-five now. Cam could

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imagine his father expressing surprise that Miltie would actually get a job and go to work. Cam's father considered Miltie a loafer, but then he called Cam a loafer too. Cam finished buttoning his denim shirt and went back downstairs.

Instead of going through the house, he hesitated and then went out the front door and around. But he had to get his straw hat, and that was hanging next to the kitchen door. His shoes scuffed on the stoop, and as he reached for it Velma turned and saw him. She saw he had gone around, and she smiled.

The sun was breaking over the hill into Cam's face. He frowned and thought about it as he clumped down the path toward the barn. He was saving to start at the state college in the fall. He would see a lot of city women, probably. He better get used to it.

The hens were clucking and pecking their way out from the henhouse now. They scattered, squawking, when his approach took them by surprise. As he passed the corncrib, he reached out and pulled a dry ear from between the slats and shied it into a cluster of hens. There was a raucous beating of wings, as they fluttered and squawked and then squabbled over the best pecking positions.

His sisters and the other girls didn't dress like that. They wore cotton dresses and flat shoes, and some still wore the white stockings and garters, and nearly *all had freckles. Cam had grown up with* them. He couldn't remember a time when they hadn't been around. Velma was different.

CAM had been looking into the rising sun, and the barn was dark inside. Blindly, Cam walked to the milk room, taking his pail and stool from the hook. He patted Soobie, the bell cow, to make her stand over from the wall. Then he slid in beside her on his stool, pail between his knees, cheek against her flank, facing forward so she couldn't switch him in the face, fingers running over her udder to see if she had hurt herself any way since the last milking. Then there was the steady ring of the milk playing against the bottom of the pail, changing to a swish as the foaming level rose.

Cam leaned his head back and saw the post lying across the beams overhead. It was a cut of lemonwood: straight, six inches in diameter and seven feet long, with the bark peeled off. It had been hanging there, drying, and for a long time he had meant to make a hunting bow from the heart of it. Now, for some reason, it was time.

He heard old Varney shuffling through the door to help with the milking. Beyond occasional soothing of a restless cow, they worked without talking. Cam thought about the hunting bow.

Afterward, Cam cleaned the separator while old Varney held a pail over the nose of the smallest heifer and slopped the pigs and chickens. Then, together, they started up toward the house, Cam with the lemonwood post over his shoulder. They saw Velma come out the kitchen door and reach for the bell to call them to breakfast. She had to stretch, there in the morning sun, and the breeze ruffled her bright blonde hair and fitted her city dress snug against her.

"Dog it," old Varney chuckled wickedly, "that Velma is pretty as sin."

Miltie and Velma weren't too tired, they said. Although they had been driving all night, they had had a rest during the day Saturday. Still, maybe they ought to take a little nap. When breakfast was finished, they went into the front bedroom, and Cam, in the parlor, could hear them moving around overhead. There was a feather tick on that bed, and Cam suddenly imagined Velma in her nightgown, sinking into it. Abruptly he stood up and went out.

Cam stood a minute on the porch. The sun was high now, and the air sang with the sound of insects. He looked across at the shed, jumped down and went toward it. It sat among the apple trees beside the drive. The main part of the shed had garage doors and a dirt floor, and they kept the old Chevvy pickup truck in there along with some implements, like the cultivator and the rake. He saw that the right-hand pair of doors was closed. Nobody ever bothered to close the doors. He pulled one open and looked in.

It must be Miltie's car. It was parked headed so as to drive straight out: a black convertible coupé, covered with road dust. Something about it puzzled Cam. He looked back at the house, at the window of Miltie and Velma's bedroom.

"Eh?" old Varney had said. "Where?"

"That newspaper there."

It had been last week's County Weekly. It came every Monday and was just about the only thing the mailman ever had for old Varney. Miltie had looked closely at it.

"Velma," Miltie had said to her. "We're so far beyond the next farm, it don't pay to string wires to us. We're past the phone and the high line. Except in berrying or hunting season, there's hardly a car comes in here. That paper there don't come but once a week. Not bad, eh, baby? Real restful."

"Swell place to set up a still," Velma had said. . . .

"'91,000 miles is a lotta' miles!' Is that all you two can say?"

COLLIER'S — STAN FINE

The other end of the shed had a wooden floor built four feet off the ground. In it there were feed bins and hand tools. Empty grain sacks hung from the ceiling. Cam had stood his lemonwood post in there against the wall. Now he found the hand ax and started to chop. Methodically, he split away the outside of the post, working down to the heart of it: raw, bright wood, straight-grained and sound. Next he would spokeshave it flat to the front, round to the back and tapered to the ends. He would sand it and polish it and oil it. If he made no slips, he would have a bow seventy-odd inches long, with a fifty-pound pull, a hunting bow.

As he worked, Cam remembered the breakfast conversation.

"Nicest little town in Ohio," Miltie had said.

"Ohio?" old Varney had asked. "Thought you was in Indiana there."

"Me, Pa? No, sir. *Ohio.*"

Miltie had told what a great little bunch they all were down there in Ohio, and how well he was doing; and if you didn't think so, take another look at Velma here. Not bad, eh? And Pa had laughed, and Velma had yawned until finally Miltie had given her a kick under the table. It reminded Cam of something else his father had said about Miltie: that he had a temper.

"Pa, what's that?" Miltie had asked sharply.

Cam worked steadily at the bow. Noon came, but old Varney didn't wake his children. Velma could fix a bite for them when they had had their sleep out. He and Cam ate mostly in silence.

"Mr. Varney," Cam said, between mouthfuls.

"What's that, Cam?" the dry old voice said.

"You know, Mr. Varney, counting the eighteen dollars you gave me yesterday, I got pretty near enough now for my tuition."

"Good."

"So I was thinking, with your Miltie here for a couple of weeks, maybe you'd rather he took over the chores and saved you my pay and keep," Cam said.

"Eh?" old Varney asked blankly.

"I could come back after they go and finish up with harvest, and then you wouldn't have a stranger underfoot of your company."

The old man commenced to slap and cackle. "You're no stranger here, Cam. And my Miltie, he'd let the farm go to gravel before he'd raise a finger." Old Varney stuck a piece of pork with his fork. "*It ain't his fault, the stock he's* born of, but, bless him, he's a no-good loafer. Heee."

Cam spent the afternoon on the bow. He had a piece of leather for the grip, a hank of linen cord for the string, and some straight cedar dowels to be pointed and feathered into arrows. It was very interesting, and he hated to put it down for the evening milking.

He was sweeping up his shavings when Miltie burst into the shed. Miltie was in his undershirt and trousers, his suspenders hanging, a wild look in his eye.

"You, kid," Miltie shouted, "what're you doing, snooping around in here?" He had run over from the house and was breathing hard. His hands worked. "Answer me!" He stepped up aggressively and shoved his face near Cam's.

Cam stammered, "Mr. Varney, I wasn't doing no snooping. I been working in here, making this." He pointed to the bow. "And now I'm just picking up some." He was lost to say more.

"Look, Maynard," Miltie said, calming a *little*, "just see your nose keeps in your own business. If you go nosing around mine—" He smacked his fist into his palm. "See?"

You had to know a man to understand his talking. Cam watched Miltie go back to the house and wondered.

AFTER dinner, old Varney lighted his pipe and got fixed to set a while with Miltie. Velma was doing the dishes. It would be an uncomfortable evening, so Cam said, "Okay if I work out in the shed, Mr. Varney? I'm making something."

Both Varney men looked at him, Miltie suspicious, old Varney nettled. "Course you can, boy," the old man said. "What kind of question is that?"

Miltie smiled a big, friendly smile and said, "Certainly, son, why not?"

They looked at each other, and Cam got up to go. Velma came in from the kitchen, her dishes finished. "Boy, I'm dying for a little music," she said. "Got a radio, Dad?"

"Got no radio, ma'am." He grinned. "Got a Victrola, though, in the parlor. Got some good records too—Bye Bye Blackbird, Where Do You Work-a-John, How Do You Doodle Do." . . .

The bow was coming along nice. Cam ran his palm along it—smooth, a lot done for one day. But Sunday you didn't farm, just did chores around the buildings. A lot done, all right, and a lot had happened. Nobody ever stopped at the old Varney place. It was special when a dust-covered automobile rolled up in the middle of the dark, and Miltie came home with his blonde wife. A black convertible coupé, all dust, with Michigan license plates. Wait. That was it. That's what was funny about that coupé. How come it didn't have Indiana plates? No, that wasn't right either: Ohio plates. Or was he remembering wrong, thinking of the truck?

It was nine thirty, and the air was fresh. The daylight was gone, and in a couple of hours the whole Sunday would be over. Cam jumped down to the ground and walked around to the garage doors. He glanced back at the house. Through the window, he saw Miltie and old Varney still at the table around the lamp, smoking and talking. The garage door opened with a groan, and he glanced at the house again. Carefully, he felt in his pocket and found a wooden match. He cupped his hand and struck it with his thumbnail. It flared brilliantly and he looked back at the house once more—only now he was blinded by the flame. His stomach tightened, and he held his breath; but when his sight returned, Miltie and old Varney were still sitting.

He held the match down to see the license. No doubt now: they were Michigan plates. Then Cam found himself looking at the hood. He looked closely. The dust was thick. He rubbed it with his finger. It didn't come off. The dust was stuck to the car. It was just as if the dust had landed on the paint while it was wet. He remembered seeing in the mail-order catalogue that you could buy paint now, packed under pressure in little cans. There was a nozzle on top of the can you could press and spray paint.

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Of course, without a bake oven it took a while to dry.

"Looking for something, Junior?" Velma said.

Cam spun around, dropping the match. She was standing, silhouetted against the light from the house, not five feet away. She came toward him quietly, until he could hear her breath and smell her perfume. It made his stomach ache.

"Go on, Junior, step back," she said softly. "That's it. Now open the door and get in."

Cam slid into the unfamiliar front seat and pushed over as Velma slipped in beside him. Through the windshield they could see the Varney men in the house across the road. Velma reached forward and twisted a switch; the car radio came on. She turned it low, to dance music from Chicago across the lake. It was from a big hotel, and behind the music was faint tinkling and laughter. The music was low and exciting, and Velma hummed softly. "Fun," she said. "More fun than a feather bed, sitting here with you, Junior. Watching my Miltie when he can't watch me. So easy for you to get away if he decides to come out here."

Cam felt her face before his and one of her hands on his cheek; there was a breathlessly sweet scent in his nostrils. He felt her open lips touch his. Frantically, he clutched at the door, pushed himself out of the car. He stood beside the car a second, desperately trying to say something to her; then he hurried away from the music, the softness, the fragrance.

He hurried out to the road and walked for a long time, before he came back to the house and sneaked up to his attic bed. Sunday was over.

CAM rode up on the iron scoop seat, alone in the scorching sun, on the far side of the rise behind the barn. He rode with his shirt off. The team was old and followed the rows dutifully, without spirit. Cam had stuffed his straw hat with fresh leaves to keep his head cool. Under the bushes at the gate, he had stored a big Mason jar full of cold well water, and at every third turn around the field he would stop a minute for a swig. It was then, with the feel of the water in his mouth, that his thoughts would uncontrollably, vividly return to Velma and send him doggedly back into the iron seat, to cluck the horses back into motion, to start the soft sound of their hoofbeats, the scuffling of the blades through the earth, the metallic scraping when a rock was struck.

The echo of the dinner bell danced over the hill. Cam bent down and pulled the pin to unshackle the team, walked the horses to the end of the row, and out through the gate to a patch of grass beneath a tree, where he left them to graze in harness. Nearing the house, Cam saw Miltie coming out of the orchard. Miltie was coming from the direction of the fieldstone marker, looking as if he were in a hurry.

"Oh, hello, kid," Miltie said. He smiled and came alongside Cam. "What's your name again, there?"

"Campbell Maynard, Mr. Varney. They nicknamed me Cam."

"Call me Miltie, Cam."

"Okay—Miltie."

Miltie laughed and put an arm around Cam's shoulder as they went into the kitchen. It was awkward going through the door like that. Miltie let go when they got to the sink. Then they heard the front screen slam.

"That danged mailman. That, that danged mailman," old Varney said. He was hopping mad.

THE County Weekly was missing from the mailbox. Old Varney made a great deal of the Weekly. He looked forward to the checker game, the pictures, the obituary and vital statistics columns. And now the Weekly was missing. The old man was quite set in his ways, and he continued to grumble. It seemed to strike Miltie and Velma as a personal matter, because they didn't say anything, just started eating.

"I tell you, Mr. Varney," Cam said. "Tonight I'll take the pickup over to my folks' and get their copy. They can tell the mailman tomorrow to—"

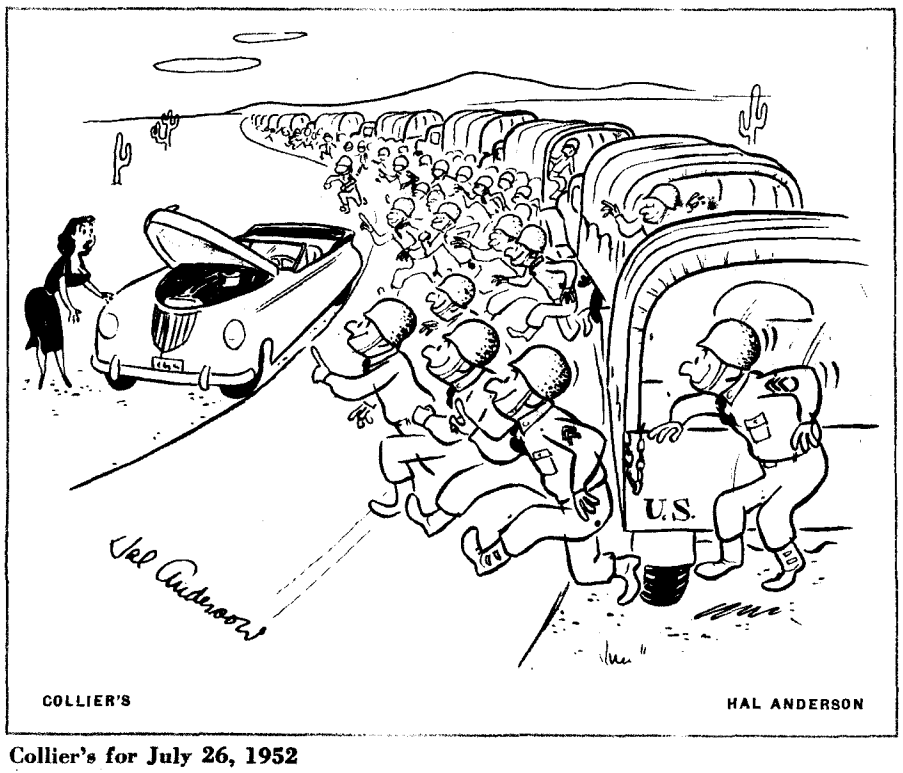
"What?" Miltie interrupted. "Oh, here's a better idea. I'm not doing anything this afternoon." Miltie laughed. "I'll just run on over there myself. No use giving up your evening, Cam. No."

They talked back and forth a moment, but Miltie insisted; so Cam said, "Well, okay, Miltie." Miltie smiled.

Cam finished the cultivating late that afternoon. He slapped the team on the rump and sent them dragging the whippletree back to the barn, while he headed over to the pasture for the cattle.

He had locked them into their stanchions and was taking his stool from the hook when Velma came in. "Afternoon, Junior," she said. Her smile made Cam look away, as he mumbled his reply. She followed him over to Soobie and stood there at the foot of the stairs leading up to the mow. "You know, Junior," she went on, "I've been whistled at by a lot of guys—and whistled right back at a few." She paused. "But you're the only one where I whistled first."

Cam felt his cheeks flush. He hesi-



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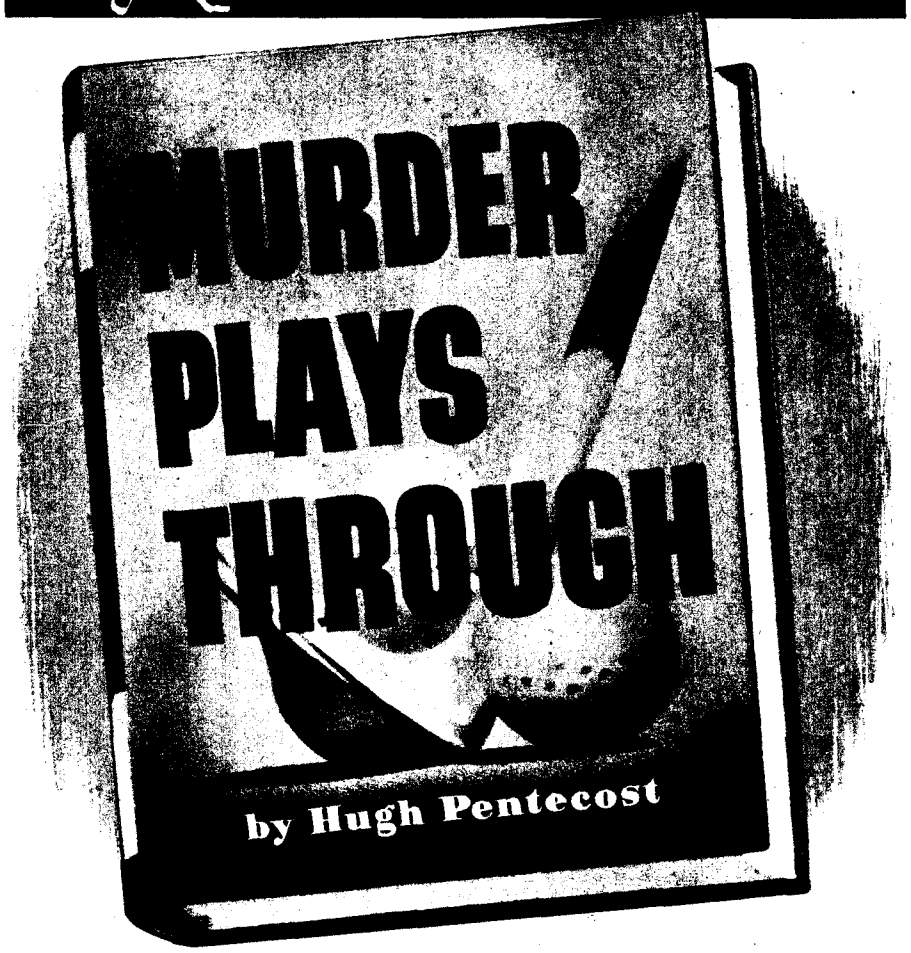

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THE A

tated, and then he looked boldly at her. He felt her eyes on him as he looked slowly down the length of her. Velma was wearing city shoes with high heels. The top part was some kind of plastic you could see right through. Through her silk stockings you could see her feet, high-arched, nicely shaped. You could see the lines between her toes, and the enameled nails. It seemed to Cam as if she were naked. He looked boldly back up again, at the stockings so fine you could see through them, the skirt tight, the blouse so low you could see the line between her breasts. Unconsciously he had reached for Soobie. The ring of milk in the empty pail brought helpless laughter from Velma.

"Oh, Junior!" Velma exclaimed. "You're a clown, a real clown!"

IN a minute, Cam started to laugh. It was funny. Velma's laugh was catching. They laughed; then they just smiled.

"Say, Junior, can you show me how to do that?"

"Milk?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Well, Miz Varney, for one thing," Cam explained, "your fingernails are too long. You'd hurt her."

"Name is Velma, Junior."

"Name is Cam, Velma."

"Say, you're coming right along."

Velma set her basket on the stairs and came around behind Cam. She bent down and reached around either side of his neck toward Soobie. Cam felt her against his back and felt the thudding of his pulse in his throat.

"Show me how, Cam," she said softly in his ear.

The sound of old Varney coming through the door startled Cam. Velma leaped back, gasping. Soobie kicked. The pail went over with a clatter, spilling milk across the floor, and Velma ran up the stairs to the mow.

Old Varney came in. Cam was busy grabbing for the pail and soothing Soobie, but he sensed old Varney watching him, and when he finally got the cow quieted and straightened up, he saw old Varney looking squarely and keenly at him.

"Don't matter to me none," old Varney said, "none at all. But I remind you Miltie has a terrible temper. I don't mean to be responsible."

Cam was in his attic bed for some time before the leaden dizziness began to leave. He had been afraid that his guilt was so very plain that Miltie would see it, but old Varney had covered him by complaining bitterly to Miltie for forgetting to go over to the Maynard farm for the County Weekly. It was after midnight before Cam fell asleep. . . .

It was Tuesday. Cam leaped out of bed. He could hear the milk truck honking down at the barn. He jammed his legs into his overalls and his bare feet into his shoes.

Running down the path, Cam looked at the sky. It was well after sunup, but the sky was dark and stormy. He had forgotten to put the cans out, and he had overslept, and that, added to his sense of guilt, left Cam depressed. He ran up to the driver, who was standing at the tail gate of the truck. "Gee, Burton," Cam gasped, "I'll only be a minute." He ran into the milk room. The driver followed him.

"No hurry, Cam," Burton said. "I just got here."

Cam was wrestling with the big cream cans. "You just got here? How come?"

They loaded the cans into the truck, Burton pulling from the tail gate, Cam pushing from the ground. "State police," Burton said, swinging down and walking toward the cab. "They're stopping all cars. Big line north of Hesperia, held me up a couple of hours."

Cam frowned. "Pest control?"

"Didn't say," Burton said, starting his motor. "They just looked me over and waved me on. They was all armed, though." He started to pull away. "And I see they was giving this one couple in the yellow convertible a real going-over."

"What was all that racket I heard?" Miltie asked Cam at breakfast.

"I found an ace of spades up your sleeve, a golf score card and a piece of pool-room chalk in your pockets, a theater stub and a trout fly in your hatband, and a blonde hair on your lapel. Just out of curiosity—where *were* you this afternoon?"

COLLIER'S — JANE SPEAR KING

"Creamery truck, Miltie," Cam said. "Today's Tuesday, pickup day."

"Oh? What'd he have to say, Cam?"

"Nothing much," Cam said. "Just asked was I starting to State this fall, and I said I was; and he asked was I going to try out for the football team, and I said not right off but maybe after I see how the studies went; and—well, that's about all, I guess."

MILTIE looked a long time at Cam, and Cam wondered what had made him lie. He looked out the window. It had started to rain, a steady rain that might go on for hours. The tool shed was barely visible, and the barn was well out of sight. No farming today. The team would mire down. The rain would help the crops more than they could, anyway. They ate in silence.

In the shed, Cam slipped the loop into the notch at one end of his bow and set the end against the floor. Holding the other end with his left hand and the cord with his right, he pressed hard with his knee, grunting, until he had bent the bow enough to hook the second loop. His bow was strung.

He balanced it, drew it, held it up to the gray light from the open shed door and admired it. He fitted one of the notched and feathered shafts to it, sighted along it, aiming carefully. A shadow formed in the rain before him, and he sharpened his bead, concentrating. The form became more distinct, suddenly threw up its arms in terror. With a start, Cam pulled his aim aside from the cringing, cursing Miltie.

"Oh, Mr. Varney, Miltie, I'm awful sorry. Say, I am sorry. I didn't even see you out there."

Miltie was white and shaken, then

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furious as Cam stepped down and showed him the unfinished bow and untipped arrow.

"See, I have to put on this leather grip yet, and send away for arrowheads. Really, Miltie, I was just trying the feel of it. You can see that."

Miltie's face was twisted as he slammed Cam's cheek with his open hand. Knocked reeling back against the shed, Cam let the rain stream off his face, arms hanging at his side, motionless, making no attempt to retaliate.

"That's for fooling around with Miltie Varney," Miltie said.

As Miltie vanished in the rain, Cam whispered to himself, "No, Miltie, that's for fooling around with your wife."

HE HEARD the dinner bell when it rang, sounding mournful above the downpour on the shed roof. Nothing could have made him go in to dinner. When he felt pangs of hunger, he went over to the feed bins and scooped up a palmful of wheat grains. They were dry and tough at first, but they got chewy in a while. The sky gradually darkened. Cam judged it was nearly time to go down to the barn for evening milking. He would get an apple on the way, then take a good drink of raw milk.

The rain pelted him as he left the shed. Cold and cheerless, it slanted into his collar and drained over his shoes. He picked his way over to the part of the orchard with the early-ripening yellow apples. Just about here. He peered up into the branches, but something white on the ground caught the corner of his eye. He went toward it and kneeled down. He was standing on the mound of Bertha Varney's grave.

From under the fieldstone marker the rain had washed something hidden there, a newspaper, yesterday's County Weekly. Instantly Cam knew Miltie must have put it there, stuffed it hastily under the stone, just before Cam saw him yesterday morning coming out of the orchard. Why? Cam took it with him down to the barn. It was soggy and unreadable in the darkness. He was looking for the flashlight when Velma came in. She was in a hooded raincoat, carrying a small butter pail.

"Cam," she said. "Cam, where have you been all day? I've missed you." She opened the pail to show Cam a lunch she had brought, knowing he would be down for milking. She didn't see the paper in his hand. "Cam!" she said, "what's the matter?"

Cam switched on the flashlight. He spread the wet newspaper on the floor and played the light on it. The big story was about a robbery in Gary, Indiana.

Sam Cone, a racketeer who had sold protection against violence to a number of small Gary businesses appeared to have surprised his wife in an infidelity with one of his lieutenants, a Milton Varney. Varney had then allegedly shot and killed Cone and, with Mrs. Cone, looted him of over a hundred thousand dollars, escaping north into Michigan in a yellow convertible coupé. The police were—

Cam looked up at Velma. "Coming here in the night," he said. "Insurance man from Ohio! With those Michigan license plates and the car fresh painted." He was shouting now, only dimly aware of the other man's entrance. "Why, you —you're not even Miltie's wife!"

"Kid, I warned you!" Cam whirled, pointing his light at the voice. It was Miltie, ugly now and vicious, with a handgun aimed at Cam's face. Velma screamed. The gun roared, but the flashlight had blinded Miltie, and the shot went over Cam's head. A cry of panic burst from him as he hurled the light at Miltie and ran. Groping, scrambling, Cam fought his way up the stairs. Shot after shot flashed as Cam, barking his shins and elbows, flung himself up the steps to the haymow. Then he was on level floor and running fear-stricken through the upper door, up the hill in the dark and the rain. Still running hard he struck the gatepost and went tumbling over and over in the mud. . . .

When Cam felt consciousness flooding back, he saw that he had run into the orchard. He could just make out the dim outline of the tool shed and, some distance away from it, hear Miltie's fierce blasphemies.

Painfully, Cam dragged himself into the shed. The downpour on the roof drowned out all sounds but his own gasping. In the pitch dark, Cam groped for the wall, for the bench, for the bow. There it was. Desperately, he felt in all directions for the arrows. They were nowhere. Feet pounded on the porch of the shed, and he crouched against the wall, clutching the bow in front of him like a club. The door opened, and Miltie came into the shed. Cam could hear his labored breath, his fumbling. He was close—a few feet. Cam drew back to strike.

A match flared in Miltie's hand, showing his back to Cam and, just out of reach, the missing arrows on the floor. Miltie was on one knee, digging furiously in the feedbin. As the match burned out, Cam saw him drag out a leather bag. Then he heard him running out the door. Miltie had come into the shed for his hidden loot.

Quickly, Cam felt for the arrows and found one. This was a nightmare. He flinched at the sound of the motor starting. He ran out into the storm, shivering from fright and cold. The rain streamed into his eyes, and he tried frantically to see through the darkness. Then headlights flashed on. Gears clashed. They were getting away.

"Stop them!" Cam screamed. But the words were lost in the noise of the car.

Through the trees Cam saw a lantern swinging toward him. It was old Varney, running for the pickup truck. Maybe he could ram the coupé, or block the way. Shots flashed from the window of the coupé as Miltie pulled out of the garage. They were dead hits on the truck engine. Cam raised his bow. Old Varney stopped and turned. Directly into the coupé's headlights he ran. Cam drew and sighted. The horn blasted. Miltie would run old Varney down. As the coupé passed below him, Cam shot. From less than six feet it couldn't miss. The arrow clipped through the cloth top of the car and plunged its blunt wooden shank into the back of Miltie's neck. The coupé veered, knocked old Varney aside, plunged into the orchard and stopped with a tree-splitting crash.

SOMEHOW, old Varney's lantern was still lighted. Cam ran over and found the old man shaky but still on his feet. "Dog it, Cam," he said, his voice trembling, "that danged young Miltie."

They looked into the car. They couldn't tell—maybe Miltie had been dead before the crash. The arrow had come clean through his neck. It was a ragged, nasty wound, but it was over to one side, not really a vital place. So maybe, after all, Miltie had turned off on purpose, balked at killing his father.

They found Velma too: in the barn, on the stairs to the hayloft. It looked like in the dark she had gotten between Miltie and Cam. She had probably reached the fourth or fifth step and fallen back down; her blonde hair was spilled around her face, her skirt falling up, her legs posed like she was dancing. Maybe she had saved Cam's life. Maybe on purpose.

"That bow, Cam—" old Varney began.

Cam looked at the bow. He had made it to use up his time and his thoughts. Or had he made it to escape from her? Or had he made it to prevent her escape?

"Something about Miltie," old Varney was saying, "always did prod people to protect themselves."

Or was that it? Well, they had come, in the night, with their guile and their ways; and he had been guided to make it; and he was alive, and they were dead. That was the point. THE END

COLLIER'S

"When are you going to do something about this leaky basement?"

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Cy West had a copy of the Constitution with him. I set George right down on it

The Lost Million

By GLENN F. POWERS

THE look on the messenger boy's face was one of utter incredulity. "A cricket that can send Morse! Now, *really*, Chief."

"Yup," the wire chief said, "and the prettiest Morse you ever heard. Yes sir, clear and sharp as a rifle. Not much volume, though."

"Where did you find this cricket, Chief?" The boy's tone was skeptical.

"Well, it was down in New Orleans, in 1910, that I met George. It was a nice evening, so I wasn't having much wire trouble. I was sitting there, thinking of nothing in particular, when I hear some damn' student practicing on our Chicago dispatcher circuit. Now, I don't have to tell you why an important circuit like that has to be kept clear. I got up and started over to the sounder, fixing to burn that ham off the wire. Knew it was a ham because he was just sending the alphabet over and over.

"I opened the key and started to ask him to sign. But instead of breaking him when I opened the key, he kept right on! You know it just ain't *possible* to send when a wire is open, but by golly that alphabet kept right on coming in. Nice sending it was, too. Timing was perfect.

"Then I noticed another funny thing. The signals were coming from the sounder all right, but it wasn't even working. I leaned over for a better look, and there behind that sounder was the biggest doggone cricket I ever saw!

"About two inches long he was, and shiny black. He didn't seem the least bit skitterish, so I picked him up and carried him over to my desk. All this time, mind you, he's sending the alphabet. At first I was too surprised to think straight. Then like a flash it hit me! Suppose he could understand me if I said something!

"I was so excited I shook all over. Why, hell, I'd make a million. I leaned down and said, real slow, 'What's your name, pal?' He just kept right on sending the alphabet.

"I tried till midnight to get an answer, but no luck. So I put him in a cigar box with holes in it and took him home with me.

"First thing I did when I got up was look to see if George was still there. I'd started calling him George, thinking maybe I could train him better if he had a name. He was there all right, stretched out with his head between his paws like a collie dog. I fairly ached when I thought of the dough I could make if that cricket could only understand me. And then I had another idea. If George didn't understand my voice, maybe he could understand Morse!

"I had an old practice set in my closet, so I dug it out and connected it up. I nudged him a little with my thumb, and he got up and began stroking his antennae. Well sir, this was my big moment. I opened my key and tapped on it a few times to see if he'd notice. Right away he stopped cleaning his whiskers and waved them around his head. Real slow I tapped out: *H-e-l-l-o.*

"George didn't make a sound. I tried it again, and my hand was shaking. *H-e-l-l-o.* This time George made a few little chirping noises and then very softly spelled out *h-e-l-l-o.*"

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" said the messenger.

"Boy," the wire chief continued, "I was so excited I started shaking all over. George and I carried on quite a conversation. At first he was awful shy, and his signals were weak. But after a little while he kind of gained confidence, and he put out the clearest, nicest Morse I ever hope to listen to.

"Well, I decided to keep George's talent a secret for a while—he agreed that'd be best. I'd take him to the office with me and put him in my desk. Then in the evening I'd take him out and practice sending with him. In about one month that blamed cricket was sending faster than I could, and never making a mistake. We'd send the United States Constitution back and forth for hours. George got to where he knew the whole thing by heart.

"Along about this time, a notice was posted on the bulletin board that the company was going to sponsor a nation-wide contest to find the champion sending telegraph operator. The winner would get a solid-gold Morse key and a thousand-dollar bonus.

"Now, I'm not much of a one to brag, but I was considered one of the best sending operators in the Gulf division. I knew there was only one man in this territory that was better than me—old Sam O'Neill. He was dispatcher at Dallas and never missed a chance to ride me if he could. And whenever he called a circuit wrong, I never missed rubbing it in either. We'd been doing that way ever since we were messenger boys together at Fort Worth. But much as I disliked Sam personally, I had to admit he was a first-class sender.

"I had the honor of representing the New Orleans office for the division elimination contest at Dallas. George was as excited as I was about our trip. He was sure I'd win hands down. I kind of figured myself that Sam O'Neill and I would get to the finals.

"I ran into Sam down at Harrigan's saloon by the Dallas office. Right away, he starts popping off.

" 'Well,' Sam says, 'hello there, Doug. I see they let anyone in here nowadays. This place used to be reserved for telegraph operators, didn't it, men?'

"Sam's cronies all haw-hawed and said they didn't know what the place was coming to. 'Hell,' Sam says, 'we got rattlesnakes down here in Texas can send better with their tail than you could with a gold-plated key!'

"Sam's cohorts were all slapping their thighs, and my friends couldn't keep from grinning, too. But that last crack gave me a terrific idea!

" 'Speaking of ability, Sam,' I said, 'I bet I could teach a plain old cricket to send better than you.'

"Sam's buddies all jeered and hooted and said that was a pretty weak comeback. When they quieted down, I said, 'I got five hundred bucks says I can do it!'

"Sam just stared at me with a silly look on his face. Finally, he said, 'You've gone dot-happy, Doug.

" 'Put up or shut up, Sam,' I said, hauling out my wallet.

"Sam's face got red, and he made a big show of hollering for a checkbook. We let Cy West, the press operator, hold the stakes. Sam asked me how much time I'd need, and I said I'd meet him there at two o'clock next afternoon. I could see Sam thought I'd really gone nuts. He agreed that the Constitution would be fine copy.

"That night, I explained to George what was up. After I told him about the way Sam had lipped off, he was darn' near as eager as I was to show that loudmouth up! He ran through the Constitution twice that night without a hitch.

"The place was packed next day when I carried George in. I set him down in the middle of the bar and took him out of the box. Sam still couldn't figure what I was up to. He had a portable sending set with him, and Cy West had a copy of the Constitution. I set George right down on it.

"I said, 'The challenger sends first, don't he, Cy?'

"Cy nodded, and I tapped out a Go Ahead to George on Sam's key. The crowd got quiet, and George started on the Preamble with signals clear as crystal. Folks' mouths flopped open, and their eyes were hanging out on their cheeks. Sam kept watching me like I was throwing my voice or something. By the time George finished, Sam was a wreck. He started sending, but he didn't get past Article I before he'd made a break. Cy stopped him, and I pocketed his check and took George back to the hotel, leaving the guys goggle-eyed."

Doug chuckled. "You never saw a more beaten man than old Sam was."

"What did you do with George?" The messenger's voice was eager.

THE wire chief's face saddened. "I took George back to Harrigan's that night to celebrate. I got a spoon and let him have a taste of my old-fashioned. He finished off the whole spoonful and just started making a loud string of dots, almost like a police whistle! Next thing I know, there's another cricket down by a crack near the floor, making some soft chirping noises. It was the old come-on if I ever heard one. Before I could stop him, George had staggered to the edge of the bar and hopped off."

Doug paused, remembering. "They disappeared into that crack, and I never saw George again!"

Unlocking his desk drawer, Doug pulled out a gleaming Morse key. On the bottom of the handsome walnut base was inscribed: *First Prize—Telegraphers' Tall Tales.* He fondled it lovingly.

"Yup, that doggone cricket meant an awful lot to me." Doug smiled. "Hell, I could've made a million!"

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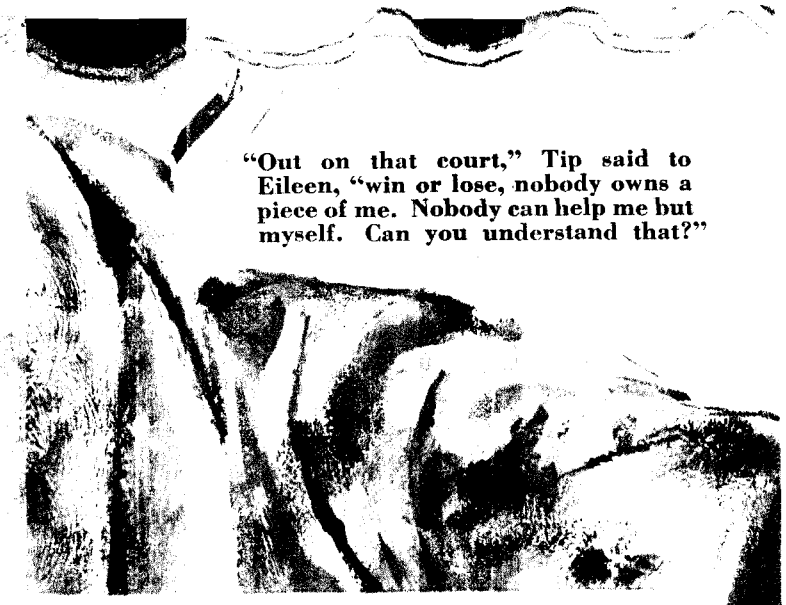

"Out on that court," Tip said to Eileen, "win or lose, nobody owns a piece of me. Nobody can help me but myself. Can you understand that?"

LOVE SET

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

He was twenty-seven. In tennis, that's old. He was stale, too—out of practice and out of condition. But he had to prove something, and he had to hurry

THE late afternoon sun was overcast when Tipton Winkle walked out of the country club. Crossing the polo field, he stepped up onto the deserted courts. As he unscrewed the press on his racket, he heard a foursome chattering on the seventeenth fairway, beyond the trees. The can of tennis balls opened with a pneumatic sigh, and Tip walked over to the backboard.

He stroked them easily at first. The ball would slam into the board and rebound, and he would set his feet and drive it back. As he worked, the trajectory of the ball got flatter and flatter. Tip's face was absorbed, staring over his elbow at the point of impact. After thirty minutes of solitary stroking, he had broken a good sweat, but he continued practicing as if it were a ritual.

After another fifteen minutes, he was slipping out of gear frequently, faltering every few shots. He would be banging away smoothly, and something would fail to mesh. The shot, flubbed, would fall below the painted net line. With his face set in sweaty planes, Tip tried the service, pointing on his left toe and belting the ball furiously. But those shots were unreturnable, and after he had slammed a half dozen of them, he sat down on the bench between the deserted courts.

Flecks of fire were dancing before his eyes. He wanted a cigarette badly, but he was afraid it would make him sick. Muffled in the sweat shirt and towel, he shivered like a dog throwing off water. When the sweat was dry, he gathered up the balls and the racket and walked back to the clubhouse.

A long way to go, he thought. I can still slug 'em, but the legs and lungs aren't right any more. One of these California kids would wreck me in a long match.

He sat slumped in front of his locker for several minutes, his head pressed against the cool metal. It would be easier not to do what he had in mind, because nobody was going to like it very much. Even after he had stripped off the damp clothes and was standing under the shower, his bleak expression did not change.

When he walked into the house, feeling stiff but cleansed, his father was sitting in the hall study. As Tip came in, the old man leaned back and took off his glasses with an abrupt, raking motion. Mr. Winkle, Senior, looked much older without the glasses. There were red spots on the bridge of his nose where the frame had pressed.

"All right," said the old man. "I got your note. Now let's see if we can make some sense out of this business. We never have before, but I guess we can't stop trying."

"Maybe I'm rehearsing to be a bum," said Tip.

"No." His father twirled the glasses. "You're twenty-seven years old, a practicing attorney, and engaged to a nice girl. On top of that, you've been through a war and conducted yourself pretty well."

"Not a flaw in it," Tip answered steadily. "Good firm, engaged to the daughter of one of the senior partners. We go to court, and I act as water boy while one of the experienced lawyers tries the case."

Mr. Winkle stared at his son for some time before he answered. "We don't understand each other at all,"

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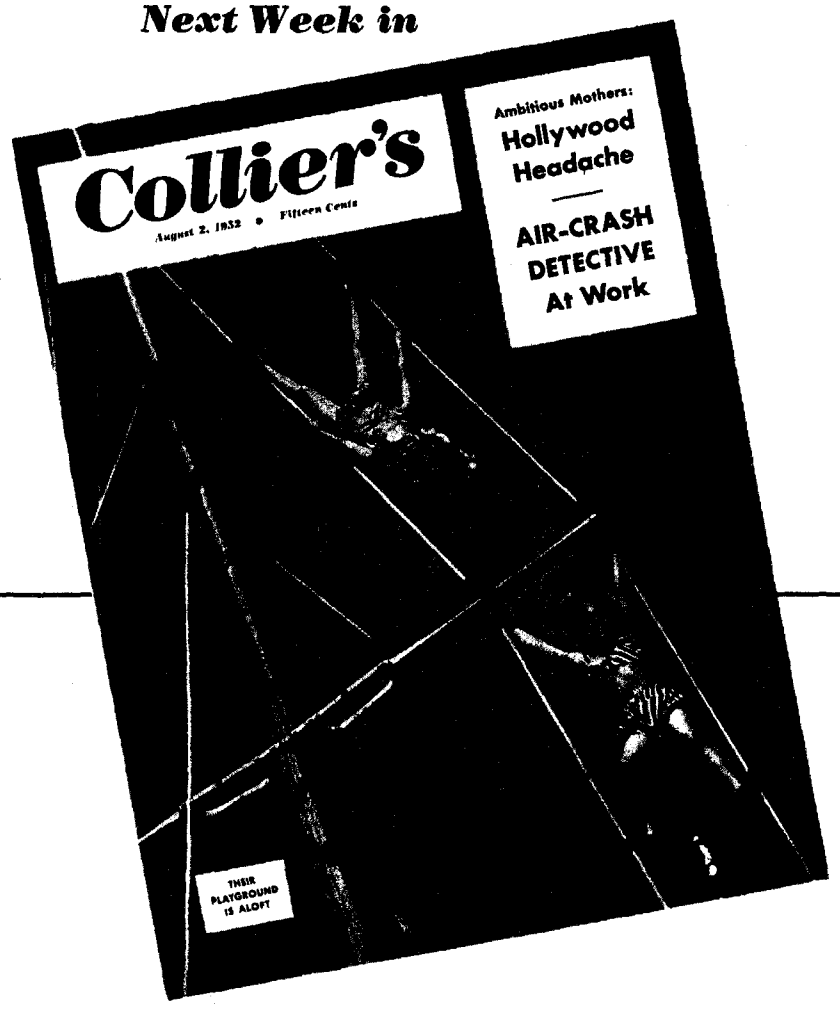
Next Week in



AMBITIOUS MOTHERS:

Hollywood Headache

By ARTHUR MARX

The mother who wants stardom for her offspring is a movie maker's nightmare. Here's the story of 5,000 Moms who won't take "no" for an answer

•

AIR-CRASH DETECTIVE At Work

Whenever a plane crashes, the Civil Aeronautics Board sends a crack investigator to learn why. Don't miss the story of a top sleuth in action

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he said, and added, "What is it you want?"

Tip stood up. "I want to try the tennis again. You never thought much of it, but it was the only thing I could do well."

The old man nodded, trying to comprehend. "But if you wear out all the other tennis players in the world, what does it prove?"

"Not much." Tip put his hands on the desk. They faced each other, startlingly alike, an old hawk ruffled by a young one. "But it would be something I did by myself, before I settle down to buttering up clients and going out square-dancing every Saturday night."

"What does it cost?" the old man asked harshly. "How much for you to put on your short pants and play patball with some other unemployed people?"

Tip was stung. "Not a dime!" he shouted. "We don't pat it. And I got a reserve commission, remember? There may not be much time."

Mr. Winkle leaned back and relaxed. "These damned wars," he agreed grimly. "Sure you don't need anything?"

"No." Tip stood watching as his father got up and shuffled by him into the hall. The old man was wearing slippers, and he walked as if his feet were hurting him.

THE gravel in the country-club parking lot sprayed under the wheels of the convertible. Tip stamped on the brake and switched the lights off.

In the clubhouse, he turned into the men's bar. Vance Womack was slouched at a table, and he salaamed as Tip approached. Vance had flown in CBI during the war, and the salaam was now a part of his permanent repertoire.

Tip sat down across from him. "Have the big-difference drink with me, the one that has to last a year."

"Oh?" Womack said scornfully. "And do you chew every bite thirty times?"

"No kidding." Tip stretched out. "I'm giving the tennis circuit another whirl."

"Admirable, constructive." Womack nodded sleepily. "I'll fire off a reservation to Wimbledon."

Tip flagged a waiter and ordered two Martinis. "Be an ass about it," he continued, "but I'm leaving tonight. Four months of roustabouting in west Texas, and practice on my days off. Then I'll try the Oak River Invitation."

Womack stared across the table with a look of horror. He was a tanned little man with a receding hairline. His family owned a hundred sections of cattle range, and in case the beef market got sluggish, there was oil beneath most of the land. He straightened in his chair, jarred by the reference to work. "You were fairly high on the hog before the war, weren't you?" he asked.

"That was a phony ranking." Tip leaned back, as the drinks came. "I was ninth nationally, but the top four guys had been greeted by Uncle Sam, and Phil Mello had turned pro. Still, I could clout them pretty good."

"I hope you whup everybody," said Womack.

"Thanks," Tip said, taking a sip of his Martini.

"And—what will Eileen say?" Womack asked casually.

"That," answered Tip, finishing his drink, "is tonight's interesting item."

Eileen was waiting upstairs, in the lounge. As he walked toward her, Tip thought of the contradictions his fiancée represented. A tiny, shapely girl, with hair like burnished mahogany and eyes the shade of green water gone shoal, Eileen seemed to be the epitome of all the helpless damozels. And yet she was actually about as helpless as a tigress.

"The two top shelves are how to raise me"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES SKILES

As he pulled her chair out for her in the dining room, Eileen threw the mink stole back, and Tip could smell the fragrance of her bare shoulders. Beckoning to the waiter, he ordered a Scotch old-fashioned.

"Nothing for you, darling?" she asked.

"No." He told the waiter they would order later. "I'm going in training, to try the tennis circuit again."

"How wonderful!" She clapped her gloved hands. "How will you ever find the time?"

"Means quitting the firm." He hunched his shoulders. "I'm leaving tonight for Odessa. Got to get in shape, then follow the tournaments."

"Oh?" Her glance flicked across him; she waved to some people across the room. "Father will be angry," she said.

"I'm afraid so," answered Tip.

Eileen returned his gaze. She was silent until the drink came, but her green eyes were filled with angry tears. She and Tip had been almost ready to announce their wedding plans. Tip sat braced for the assault, and, sure enough, it arrived before the food.

They finished the meal in silence. Eileen had exhausted her opinions on tennis and tennis players, and her ideas were much like his father's. The tight silence continued until they were outside, in his car.

"Want me to drop you by Doris' party?" he asked.

"No." Her voice was distant. "Take me home."

WHEN they reached the Broderick house, she walked across the hall and up the stairs. Tip was closing the door when someone shouted his name. Going inside, he turned into the living room and found Eileen's mother and father sitting before the fire.

Mr. Broderick was a chunky man with graying hair and a tended, urbane look. He wore slippers, baggy trousers and an ancient smoking jacket. His wife had a book in her lap; she threw back the sleeves of her metallic mandarin gown and smiled.

"Don't be so abrupt, Tip," she said. "This isn't a bus station, after all. What's the matter with Eileen?"

"Oh . . ." Tip sat down on the rug between them. Hesitatingly, he told them about his plans. Mr. Broderick shook his highball glass, and the tinkle of the ice cubes prompted him to offer Tip a drink. Tip shook his head. He was staring into the flames when he realized that the Brodericks were smiling at each other.

"I'm glad somebody's enjoying it," Tip said stiffly.

"It's not that." Mr. Broderick put one hand on his shoulder. "Just that Kate and I weren't always so decrepit." He grinned at his wife. "Nearly twenty-

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five years ago, we were engaged, and my dad had a spot waiting for me in his insurance office. I said the hell with it and piled on a cattle boat."

"Broke my heart," Mrs. Broderick said gleefully, and her husband grunted.

"Sure healed quick. Tip, I got off the boat at Oslo, and there she was. I needed fumigation pretty bad, but after a bath and a couple of jolts of aquavit, Kate smelled so good that we got married right there."

"Coldest hotel room I ever stayed in," said Kate Broderick.

"You're trying to lead the witness now," answered her husband, and they both laughed. Tip sat between them, smiling into the flames.

"Do it your way, Tip," Mrs. Broderick said gently. "The world you kids live in is folding up like an accordion; so grab what you can. If it means enough to Eileen, she'll wait. Lawyers are a dull tribe, anyway."

Mr. Broderick said, "Ho, ho!" and rattled his drink again. Tip got up, thanked them and walked out of the house. As he went through the chill wind to his car, he was thinking about the Brodericks. They weren't just married people before a fire, but two friends kidding each other about a snowy night in Oslo. It was the first time he had ever seen Mr. Broderick with the legal façade removed. Now Eileen, he thought in perplexity, she must take after the cook.

AS SOON as he was at home again, he jerked his suitcases out of the hall closet and packed them. Then he walked across the hall, but his father's room was dark. Sitting on the edge of the big bed, he whirled a racket slowly and stared out the window. After a few minutes, he got up and telephoned for a cab.

He called the Broderick house from the airport, and Eileen answered. He told her he was sorry, that he had hoped she would understand. For a little while in his life he wanted to be something separate from the fact of his birth and a prefabricated future.

"All right, Tip." Her voice was low. "But you can't expect me to pine away while you're chasing this ridiculous Grail."

"No," answered Tip. "I can't. Good-by."

"I'll give the ring to your father," she said in a muffled voice, and the receiver clicked in his ear. . . .

The oil-field gangs of west Texas have a personal antipathy to the wind. It roars across the plains and chills or roasts them in season. When they eat lunch, the wind whirls dirt into their food, and when they scale the tall derricks, it tries to loosen their fingers.

Tip Winkle heard the rhythmical rattle of the collar-pecker's hammer and flexed his knees to it. With his gloved hands clutched around the folded handles of the tongs, he stroked easily as the pipe rolled to a snug fit.

The kneeling collar-pecker flourished off and shouted, "Noon joint!" Spreading the tong handles like a pair of giant scissors, Tip flipped them off the pipe and turned toward the truck. The other roustabouts trudged after him through the murky blast. In silence, they all climbed into the back of the truck and reached for their lunch kits.

When he had finished eating, Tip crumpled the wax papers and inspected the whorls of callus on his palms. The other roustabouts were leaning back, belching with satisfaction and lighting cigarettes. Crouching, Tip walked to the back of the cab and jumped lightly to the ground. When he rapped on the front window, Carl Steffie, the gang pusher, lowered the glass a few inches.

"I'm taking off tomorrow," shouted Tip, balancing against the wind.

"Okay," answered Steffie, his leathery face solemn. "When you get to Forest Hills, send us a picture of them lacy-pants girls."

"It's a deal." Tip went around to the back of the truck and climbed in. Sitting down, he felt the aluminum cab quiver as the wind hit it. His dust-caked eyes batted as he recalled the four months he had spent with the gang.

The rich foods, the cigarettes, the Martinis had burned out hard. For the first three weeks, Tip had dropped off the truck at night too tired to eat or bathe before he staggered off to bed. After that, it began to get easier. He was tightening up, and the men he worked with had started emerging as individuals, with a salty, stinging humor.

Most of all, Tip was proud of their acceptance, proud that he could turn in a day's work with any of them. He had never felt better in his life. Eileen was his only discontent. She had not answered any of his letters, and he wanted to see her so badly that it made him a little sick. Now he sat waiting for the gang pusher to sound the horn and start him through his final four hours.

IN HOUSTON, Tip checked in at the Rice Hotel, then went out to the River Oaks Club to register. The lady behind the registry desk asked if he wanted quarters. When Tip said no, she seemed faintly aggrieved, as if he might be violating a fixed amateur ruling. Thanking her, he moved down the hall and stopped before the big board. At first, he could not locate his name.

It was in the bottom bracket, and he had drawn a first-round bye. After that, he caught Wilmer Dillon. Tip's tanned face tightened; the pairing was a good, hard kick in the belly. Dillon was the intercollegiate champion. A Tulane player of the retriever school, he was seeded fourth in this tournament. If you were a bit off against Dillon, you got scuttled fast, because he made you beat yourself.

It was a bad break. Tip had been practicing a lot, but not against rated players. He had hoped for at least one cripple to tune up his game, but this draw meant he would have to go out cold against a player of near-Cup caliber. . . .

The next morning, he went out to the club early and practiced with a University of Texas kid. Bobby Dirks was ranked two on the Texas squad, and he was fair, but he had no forcing shot from the backhand side. When the practice session was over, Tip bought him a malted milk in the grill, which was jammed with club members and contestants. Tip and Dirks were lounging at a corner table when Frank Roder came in, followed by a retinue of debutantes. Roder was national champion, a lanky, sleepy-looking boy.

He saw Tip and came across to the table. "Old man Winkle," the champion said expansively, sliding down into a chair and hooking one of his long legs over the arm. "We got rid of Jack and Pancho; so I figured it was clear sailing. Now you got to arise from the dead."

"Not much danger." Tip smiled. "Cain't get from this cabin any more."

Frank roared. "That Dillon? Force him, boy, force him all the time. Only don't hit anything out."

"That's what I mean," said Tip. "I haven't played much lately, and I tend to spray 'em."

"Better not," Roder said jovially, heaving himself up. "He'll do it to you."

Tip nodded, and Roder continued his triumphal progress across the grill. Businessmen and matrons called out to him, and he herded his bevy of debutantes from table to table. Tip wiped at the drying sweat on his face with his towel and thought of how many like Roder he had seen. Fighting up from nowhere, trying not to show that the atmosphere of the swank clubs on the circuit scared them green. Strutting a few years, rowing the gravy boat like crazy and then grabbing for the pro money or dropping out of sight completely.

Young Dirks was watching the champion's progress with fascination. "He's the original big noise, isn't he?"

Tip nodded. "But big on the court, too. So, for a while, he can afford to be loud."

Dirks went on watching Roder. Tip's mouth twitched with amusement, because he knew the boy was visualizing the time when he would be able to blow the champion down. And it could happen, too, if every one of a thousand factors fell right. If he was dedicated, lucky and worked like a galley slave, he might build something that would start going downhill the day he got it perfected. . . .

At ten o'clock the next morning, Tip drew a deep breath and walked out on

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "I'm just mad enough to call th' cops" LARRY REYNOLDS

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one of the side courts. The crowd was small, but since he had not played before any crowds at all for over five years, his stomach was tightened up. He shook hands with Wilmer Dillon, a stocky boy with cropped hair, and went out to the base line.

As they warmed up, Tip could feel the tingle of impact down his forearm. Dillon was putting plenty of pace on the ball, and Tip was overanxious. He couldn't seem to get his feet set right, and he kept slewing the ball out of play. When the match began, he was beginning to heat up, but he did not feel right.

Tip lost the opening game, and Dillon promptly broke his service. In the third game, Tip kept the ball in play, took the score to deuce, but dropped both points and the game by hitting out. Dillon was suckering him with drop shots, but that was only part of it.

Mostly, Tip was trying to slam the ball while he was tightened up. It wouldn't work, and the intercollegiate champion ran out the set, 6-2.

AS HE toweled his face and hands, Tip tried to fight the panic down. He was being slaughtered, and he knew what the trouble was. He was choking, playing it Dillon's way. "I've got to quit hitting everything center-court," he told himself grimly. When someone called his name, he turned. Eileen Broderick was sitting in a front-row box, alone, and he walked over to it.

"Hi, Tip." She smiled at him.

"Hi, yourself. Real butchery, eh?"

"Oh," Eileen shrugged. "You'll get the feel of it in a few minutes. You've been away a long time."

"Could be." He frowned at his hands, gripping the racket handle. "Even if I get beat in this first match, I want you to understand something. Out on that court, win or lose, nobody owns a piece of me. Nobody can help me but myself. Can you understand that?"

Eileen did not answer. She was lovely and poised, like a tiny Manchu princess. Turning, Tip stepped back onto the court. The pulse pounded in his wrists as he crouched.

Across the net, Dillon uncoiled, and his serve nicked the backhand corner. Tip whacked the ball back viciously and scrambled for the net. The return was a high lob, and he went climbing toward it. For a second, he hung there, like a man trying to walk up a stairway of air. With one knee raised, he smashed the ball so hard it blurred out of shape. Dillon was left stranded.

"Shot," he called, and held up his left hand for the ball boy to fill. As the gallery clapped, Tip stared over at Eileen. It was his first kill shot, and he could feel the tension draining out of his shoulders. He went to meet the next service on his toes and cocked the power through his wrist. The force of the drive turned Dillon halfway around, and he straightened slowly. Tip won the first game.

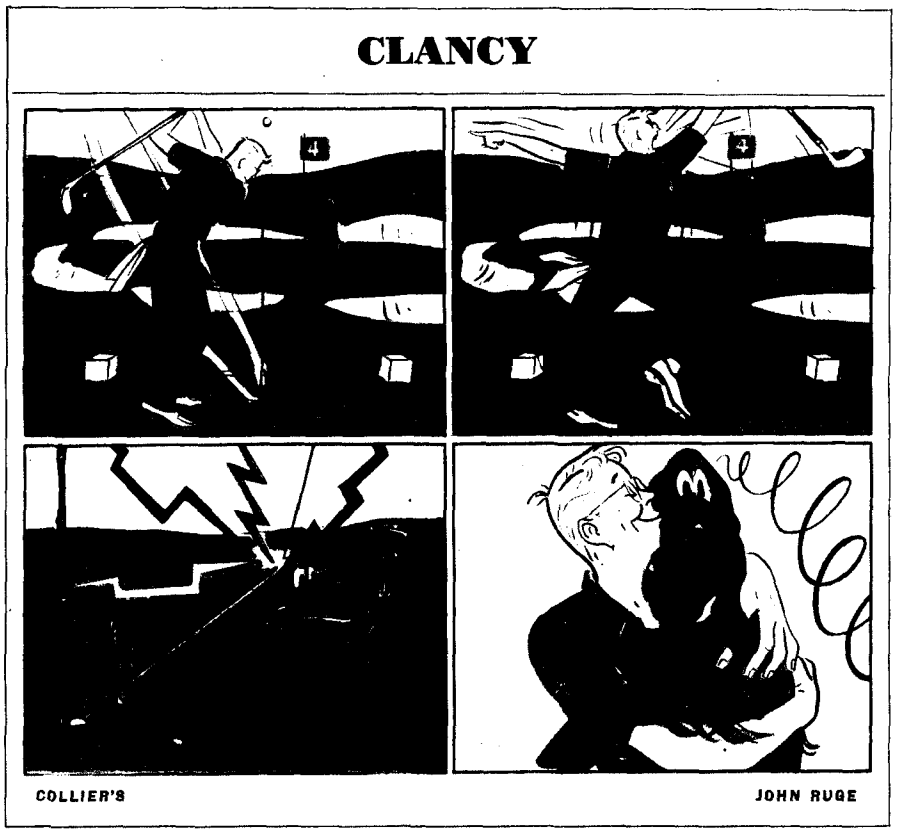
Tip went back to serve. He flipped up a ball and arced forward. Dillon made another sliding try, but the ball got through him. The umpire intoned, "Fifteen—love," and somebody in the gallery let out a yelp of delight.

The sweat seemed natural now. Tip was wide with the first serve and thought: What the hell? Like my old man says, this is just a game for boys and unemployed people. So he opened the throttle on the second serve. It got in, and Dillon chopped it back weakly. Tip raced up and put the return away. After that, he dropped a rally and won two, and the umpire called out, "Game Winkle. He leads two love, second set."

A funny thing, thought Tip. When you get right, nothing misses. Slugging and forcing, he stormed the net. He volleyed Dillon's returns, kneeling and lunging, angled them sharply over the net cord. Once, spread-eagled, he got away with the classic backhand half volley, and the crowd let out its first real roar.

The Tulane boy tried to put the fire out with slow, teasing stuff, but Tip murdered it. The second set was his, 6-3, and he carried his slashing attack into the third set. Dillon opened up again, chopping hard, and they took the games to four-all. Tip kept stepping the pace higher and higher and finally closed out the match with another climbing smash. He hit that last one from the heels, and it caught a defect in the court and sprayed up particles of clay.

Dillon came to the net, with false heartiness, to shake hands. He was obviously unhappy, because the moguls had been grooming him for an alternate's berth on the Cup team. And now he was blown out early by a guy who



seemed very old to him, a guy who had not played any tournament tennis in five years.

Walking to the box where Eileen was sitting, Tip vaulted the railing and sat down beside her. "I'll buy the lunch," he said.

She smiled. "I'm sorry, Tip. I can't."

"Look—" He raked sweat off his forehead.

"No," said Eileen. "Vance Womack and I are getting married next week."

"Oh?" Tip froze, and surveyed the sweat glistening on his fingers. "Sorry, I didn't know. Best of luck."

She didn't answer; so he vaulted back over the railing of the box and went walking swiftly toward the clubhouse.

SHE was sitting in the same box when he walked out on the court the next morning, but several people were with her. Vance Womack was one of them. The crowd was larger, and Tip was so angry he forgot to be nervous.

His opponent was Bobby Dirks, the Texas boy, and Tip knew his style thoroughly from their practice session. He breezed through the first set 6-2 by pounding the younger player's backhand unmercifully. The second set went to 8-6, but that was because Tip was testing his shots, seeing how close to the lines he could pin them.

Throughout the match, Tip heard the party in the box shouting his name. When he had closed Dirks out and was wiping his face in the shadow of the umpire's stand, the laughing party waved to him and walked away.

The next day, he drew Paul Anders, one of the rising California boys, and blew the first set of the semifinal match. They were playing on the number two court, and the stands were packed. Anders was a gaunt, blond giant with a tremendous overhead game. It was the first time Tip had met a big game since 1947, and for a while he thought the Californian's sheer power was going to blow him down. But he kept slamming and steadied, and the match turned into a real slugging bee. When Tip pulled out the second set, most of the center-court gallery drifted over to watch.

They both held service through the next two sets and split them. Tip opened the fifth set by going up on everything, because that shortened the points. It was nothing but sheer cannonading, done that way, and before long Tip knew he had to go for it. Not later, or gradually, but right then. Anders was a lot younger, and tournament-tough.

Tip poured a return down the backhand side, and Anders flourished it back. He had been out of position, and there was not the usual solid *whack*. Tip went up, quick-kicking his feet, and smashed the ball as hard as he could. Anders lunged to his knees, caught coming in, and the force of the smash turned the racket in his hand.

Tip's chest was heaving and his legs felt as though they might start cramping. Anders streaked a first serve down the middle, and Tip couldn't get untracked to hit it. But he won the next two points, one on a lucky net-cord creeper, and gambled the whole match on another smash that was only shoulder high. It caught the base line, and Tip led, 5-4.

As they changed courts, Tip glanced along the front-row boxes, but he couldn't locate Eileen. Hold the serve, hold the serve; he's tired too, went pounding through his head. He banged the first two inside, but Anders was still rushing, and he got away with two beautifully angled volleys. Tip turned back to serve again. Sweat was dripping salt onto his dry lips, and he was afraid he might faint in front of the huge gallery.

As he threw up his head to get more air into his lungs, Tip thought of his father and smiled wearily. How the old man would like to see me out here, panting like a dog, he thought. Anders was crouched, braced for service. Tip threw the ball up and slammed it. He took every chance, driving hard, and won the next two points. After the match game had gone to deuce four times, Anders pushed one a half inch over the base line, and that was the match.

This time there were photographers at the net. Drenched with sweat, Tip repeated the handshake, with Anders towering over him. There were reporters in the locker room, and they followed him into the shower, shouting questions over the hiss of falling water.

No, said Tip, he was not affiliated with any club. Yes, he would make most of the major tournaments if he continued to play well. Asked about his chances against Roder in the finals, Tip answered simply that he hoped to open the champion up. When the reporters were gone, he dried off and lay down on the bench before his locker. The tension had his belly so tight that for a while he thought he might throw up.

That night, he lay awake in his room until almost midnight. There was a picture of Eileen in one of the papers; it had been taken at some kind of fancy-dress ball. She was wearing a black, strapless dress that made her figure bold as a shout, and Tip stared at the picture while his thoughts retreated down the corridors of memory. Finally, snapping off the bed light, he fell into a troubled sleep.

The next morning, he overslept and was late getting out to the club. He was standing in front of his locker, dressing hurriedly, when Mr. Andrews, the tournament chairman, came rushing in. He jabbed at his wrist watch and said that Roder had been waiting ten minutes.

"Coming now," Tip said. Throwing a towel around his neck, he picked up the rackets and turned. Andrews was already scuttling down the rattan-covered hallway, and Tip followed him.

THE murmuring got louder as he approached the center court, and he saw that the crowd was overflowing the stands, lined behind ropes. Frank Roder was waiting by the umpire's stand, running one hand impatiently through his shock of dark hair.

"Trying the sweat-'em-out psychology, baby?" the champion inquired harshly. "I'll put some extra mileage on you for that."

"No." Tip shook his head and unscrewed the racket press. "I'm sorry, Frank."

The champion stamped off, simmering with rage, and Tip walked onto the court. They warmed up with the big crowd humming a background to the crisp exchanges. Their strokes were stylized, pinging solidly off the tightly strung rackets, and their shoes rustled as they shifted back and forth over the smooth clay. They were both punishing the ball, in extreme concentration.

As he stroked away, Tip was wondering whether or not Eileen had come. He told himself that he didn't care, and then he told himself that he was a liar. Very soon, doubling along the base line, he realized that if Roder insisted on keeping the throttle open this far, somebody was going to come down with the blind staggers. But the people were there, seated and standing; they had come to see the best tennis he could play, so he moved in his smooth channels, slamming away.

Roder had first service, and the lanky champion eased up with deceptive grace. When he met the ball, leaning forward, it blurred over the net. Tip blocked it back and went forward. He volleyed a return off his shoe tops and saw Roder's face set gravely as he put it away down the backhand side. The gallery roared applause, because it had been a fast, picture-book point.

Roder had all the stops out. Tip could feel that in his shoulder before long; so he tried to shut the crowd out of his mind. On the third point, they worked into a long rally, both hitting deep. The heads of the spectators were jerking back and forth in unison, as though a single mind controlled them all.

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Tip drove two at the forehand corner, and Roder pulled them sharply cross-court. So Tip went hustling up and volleyed the third one into the other corner. Then it was Roder's time to run for the money. Sliding across, he lifted a high lob. Tip drifted back, watching the ball, and the gallery waited. The shot dropped, past the smash point, and bounced.

The crowd hummed because it had been a setup, but Tip stopped that by deflecting the ball to the right, very short. There was no power on it; he just wristed it over the net cord. Roder had been scrambling toward the backstop, and he slowed up, looking foolish. There was a wave of applause and some laughter, which the champion did not relish. Scowling, he motioned to the ball boys and stepped back into service position.

Tip leaned into the return. The rhythm was still there. It was a heartbeat to the play, tying everything together. Tip kept forcing, and took the first set, 6-3. Although he was playing the best tennis of his life, he knew it still didn't mean too much.

Roder was notorious for pulling the long matches out, nearly as good at it as Riggs had been. When they passed the stand, changing courts, the champion's nod was bleak. He began trying for everything, sprinting after every shot. Tip roamed the court across from him, rifling away at the corners. When he broke Roder's service and held his own, the cheering became almost constant, and when he took the second set, they gave him an ovation that echoed out over the green fairways beyond the courts.

When the third set opened, it was obvious that Roder had quit tinkering. He was wide open, with straight power, and he caught Tip coming in, time after time. When the game score had mounted to three all, Tip quit hustling, and the set went to the champion, 6-3. The decision to drop the set was deliberate; Tip knew he could not hold the pace. As he walked off the court toward the clubhouse, his legs were tightening dangerously.

When he had taken a shower and put on fresh clothes, he tried to appraise his condition. He knew that Roder was trying to run him into the ground. Finally, Tip decided that he would blow the fourth set, too; then go all out for the last one. It was a dangerous chance, but he had to take it. When they came to call him, he got up stiffly and walked back to the court.

THE crowd was quieter now, more intent. Tip was a stranger to most of them, an unseeded player who had a chance to dump the champion. When he let Roder run the fourth set out, 6-1, they began whispering. Tip smiled grimly, his face set in sweaty planes. He knew they thought he was dogging it, but Roder didn't. The champion played every point carefully, waiting for the blaze to break out again.

They both held service for six games in the final set. Tip was turning it on again, trying for everything, but Roder held, and it was 4-3. Here we are, thought Tip, between the rock and the hard place. Sweat-soaked, and with plenty of the mileage Roder had promised him already on the clock, he stepped up to the service position and hitched his hips forward. The shot was good, but Roder made a miraculous save on it.

Tip was touring the front court like a bird dog. He volleyed returns, falling and diving, and pulled the game out. Sometimes he seemed clumsy, scrambling toward the ball, but when he got to the point of impact, he was always frozen in grace, the fingers of his left hand spread in balance.

It was the highest standard of play he had ever maintained. Yet when he slashed them down the side line, Roder was somehow there. And when he cross-courted hard, the lanky champion still managed to get his racket on the shot. Finally, midway during the eleventh game, Tip smashed one into the corner and Roder played it back as he fell. After that, Tip knew he couldn't make it.

He couldn't make it because Roder wasn't champion for nothing. He had come up the alley route, off the public courts of New Jersey, and there wasn't a drop of morning-glory blood in him. Without much help, and with no subsidy, he had powered past the California hordes. Now he turned on all his power against a new threat. During the last two games, the crowd saw tennis played with savage, trancelike precision. Roder closed out the match with a drive that saw Tip blunder to his knees in a vain retrieving effort.

Roder hurdled the net and lifted Tip to his feet. "Baby," said the champ, who was panting hard, "you scared hell outa me."

Tip nodded wearily. "For a while, Frank, for a while."

WHEN the pictures were taken and the presentation was over, Tip caught a cab to his hotel. He didn't feel too bad about losing, because it had been something to make Roder work that hard. And he had never figured to give the champion a real fight. Still, it was tough to think that if he had been a few years younger it might have been different.

He was going through the lobby when a bellboy called his name. Tip stopped him, and was directed into a telephone booth. His father was on the line.

"Boy," the old man boomed, "you may be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed yet. You must have really worked him out."

"How did you know?" asked Tip.

"They been running your baby pictures in the papers here. And they broadcast the damned things, you know."

"Oh," said Tip.

"And," continued his father, "you were lucky to get the tournament finished. You got a communiqué here from the Army. Maybe they need a little fresh blood."

"All right," said Tip. "I'll fly home tonight."

When his father had hung up, Tip got his key and walked to the elevator. The blinds in his room were still drawn, and someone was sitting in the chair. As he stared, the dim figure got up and became Eileen.

"It was a good match, Tip," she said hesitantly.

"For an elderly party, yes, I did all right. What are you doing here?"

She came up close and stood before him with her hands behind her back. "You don't want me here?"

"Nothing to do with it," he said angrily. "What about Womack, your marriage?"

She laughed. "You didn't really think I'd marry a jerk like that?" When Tip didn't answer, she pulled his head down and kissed him hard. "But I might marry a jerk like you."

Tip was confused and tired, but he had a brief moment of recall. He remembered her mother chortling about the snowy night in Oslo. Eileen kissed him again, with intent to incite.

"That's dangerous," he said finally, as her arms tightened around him.

"I know it is," she said quietly. "I hope it always stays dangerous for us."

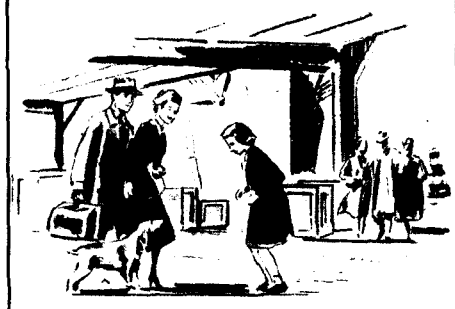
Tip's voice was shaky. "I'm no bargain. Got a letter waiting in Crestwood; it may be orders."

Eileen said "pouf," as if this point were too trivial to discuss. She burrowed deeper into his arms, and, as he kissed her forehead, she asked, "What do they do on a rainy night at Fort Benning, sport?" Tip laughed out loud, forgetting his weariness, and suddenly everything was all right. THE END

A Girl and a Dog

and a wonderful dream —and how it all came true!

1 Mary Anton was a 15 year old displaced person. She had a dream —of coming to America, owning a dog, and enjoying all the things she had read about in American magazines the G.I.'s had left behind.



2 Mary was "adopted" long distance by an American family, and arrived in New York. Her new parents were at the dock and the first thing they did was present Mary with the dog she had written about!

3 What amazed Mary most about this country was the variety and quality of the things a person could buy...the thousands of brand names of wonderful products—the very same ones she had seen advertised.

4 Now Mary's dreams had come true! Like any other American, she was free to buy the brands *she* wanted, and experienced the wonderful feeling of having others go all out to please *her*...and keep *her* happy!

Sometimes it takes a little girl from Europe to make Americans appreciate the many brands of good things—all catering to just one person—*You!* When you buy the brands advertised in this magazine you get the most important plus of all—the confidence and security of knowing the maker stands behind his product.

Brand Names Foundation
INCORPORATED

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DORMAN H. SMITH

Get Back on the Road

BUSY PEOPLE being what they are, and judicial opinions sometimes being what *they* are, we doubt that the Supreme Court's decision in the steel-seizure case had a very wide reading audience. But the matter at hand was of such importance that we believe the decision merits a second look. For the subsequent activities involving the executive and legislative branches of the government have tended to focus attention away from the historic pronouncement of the judicial branch on "inherent powers."

All six justices who upheld Judge Pine's injunction against the President's seizure of the steel mills wrote opinions. These opinions were both readable and reassuring. And their interest was heightened, in our opinion, by the jurists' backgrounds. Four of them, Messrs. Black, Frankfurter, Douglas and Jackson, were appointed by President Roosevelt and have usually been thought of, though not always correctly, as "New Dealers." And Mr. Clark had served as Attorney General under Mr. Truman, as Justice Jackson had under Mr. Roosevelt.

We do not mean to imply, by a recital of these backgrounds, that the justices' judgment might have been influenced accordingly. But it is encouraging to see men who were long associated with the operations of "big government" on the executive side upholding a curb on certain executive powers and pronouncing their implied existence unconstitutional.

The dissenting opinion, written by Chief Justice Vinson with Justices Reed and Minton concurring, impressed us considerably less. To our lay mind, it was a rather petulant document whose predominant flavor was political rather than judicial. For instance, we applaud the court majority for disagreeing with the chief justice's contention that when the President seized the steel plants, "he had exhausted the procedures for settlement available to him."

But the court majority held, as the majority of Congress did later, that Mr. Truman had not exhausted all procedures for settlement. And they saw, in Mr. Truman's disdain of existing legislation and his arrogant disregard of legislative powers, a danger which Chief Justice Vinson dismissed with a remark about the "messenger-boy concept of the office" of President.

As Justice Black put it, "The founders of this nation entrusted the lawmaking power to the Congress alone in both good and bad times. It would do no good to recall the historical events, the fears of power and the hopes for freedom that lay behind their choice. Such a review would but confirm our holding that this seizure order cannot stand."

"It is absurd," Justice Frankfurter wrote, "to see a dictator in a representative product of the sturdy democratic traditions of the Mississippi Valley. The accretion of dangerous power does not come in a day. It does come, however slowly, from the generative forces of unchecked disregard for the restrictions that fence in even the most disinterested assertion of authority."

Justice Douglas said: "We pay a price for our system of checks and balances, for the distribution of power among the three branches of government. It is a price that today may seem exorbitant to many. Today a kindly President uses the seizure power to effect a wage increase and to keep the steel furnaces in production. Yet tomorrow another President may use the same power to prevent a wage increase, to curb trade-unionists, to regiment labor as oppressively as industry thinks it has been regimented by this seizure."

And, in Justice Jackson's opinion, "There are indications that the Constitution did not contemplate that the title Commander in Chief *of the Army and Navy* will constitute him also Commander in Chief of the country, its industries and its inhabitants."

Mr. Jackson also made the point that it would be unrealistic to overlook the fact that a President "heads a political system as well as a legal system. Party loyalties and interests, sometimes more binding than law, extend his effective control into branches of government other than his own, and he often may win, as a political leader, what he cannot command under the Constitution."

In the case of the steel seizure there were, in addition to Republicans, enough of the President's own party in Congress, as well as on the bench, who did not agree with his action, to prevent his carrying out by political power what he could not do under his constitutional power. But it is implicit in Justice Jackson's statement, and elsewhere in his colleagues' opinions, that the Supreme Court realized Mr. Truman's seizure action was politically motivated.

The President hates the Taft-Hartley Act for reasons, we believe, of political expediency. Taft-Hartley specifically omits any seizure power preferring to handle emergencies individually as they arise. So Mr. Truman resorted to "inherent powers" in order to avoid the use of a statute which was enacted to take care of just such situations as that which faced him.

But the ironic thing about the President's action was, of course, that it carried a far greater threat to organized labor than anything in that anathema of organized labor, the Taft-Hartley Act. The railroad brotherhoods realized this when they appeared before the Supreme Court to argue against seizure. And the court majority also saw clearly that once a precedent was established, one side in a labor-management dispute could be hurt as readily as the other.

So, in the court's opinion on the steel case, we once again have cause to give thanks for our government's system of checks and balances. We also have special cause to be grateful that at least a majority of the present court is zealous to uphold and strengthen that system. It seems rather too bad that the vote couldn't have been 9-0 instead of 6-3.

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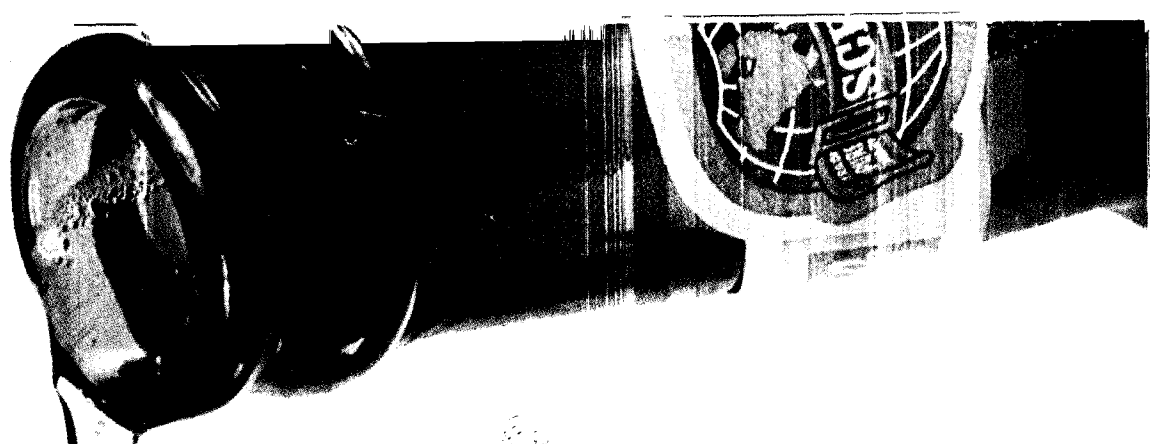

". . . I told him about the kid's first tooth.
He really seemed glad to hear the news . . .
Then he showed me a snap of his youngster . . .
Before we knew it, it was time to catch the train."

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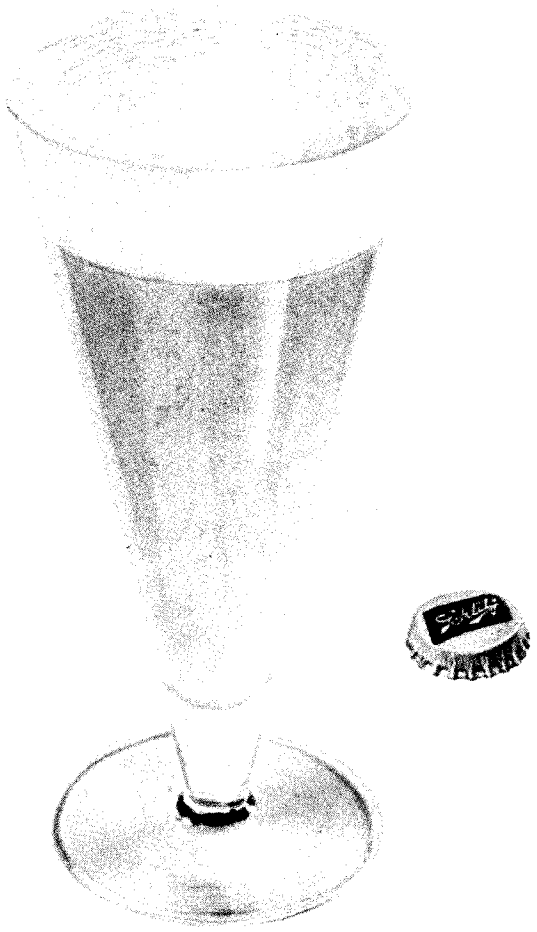

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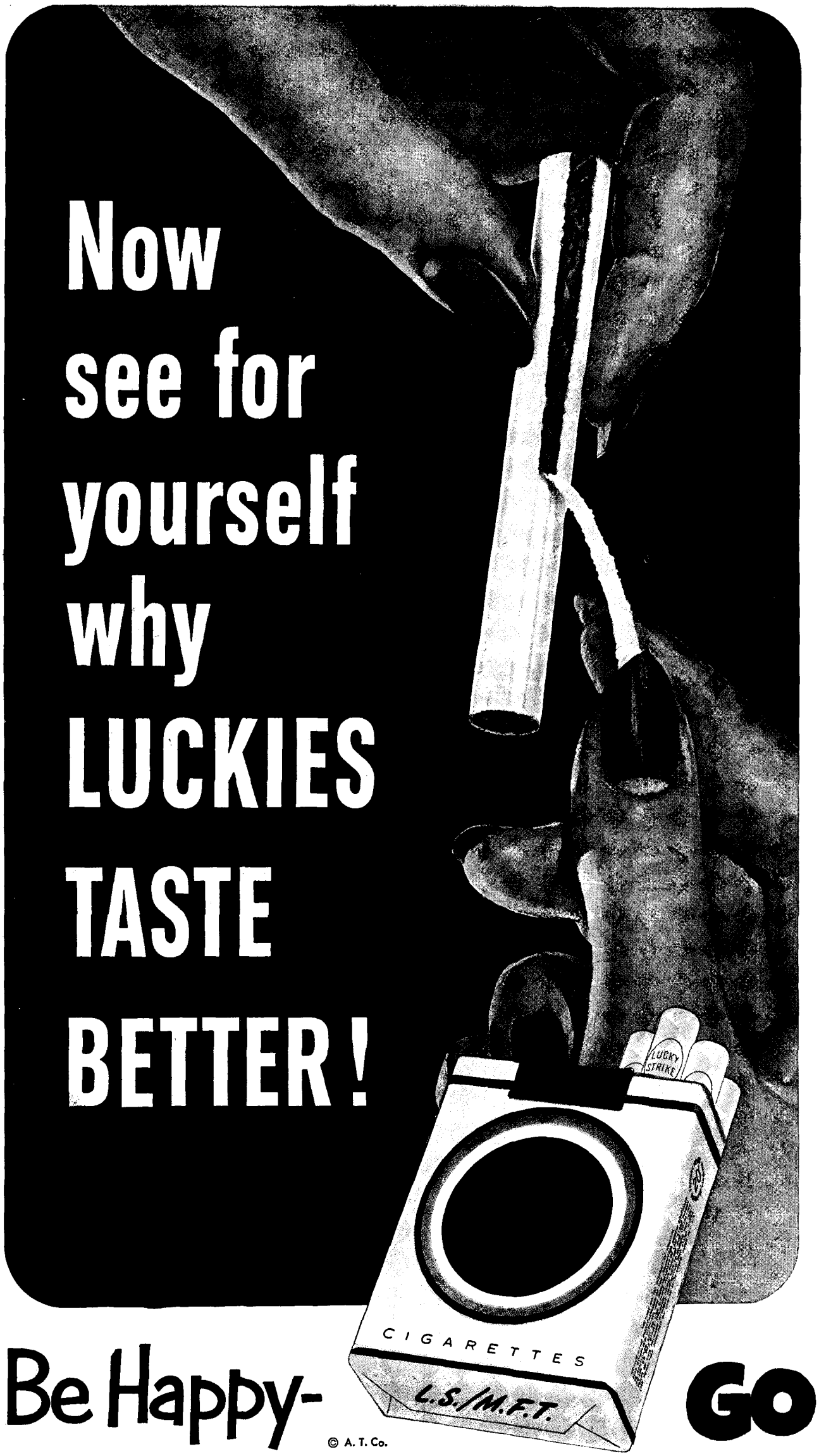

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Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Make sure it's from a newly opened pack and that you don't dig into or disturb the tobacco. Now, gently lift out the tobacco and compare it with any other cigarette.

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